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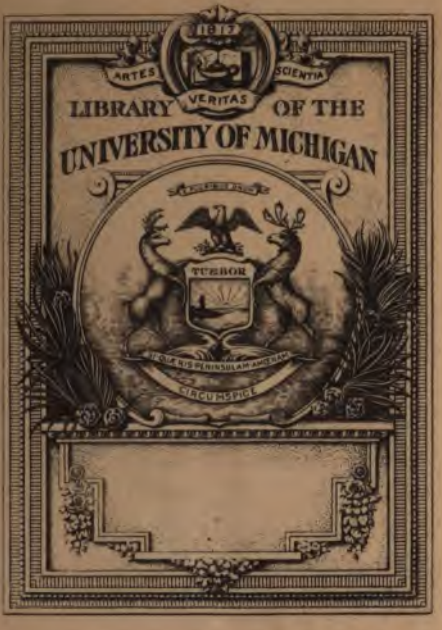

THE GIFT OF

Albert Greene

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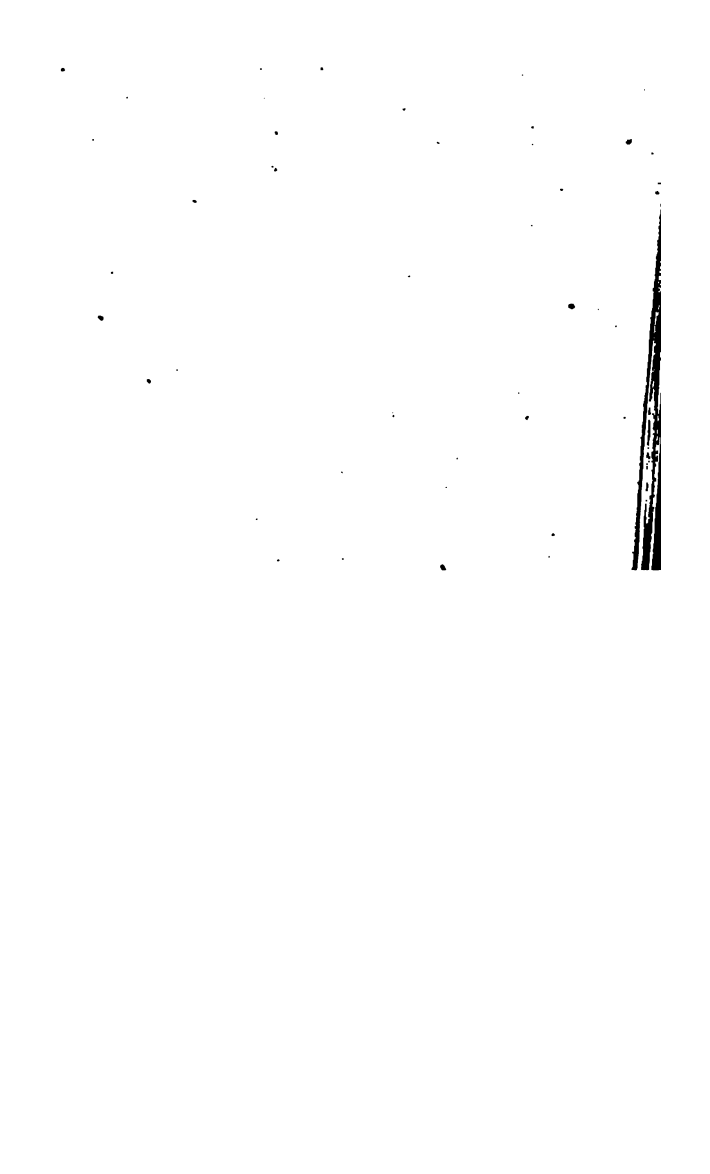
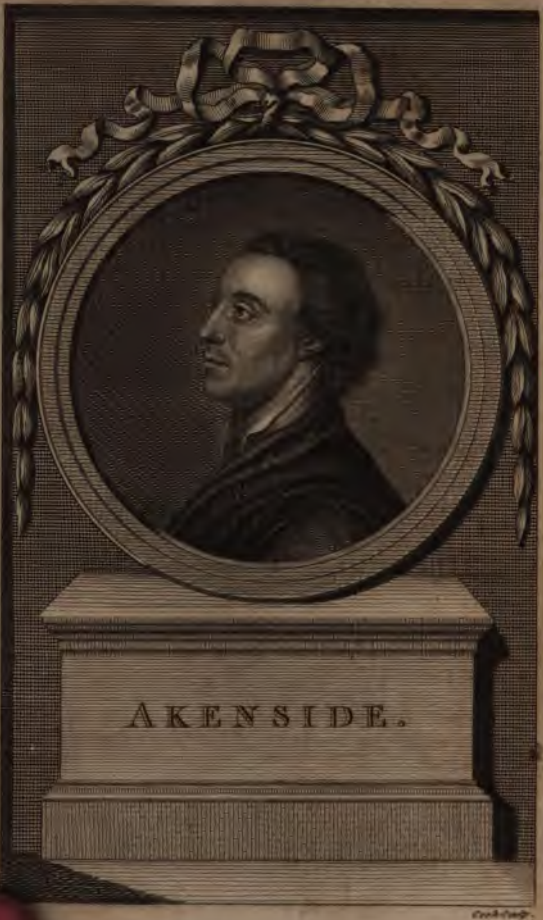
John Dickinson

1786




AKENSIDE.

THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FIFTH.

LONDON:

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MDCCLXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

AKENSIDE.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION, 1772.

THIS Volume contains a complete Collection of the Poems of the late Dr. Akenside, either reprinted from the original Editions, or faithfully published from Copies which had been prepared by himself for publication.

That the principal Poem should appear in so disadvantageous a state, may require some explanation. The first publication of it was at a very early part of the Author's life. That it wanted Revision and Correction, he was sufficiently sensible; but so quick was the demand for several successive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his Corrections was utterly impossible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making farther Improvements in every new Edition would (he thought) have had the appearance at least of abusing the favor of the Public. He chose therefore to continue for some time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publishing any Corrections or Improvements until he should be able at once to give them to the *Public* complete.

And with this view he went on for ſeveral years to review and correct the Poem at his leiſure; till at length he found the taſk grew ſo much upon his hands, that, deſpairing of ever being able to execute it ſufficiently to his own ſatisfaction, he abandoned the purpoſe of correcting, and reſolved to write the Poem over anew upon a ſomewhat different and an enlarged Plan. And in the execution of this Deſign he had made a conſiderable Progreſs. What reaſon there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will beſt appear from the peruſal of the Plan itſelf, as ſtated in the General Argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here publiſhed. For the perſon *, to whom he intruſted the Diſpoſal of his Papers, would have thought himſelf wanting, as well to the Service of the Public, as to the Fame of his Friend, if he had not produced as much of the Work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he conſidered the intire firſt and ſecond Books, of which a few Copies had been printed for the uſe only of the Author and certain Friends: alſo a very conſiderable part of the third Book, which had been tranſcribed in order to its being printed in the ſame manner: and to theſe is added the Introduction to a ſubſequent Book, which in the Manuſcript is called the Fourth, and which appears to have been compoſed at the time when the Author intended

[* The Right Hon. JEREMIAH DYSON; by whom this Advertisement was written.]

tended to comprize the whole in Four Books; but which, as he had afterwards determined to diſtribute the Poem into more Books, might perhaps more properly be called the Laſt Book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the Editor too valuable, even in its imperfect State, to be withholden from the Public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too ſmall a part of the original Poem to ſupply its place, and to ſuperſede the re-publication of it. For which reaſon both the Poems are inſerted in this collection.

Of Odes the Author had deſigned to make up Two Books, conſiſting of twenty Odes each, including the ſeveral Odes which he had before publiſhed at different times.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the ſixth Volume of Dodſley's Miſcellanies, with a few Corrections and the addition of ſome Notes. To the Inſcriptions taken from the ſame Volume three new Inſcriptions are added; the laſt of which is the only inſtance wherein liberty has been taken of inſerting any thing in this Collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the Author for publication *; among thoſe papers no Copy of this was found, but it is

 printed

[* In the preſent Edition, a few pieces are added, which are known to be genuine, and which certainly do diſcredit to their Author. *But* theſe are all placed at the *end of the volume.*]

printed from a Copy which he had many years ſince given to the Editor.

The Author of theſe Poems was born at Newcaſtle upon Tyne, on the 9th Day of November 1721. He was educated at the Grammar School at Newcaſtle, and at the Univerſities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his Degree of Doctor in Phyſic. He was afterwards admitted by Mandamus to the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic in the Univerſity of Cambridge: elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Phyſicians, and one of the Phyſicians of St. Thomas's Hoſpital: and upon the Eſtabliſhment of the Queen's Houſehold, appointed one of the Phyſicians to Her Majeſty. He died of a putrid Fever, on the 23d Day of June 1770, and is buried in the Pariſh Church of St. James's Weſtminſter.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Ἀσεβοῦς μέν ἐστιν ἀνθρώπου τὰς παρὰ τοῦ θεοῦ χάριτας ἀτιμάζειν.
EPICT. apud Arrian. II. 23.

Published in the Year MDCCXLIV.

THE DESIGN.

THERE are certain powers in human nature which ſeem to hold a middle place between the organs of bodily ſenſe and the faculties of moral perception: They have been called by a very general name, *The Powers of Imagination*. Like the external ſenſes, they relate to matter and motion; and, at the ſame time, give the mind ideas analogous to thoſe of moral approbation and diſlike. As they are the inlets of ſome of the moſt exquiſite pleaſures with which we are acquainted, it has naturally happened that men of warm and ſenſible tempers have ſought means to recall the delightful perceptions which they afford, independent of the object which originally produced them. This gave riſe to the imitative or deſigning arts; ſome of which, as painting and ſculpture, directly copy the external appearances which were admired in nature; others, as muſic and poetry, bring them back to remembrance by ſigns univerſally eſtabliſhed and underſtood.

But theſe arts, as they grew more correct and deliberate, were of courſe led to extend their imitation beyond the peculiar objects of the imaginative powers; eſpecially poetry, which, making uſe of language as the inſtrument by which it imitates, it conſequently becomes an unlimited *repreſentative of* every ſpecies

and mode of being. Yet, as their intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character; and all the different pleasures which they excite, are termed, in general, *Pleasures of Imagination*.

The design of the following poem is to give a view of *these* in the largest acceptation of the term; *so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here established and explained.*

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the Imagination from our other faculties; and in the next place to characterize those original forms or properties of being, about which it is conversant, and which are by nature adapted to it, as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides which, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *similar exhibition of* properties quite *foreign* to the imagi-

imagination, inſomuch that in every line of the moſt applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external ſenſes, or truths diſcovered to the underſtanding, or illuſtrations of contrivance and final cauſes, or, above all the reſt, with circumſtances proper to awaken and engage the paſſions. It was therefore neceſſary to enumerate and exemplify theſe different ſpecies of pleaſure; eſpecially that from the paſſions, which, as it is ſupreme in the nobleſt work of human genius, ſo being in ſome particulars not a little ſurprizing, gave an opportunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After theſe parts of the ſubject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and intereſt the mind, a pleaſure of a very different nature, that which ariſes from ridicule, came next to be conſidered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illuſtration, and to diſtinguiſh the general ſources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of ſtile became neceſſary; ſuch a one as might yet be conſiſtent, if poſſible, with the general taſte of compoſition in the ſerious parts of the ſubject: nor is it an eaſy taſk to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expreſſions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of *profeſſed* ſatire; neither *of which would have been proper here.*

The

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illuſtrate ſome particular pleaſures, which ariſe either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itſelf. Of the firſt kind is that various and complicated reſemblance exiſting between ſeveral parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it ſeems in a great meaſure to depend on the early aſſociation of our ideas, and as this habit of aſſociating is the ſource of many pleaſures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great ſhare in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here and its effects deſcribed. Then follows a general account of the production of theſe elegant arts, and of the ſecondary pleaſure, as it is called, ariſing from the reſemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of nature. After which, the work concludes with ſome reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral uſefulneſs in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of compoſition which prevails in this piece, little can be ſaid with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and ſimple one of the firſt Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epiſtolary way of Horace. This latter has ſeveral advantages. It admits of a greater variety of ſtile; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of converſation; and, eſpecially with the aſſiſtance

assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured stile. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of nature, to enlarge and harmonise the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is so careful to point out the benevolent intention of the Author of nature in every principle of the human constitution here insisted on; and also to unite the moral excellencies of life in the same point of view with the meer external objects of good taste; thus recommending them in common to our natural propensity for admiring what is beautiful and lovely. The same views have also led him to introduce some sentiments which may perhaps be looked upon as not quite direct to the subject; but, since they bear an obvious relation to it, the authority of Virgil, the faultless model of didactic poetry, will best support him in this particular. For the sentiments themselves, he makes no apology.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

[illegible] unexplored. Difficulty of treating it poetically. The ideas of the divine mind, the origin of every quality pleasing to the imagination. The natural variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The idea of a fine imagination, and the state of the mind in the enjoyment of those pleasures which it affords. All the primary pleasures of the imagination result from the perception of greatness, or wonderfulness, or beauty in objects. The pleasure from greatness, with its final cause. Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, with its final cause. Pleasure from beauty, with its final cause. The connexion of beauty with truth and good, applied to the conduct of life. Invitation to the study of moral philosophy. The different degrees of beauty in different species of objects: figure, natural concretes, vegetables, animals, the mind. The sublime, the fair, the wonderful of the mind. The connection of the imagination and the moral faculty.

WITH

WITH what attractive charms this goodly frame
Of nature touches the conſenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleaſing ſtores
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verſe unfolds. Attend, ye gentle powers
Of muſical delight! and while I ſing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around my ſtrain.
Thou, ſmiling queen of every tuneful breaſt,
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent: and with thee
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thouſand colours through the air,
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will, through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony! deſcend
And join this feſtive train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their lovely ſports,
Majeſtic Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
Her ſiſter Liberty will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
The wandering footſteps of the youthful bard,
New to your ſprings and ſhades: who touch his ear
With finer ſounds: who heighten to his eye

The

The bloom of nature, and before him turn
The gayeſt, happieſt attitude of things.
Oft have the laws of each poetic ſtrain
The critic-verſe employ'd; yet ſtill unſung
Lay this prime ſubject, though importing moſt
A Poet's name: for fruitleſs is the attempt,
By dull obedience and by creeping toil
Obſcure to conquer the ſevere aſcent
Of high Parnaſſus. Nature's kindling breath
Muſt fire the choſen genius; nature's hand
Muſt ſtring his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
Impatient of the painful ſteep, to ſoar
High as the ſummit; there to breathe at large
Ætherial air; with bards and ſages old,
Immortal ſons of praiſe. Theſe flattering ſcenes,
To this neglected labour court my ſong;
Yet not unconſcious what a doubtful taſk
To paint the fineſt features of the mind,
And to moſt ſubtle and myſterious things
Give colour, ſtrength, and motion. But the love
Of Nature and the Muſes bids explore,
Through ſecret paths erewhile untrod by man,
The fair poetic region, to detect
Untaſted ſprings, to drink inſpiring draughts,
And ſhade my temples with unfading flowers
Cull'd from the laureate vale's profound receſs,
Where never poet gain'd a wreath before.
From heaven my ſtrains begin; from heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy

And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams, adorn'd the globe,
Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the almighty One: then, deep-retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and ſtreams, the rowling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to different labours urge
The active powers of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different byaſs, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The *golden zones of heaven*: to ſome ſhe gave

To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulſive ſtring
Conſenting, ſounded through the warbling air
Unbidden ſtrains; even ſo did nature's hand
To certain ſpecies of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of congenial powers,
Or of ſweet ſound, or fair proportion'd form,
grace of motion, or the bloom of light,

Thrills

Thrills through imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive
They catch the ſpreading rays: till now the ſoul
At length diſcloſes every tuneful ſpring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Reſponſive. Then the inexpreſſive ſtrain
Diffuſes its inchantment: fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains and Elyſian groves,
And vales of bliſs: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And ſmiles: the paſſions, gently ſooth'd away,
Sink to divine repoſe, and love and joy
Alone are waking; love and joy, ſerene
As airs that fan the ſummer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom theſe delights can touch,
Whoſe candid boſom the refining love
Of nature warms, O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her lovelieſt features to thy view.
  Know then, whate'er of nature's pregnant ſtores,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected forms
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted ſons
To three illuſtrious orders have referr'd;
Three ſiſter-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confeſſes; the ſublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I ſee them dawn!
I ſee the radiant viſions, *where they riſe,*

More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.
Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaultering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
The applauding smile of heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye

Shoots

Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rowling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with
shade
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heaven-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Through fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
The empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travel'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of *mortal things*.

Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of heaven,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In Truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the penſive ſage,
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blaziſig hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Riſen from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil

Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhivering ſighs: till eager for the event,
Around the Beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.
But lo! diſclos'd in all her ſmiling pomp,
Where beauty onward moving claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire: the freely-flowing verſe
In thy immortal praiſe, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent ſtream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The moſſy roofs adore: thou, better ſun!
For ever beameſt on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brighteſt progeny of heaven!
How ſhall I trace thy features? where ſeleƈt
The roſeate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haſte then, my ſong, through nature's wide expanſe,
Haſte then, and gather all her comelieſt wealth,
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic iſles,
And range with him the Heſperian field, and ſee
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches ſhoot with gold; where'er his ſtep
Marks the glad ſoil, the tender cluſters grow
With purple ripeneſs, and inveſt each hill
the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
how rather ſtoop thy vagrant plume,
iding through his daughter's honour'd ſhades,

The

The ſmooth Penéus from his glaſſy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleaſant ſcene?
Fair Tempe! haunt belov'd of ſylvan powers,
Of Nymphs and Fauns; where in the golden age
They play'd in ſecret on the ſhady brink
With ancient Pan: while round their choral ſteps
Young Hours and genial Gales with conſtant hand
Shower'd bloſſoms, odours, ſhower'd ambroſial dews,
And ſpring's Elyſian bloom. Her flowery ſtore
To thee nor Tempe ſhall refuſe; nor watch
Of winged Hydra guard Heſperian fruits
From thy free ſpoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
Thy ſmiling treaſures to the green receſs
Where young Dione ſtays. With ſweeteſt airs
Intice her forth to lend her angel-form
For Beauty's honour'd image. Hither turn
Thy graceful footſteps; hither, gentle maid,
Incline thy poliſh'd forehead: let thy eyes
Effuſe the mildneſs of their azure dawn;
And may the fanning breezes waft aſide
Thy radiant locks: diſcloſing, as it bends
With airy ſoftneſs from the marble neck,
The cheek fair-blooming, and the roſy lip,
Where winning ſmiles and pleaſures ſweet as love,
With ſanctity and wiſdom, tempering blend
Their ſoft allurement. Then the pleaſing force
Of nature, and her kind parental care
Worthier I'd ſing: then all the enamour'd youth,
With each admiring virgin, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, while I point on high

Where beauty's living image, like the morn
That wakes in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
Moves onward; or as Venus, when she stood
Effulgent on the pearly car, and smil'd,
Fresh from the deep, and conscious of her form,
To see the Tritons tune their vocal shells,
And each cœrulean sister of the flood
With loud acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
To seek the Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
Of youths and virgins, who through all the maze
Of young desire with rival-steps pursue
This charm of beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean to wake the gloomy form
Of superstition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
To damp your tender hopes; I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning earth
To fright you from your joys: my cheerful song
With better omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chace,
And warm like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
Does beauty ever deign to dwell where health
And active use are strangers? Is her charm
Confess'd in aught, whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? Or did nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lye;
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And catch with fair hypocrisy the heart

Of

Of idle faith? O no! with better cares
The indulgent mother, conſcious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
By this illuſtrious image, in each kind
Still moſt illuſtrious where the object holds
Its native powers moſt perfect, ſhe by this
Illumes the headſtrong impulſe of deſire,
And ſanctifies his choice. The generous glebe
Whoſe boſom ſmiles with verdure, the clear tract
Of ſtreams delicious to the thirſty ſoul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to ſenſe,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a ſtate ſincere,
The integrity and order of their frame,
When all is well within, and every end
Accompliſh'd. Thus was beauty ſent from heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O ſons of earth! would ye diſſolve the tye?
O wherefore, with a raſh impetuous aim,
Seek ye thoſe flowery joys with which the hand
Of laviſh fancy paints each flattering ſcene
Where beauty ſeems to dwell, nor once enquire
Where is the ſanction of eternal truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly! Wanting theſe,
Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the *glittering of an idiot's toy*

Did

Did fancy mock your vows. Nor let the gleam
Of youthful hope that ſhines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful taſk,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good,
And truth eternal. Though the poiſonous charms
Of baleful ſuperſtition guide the feet
Of ſervile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deſarts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muſe at laſt, amid the ghoſtly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloiſter'd cells;
To walk with ſpectres through the midnight ſhade,
And to the ſcreaming owl's accurſed ſong
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Your lovely ſearch illumines. From the grove
Where wiſdom talk'd with her Athenian ſons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then ſhould my powerful verſe at once diſpell
Thoſe monkiſh horrors: then in light divine
Diſcloſe the Elyſian proſpect, where the ſteps
Of thoſe whom nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic ſtreams,
Amid the train of Sages, Heroes, Bards,
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurel'd ſcience, and harmonious art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal ſhrine,
Where Truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,

With

With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious pleaſure's languid ſtrain,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot-rage,
Or let us not a moment pauſe to join
That god-like band. And if the gracious power
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful ſpirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the roſy mead,
When ſummer ſmiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Againſt the torrent and the ſtubborn hill
To urge bold virtue's unremitted nerve,
And wake the ſtrong divinity of ſoul
That conquers chance and fate; or whether ſtruck
For ſounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty ſummit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praiſe;
To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bleſs Heaven's image in the heart of man.

Thus with a faithful aim have we preſum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate nature's form;
Whether in vaſt, majeſtic pomp array'd,
Or dreſt for pleaſing wonder, or ſerene
In beauty's roſy ſmile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd ſcale,
To trace the riſing luſtre of her charms,
From their firſt twilight, *ſhining forth at length*
To full meridian ſplendour. Of degree

The

The leaſt and lowlieſt, in the effuſive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd ſhape,
Where Truth's eternal meaſures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or ſphere. The third aſcent
Unites this varied ſymmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted ſhells indent their ſpeckled wreath.
Then more attractive riſe the blooming forms
Through which the breath of nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moiſture from the bounteous earth,
In fruit and ſeed prolific: thus the flowers
Their purple honours with the ſpring reſume;
And ſuch the ſtately tree which autumn bends
With bluſhing treaſures. But more lovely ſtill
Is nature's charm, where to the full conſent
Of complicated members, to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing ſenſe are given,
And active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno; ſo the ſteed
With rival ardour beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth beauty dwell
There moſt conſpicuous, even in outward ſhape,
Where dawns the high expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps conducting our inraptur'd ſearch

To

To that eternal origin, whoſe power,
Through all the unbounded ſymmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent ſun,
This endleſs mixture of her charms diffus'd.
Mind, mind alone, (bear witneſs, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here inthron'd,
Cœleſtial Venus, with divineſt airs,
Invites the ſoul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, ſuns, and adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the void immenſe;
And ſpeak, O man! does this capacious ſcene
With half that kindling majeſty dilate
Thy ſtrong conception, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate,
Amid the croud of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook his crimſon ſteel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free! Is aught ſo fair
In all the dewy landſcapes of the ſpring,
In the bright eye of Heſper or the morn,
In nature's faireſt forms, is aught ſo fair
As virtuous friendſhip? as the candid bluſh
Of him who ſtrives with fortune to be juſt?
The graceful tear that ſtreams for *others* woes?

Or

Or the mild majeſty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuſe
Unenvied treaſures, and the ſnowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the ſcene?
Once more ſearch, undiſmay'd, the dark profound
Where nature works in ſecret; view the beds
Of mineral treaſure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with inceſſant change
Their elemental round; behold the ſeeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the maſs with ever-active flame:
Then to the ſecrets of the working mind
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That ſaw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in thoſe external ſcenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconſcious matter wears,
Greatneſs of bulk, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, ſoon feeble grows
The ſuperficial impulſe; dull their charms,
And ſatiate ſoon, and pall the languid eye.
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of genius and deſign; the ambitious mind
There ſees herſelf: by theſe congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenſer act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd

Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of earth, to man alone
Creative wiſdom gave to lift his eye
To truth's eternal meaſures; thence to frame
The ſacred laws of action and of will,
Diſcerning juſtice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of truth, whoſe dictates bind
Aſſenting reaſon, the benignant fire,
To deck the honour'd paths of juſt and good,
Has added bright imagination's rays:
Where virtue, riſing from the awful depth
Of truth's myſterious boſom, doth forſake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth;
And dreſs'd by fancy in ten thouſand hues,
Aſſumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms reſponſive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenuous youth, whom ſolitude inſpires
With pureſt wiſhes, from the penſive ſhade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muſe
That wakes her lyre to ſome indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of ſervile minds, her ſtrenuous form
Indignant flaſhes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act ſerene,
Yet watchful, raiſes the majeſtic ſword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the ſacred volume of the laws.

Genius

Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That sooths this vernal evening into smiles,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of strife and low ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favour'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy god-like fires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the green retreats
Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft inchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentler murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd

Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms to adorn
My native clime: while far above the flight
Of fancy's plume aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of ancient wiſdom! while I join
Thy name, thrice honour'd! with the immortal praiſe
Of nature, while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE ſeparation of the works of imagination from philoſophy, the cauſe of their abuſe among the moderns. Proſpect of their re-union under the influence of public liberty. Enumeration of accidental pleaſures, which increaſe the effect of objects delightful to the imagination. The pleaſures of ſenſe. Particular circumſtances of the mind. Diſcovery of truth. Perception of contrivance and deſign. Emotion of the paſſions. All the natural paſſions partake of a pleaſing ſenſation; with the final cauſe of this conſtitution illuſtrated by an allegorical viſion, and exemplified in ſorrow, pity, terror, and indignation.

WHEN ſhall the laurel and the vocal ſtring
Reſume their honours? When
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean
Aſpire to ancient praiſe? Alas!
How ſlow, the dawn of beau

Breaks the reluctant ſhades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron-ſwarms
Tempeſtuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blaſted the Italian ſhore, and ſwept the works
Of liberty and wiſdom down the gulph
Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkneſs by the glimmering lamp,
Each Muſe and each fair ſcience pin'd away
The ſordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their myſteries profan'd, unſtrung the lyre,
And chain'd the ſoaring pinion down to earth.
At laſt the Muſes roſe, and ſpurn'd their bonds,
And, wildly warbling, ſcatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valcluſa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border and the ſhore
Of ſoft Parthenope. But ſtill the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims and from the buſy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating ſcience to the cells,
Where ſtudious eaſe conſumes the ſilent hour
In ſhadowy ſearches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
To prieſtly domination and the luſt
Of lawleſs courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have reſign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue

Was tun'd for ſlaviſh pæans at the throne
Of tinſel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their proſtrate necks
The ſable tyrant plants his heel ſecure.
But now, behold! the radiant æra dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endleſs years on Albion's happy ſhore
In full proportion, once more ſhall extend
To all the kindred powers of ſocial bliſs
A common manſion, a parental roof.
There ſhall the Virtues, there ſhall Wiſdom's train,
Their long-loſt friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the ſmiling family of arts,
The Muſes and the Graces. Then no more
Shall vice, diſtracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high diſtaſte and ſcorn
Turn from their charms the philoſophic eye,
The patriot-boſom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footſteps haughty and ſevere
In gloomy ſtate be trod: the harmonious Muſe
And her perſuaſive ſiſters then ſhall plant
Their ſheltering laurels o'er the bleak aſcent,
And ſcatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine Philoſophy's retreats,
And teach the Muſe her lore; already ſtrove
Their long-divided honours to unite,

While

While tempering this deep argument we ſang
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the ſame glad taſk
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We haſten to recount the various ſprings
Of adventitious pleaſure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and inlarge
The complicated joy. The ſweets of ſenſe,
Do they not oft with kind acceſſion flow,
To raiſe harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taſte the fragrance of the roſe,
Glows not her bluſh the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Guſh through the trickling herbage, to the thirſt
Of ſummer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreſhment; o'er the moſſy brink
Shines not the ſurface clearer, and the waves
With ſweeter muſic murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumſtance aſſumes
A moment's diſpoſition to rejoice
In thoſe delights which at a different hour
Would paſs unheeded. Fair the face of ſpring,
When rural ſongs and odours wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of ſickneſs long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When firſt with freſh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the bleſſed ſun

Warm at his boſom, from the ſprings of life
Chaſing oppreſſive damps and languid pain!
Or ſhall I mention, where cœleſtial Truth
Her awful light diſcloſes, to beſtow
A more majeſtic pomp on Beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth
More welcome touch his underſtanding's eye,
Than all the blandiſhments of ſound his ear,
Than all of taſte his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have ſhone ſo pleaſing, as when firſt
The hand of ſcience pointed out the path
In which the ſun-beams gleaming from the weſt
Fall on the watery cloud, whoſe darkſome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling ſhower
Piercing through every cryſtalline convex
Of cluſtering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal ſurface of each glaſſy orb
Repells their forward paſſage into air;
That thence direct they ſeek the radiant goal
From which their courſe began; and, as they ſtrike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Aſſume a different luſtre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the ſplendid roſe
To the pale violet's dejected hue.
Or ſhall we touch that kind acceſs of joy,
That ſprings to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wiſdom's artful aim
Diſpoſing every part, and gaining ſtill

By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of science through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours: whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the pensile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rowling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.

What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion, through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade?
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Even to the base; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force,
The impetuous *nerve of passion urges on*
The native weight and energy of things.

Yet more: her honours where nor beauty claims,
Nor ſhews of good the thirſty ſenſe allure,
From paſſion's power alone our nature holds
Eſſential pleaſure. Paſſion's fierce illapſe
Rouzes the mind's whole fabric; with ſupplies
Of daily impulſe keeps the elaſtic powers
Intenſely poiz'd, and poliſhes anew
By that colliſion all the fine machine:
Elſe ruſt would riſe, and foulneſs, by degrees
Incumbering, choak at laſt what heaven deſign'd
For ceaſeleſs motion and a round of toil.
—But ſay, does every paſſion thus to man
Adminiſter delight? That name indeed
Becomes the roſy breath of love; becomes
The radiant ſmiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter ſhower
That ſorrow ſheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palſy of nocturnal fear,
Or thoſe conſuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then liſten while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the ſchools
Of Wiſdom, or thy lonely-whiſpering voice,
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and ſupport this mighty frame
Of univerſal being. Oft the hours
In morn to eve have ſtolen unmark'd away,

While

While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the ſage his awful tale began.
'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When ſpotleſs youth with ſolitude reſigns
To ſweet philoſophy the ſtudious day,
What time pale autumn ſhades the ſilent eve,
Muſing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When ſtarting full on Fancy's guſhing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentleſt wiſdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to ſnatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy laſt farewel
Struck to the inmoſt feeling of my ſoul
As with the hand of death. At once the ſhade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarſer murmuring ſhook the branches. Dark
As midnight ſtorms, the ſcene of human things
Appear'd before me; deſarts, burning ſands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen ſouth,
And deſolation blaſting all the weſt
With rapine and with murder: tyrant power
Here ſits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of ſuperſtition there infect the ſkies,
And turn the ſun to horror. Gracious heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot theſe,
Not theſe *portents thy awful will ſuffice?*

That,

That, propagated thus beyond their ſcope,
They riſe to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted boſom, thus decreed
The univerſal ſenſitive of pain,
The wretched heirs of evils not its own!
Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd,
A flaſhing torrent of cœleſtial day
Burſt through the ſhadowy void. With ſlow deſcent
A purple cloud came floating through the ſky,
And pois'd at length within the circling trees,
Hung obvious to my view; till opening wide
Its lucid orb, a more than human form
Emerging lean'd majeſtic o'er my head,
And inſtant thunder ſhook the conſcious grove.
Then melted into air the liquid cloud,
Then all the ſhining viſion ſtood reveal'd:
A wreath of palm his ample forehead bound,
And o'er his ſhoulder, mantling to his knee,
Flow'd the tranſparent robe, around his waiſt
Collected with a radiant zone of gold
Æthereal: there in myſtic ſigns engrav'd,
I read his office high and ſacred name,
Genius of human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
The godlike preſence; for athwart his brow
Diſpleaſure, temper'd with a mild concern,
Look'd down reluctant on me, and his words
Like diſtant thunders broke the murmuring air.
Vain are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
And impotent thy tongue. Is thy ſhort ſpan
Capacious of this univerſal frame?

Thy wiſdom all-ſufficient? Thou, alas!
Doſt thou aſpire to judge between the Lord
Of nature and his works? to lift thy voice
Againſt the ſovran order he decreed,
All good and lovely? to blaſpheme the bands
Of tenderneſs innate and ſocial love,
Holieſt of things! by which the general orb
Of being, as by adamantine links,
Was drawn to perfect union and ſuſtain'd
From everlaſting? Haſt thou felt the pangs
Of ſoftening ſorrow, of indignant zeal
So grievous to the ſoul, as thence to wiſh
The ties of nature broken from thy frame;
That ſo thy ſelfiſh, unrelenting heart
Might ceaſe to mourn its lot, no longer then
The wretched heir of evils not its own?
O fair benevolence of generous minds!
O man by nature form'd for all mankind!
He ſpoke; abaſh'd and ſilent I remain'd,
As conſcious of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
Before his preſence, though my ſecret ſoul
Diſdain'd the imputation. On the ground
I fix'd my eyes; till from his airy couch
He ſtoop'd ſublime, and touching with his hand
My dazzling forehead, Raiſe thy ſight, he cry'd,
And let thy ſenſe convince thy erring tongue.
I look'd, and lo! the former ſcene was chang'd;
For verdant alleys and ſurrounding trees,
A ſolitary proſpect, wide and wild,
Ruſh'd on my ſenſes. 'Twas an horrid pile

Of

Of hills with many a ſhaggy foreſt mix'd,
With many a ſable cliff and glittering ſtream.
Aloft recumbent o'er the hanging ridge,
The brown woods wav'd; while ever-trickling ſprings
Waſh'd from the naked roots of oak and pine
The crumbling ſoil; and ſtill at every fall
Down the ſteep windings of the channel'd rock,
Remurmuring ruſh'd the congregated floods
With hoarſer inundation; till at laſt
They reach'd a graſſy plain, which from the ſkirts
Of that high deſart ſpread her verdant lap,
And drank the guſhing moiſture, where confin'd
In one ſmooth current, o'er the lilied vale
Clearer than glaſs it flow'd. Autumnal ſpoils
Luxuriant ſpreading to the rays of morn,
Bluſh'd o'er the cliffs, whoſe half-incircling mound
As in a ſylvan theatre inclos'd
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I ſpy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the ſilver ſhade
Of oſiers. Now the weſtern ſun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd acroſs the ſhadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow ſtream of light
That cheer'd the ſolemn ſcene. My liſtening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in ſilence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice
Of that cœleſtial power, the myſtic ſhow
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.

Inhabitant of earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of providence to learn,
Receive my ſayings with a ſtedfaſt ear —
Know then, the ſovran ſpirit of the world,
Though, ſelf-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep eſſence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete;
Yet by immenſe benignity inclin'd
To ſpread around him that primæval joy
Which fill'd himſelf, he rais'd his plaſtic arm
And ſounded through the hollow depth of ſpace
The ſtrong, creative mandate. Strait aroſe
Theſe heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effuſive kindled by his breath divine
Through endleſs forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In meaſure ſuch, that, from the wide complex
Of coexiſtent orders, one might riſe,
One order, all-involving and intire.
He too beholding in the ſacred light
Of his eſſential reaſon, all the ſhapes
Of ſwift contingence, all ſucceſſive ties
Of action propagated through the ſum
Of poſſible exiſtence, he at once,
Down the long ſeries of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd,
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That all conſpir'd to his ſupreme *deſign,*
To *univerſal good: with full accord*

Anſwering

Anſwering the mighty model he had choſen,
The beſt and faireſt of unnumber'd worlds
That lay from everlaſting in the ſtore
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodneſs to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time
His parent-hand with ever-new increaſe
Of happineſs and virtue has adorn'd
The vaſt harmonious frame: his parent-hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to cœleſtial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher ſcenes of being; while ſupply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting moon
Obedient ſwells, and every headlong ſtream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
The ſun of being, boundleſs, unimpair'd,
Centre of ſouls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of nature ceaſe to prompt their eager ſteps
Aright; nor is the care of heaven withheld
From granting to the taſk proportion'd aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
ever nearer to the life divine.

That

That rocky pile thou ſeeſt, that verdant lawn
Freſh-water'd from the mountains. Let the ſcene
Paint in thy fancy the primæval ſeat
Of man, and where the will ſupreme ordain'd
His manſion, that pavilion fair-diffus'd
Along the ſhady brink; in this receſs
To wear the appointed ſeaſon of his youth,
Till riper hours ſhould open to his toil
The high communion of ſuperior minds,
Of conſecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cheriſh; nor withheld
Cœleſtial footſteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He ſent whom moſt he lov'd, the ſovran fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold;
The goddeſs from whoſe inſpiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whoſe work divine, in heaven or earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to paſs,
Nor hope, nor praiſe, nor honour. Her the ſire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young deſires,
And from the laws of this majeſtic world
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her ſide
With conſtant ſteps her gay companion ſtay'd,
The fair Euphroſyné, *the gentle queen*

Of

Of ſmiles, and graceful gladneſs, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the ſhining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now diſclos'd
They quit their youthful charge and ſeek the ſkies.
I look'd, and on the flowery turf there ſtood
Between two radiant forms a ſmiling youth
Whoſe tender cheeks diſplay'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; ſweeteſt innocence illum'd
His baſhful eyes, and on his poliſh'd brow
Sate young ſimplicity. With fond regard
He view'd the aſſociates, as their ſteps they mov'd;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the ſtar of evening ſhe appear'd
Amid the duſky ſcene. Eternal youth
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And ſmiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy luſtre of the morn
Effuſive trembling on the placid waves.
The ſpring of heaven had ſhed its bluſhing ſpoils
To bind her ſable treſſes: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand ſhe wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes,
To chaſe the cloud of ſadneſs. More ſublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her ſteps. The preſence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow inthron'd,

From

From each majeſtic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cheriſh'd by her looks
Benevolent and meek, confiding love
To filial rapture ſoften'd all the ſoul.
Free in her graceful hand ſhe pois'd the ſword
Of chaſte dominion. An heroic crown
Diſplay'd the old ſimplicity of pomp
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the ſunſhine ſtreams through vernal clouds,
Her ſtately form inveſted. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forſook the enamel'd green,
Aſcending ſlowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; cœleſtial ſounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air æthereal dews
Diſtill'd around them; till at once the clouds
Diſparting wide in midway ſky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanſe
Of empyréan flame, where ſpent and drown'd,
Afflicted viſion plung'd in vain to ſcan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Indur'd not. Bending down to earth I ſtood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs ſweet, or warbling ſhades,
With ſacred invocation thus began.

Father of gods and mortals! whoſe right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well-pleas'd
I ſeek to finiſh thy divine decree.
With frequent ſteps I viſit yonder ſeat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender ſeeds

Of juſtice and of wiſdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame;
Till thy conducting hand ſhall raiſe his lot
From earth's dim ſcene to theſe æthereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this inchanting maid,
The aſſociate thou haſt given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! abſent, her he craves;
And but for her glad preſence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpoſe to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unleſs by thee
Still farther aided in the work divine.

She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
O thou! in whom for ever I delight,
Fairer than all the inhabitants of heaven,
Beſt image of thy author! far from thee
Be diſappointment, or diſtaſte, or blame;
Who ſoon or late ſhall every work fulfil,
And no reſiſtance find. If man refuſe
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he purſues he ne'er ſhall taſte,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold.
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil;
Go then! but let not this thy ſmiling friend
Partake thy footſteps. In her ſtead, behold!

With

n of Nemesis I send;
'd! whose vengeance takes account
violated laws.
lls thee, burning to be gone,
the tempest of his wrath
head. But thou, my child,
el phrenzy, and protect
ge; that when despair shall grasp
bosom, he may learn,
arn to love the gracious hand
in the hour of ill,
ble spirit; then confess
nours, O excelling fair!
plagues that wait the deadly will
g dæmon, all the storms
nal, serve but to display
thy superior charms
awe triumphant o'er his rage,
learer in the horrid gloom.
! that awful voice, and soon I felt
urtain of refreshing eve
nce more, from that immortal fire
eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
ic spectre striding on
muring thunders and a waste of clouds,
l action. Black as night his brow
ns involv'd. His savage limbs
patience violent he writh'd,
onvulsive anguish; and his hand,
scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd

In madneſs to his boſom; while his eyes
Rain'd bitter tears, and bellowing loud he ſhook
The void with horror. Silent by his ſide
The virgin came. No diſcompoſure ſtirr'd
Her features. From the glooms which hung around
No ſtain of darkneſs mingled with the beam
Of her divine effulgence. Now they ſtoop
Upon the river-bank; and now to hail
His wonted gueſts, with eager ſteps advanc'd
The unſuſpecting inmate of the ſhade.

As when a famiſh'd wolf, that all night long
Had rang'd the Alpine ſnows, by chance at morn
Sees from a cliff incumbent o'er the ſmoke
Of ſome lone village, a neglected kid
That ſtrays along the wild for herb or ſpring;
Down from the winding ridge he ſweeps amain,
And thinks he tears him: ſo with tenfold rage,
The monſter ſprung remorſeleſs on his prey.
Amaz'd the ſtripling ſtood: with panting breaſt
Feebly he pour'd the lamentable wail
Of helpleſs conſternation, ſtruck at once,
And rooted to the ground. The queen beheld
His terror, and with looks of tendereſt care
Advanc'd to ſave him. Soon the tyrant felt
Her awful power. His keen, tempeſtuous arm
Hung nerveleſs, nor deſcended where his rage
Had aim'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
With ſullen rancour. Lo! the ſovran maid
Folds with a mother's arms the fainting boy,
Till life rekindles in his roſy cheek;

Then

Then graſps his hands, and cheers him with her tongue.
O wake thee, rouze thy ſpirit! Shall the ſpite
Of yon tormentor thus appall thy heart,
While I, thy friend and guardian, am at hand
To reſcue and to heal? O let thy ſoul
Remember, what the will of heaven ordains
Is ever good for all; and if for all,
Then good for thee. Nor only by the warmth
And ſoothing ſunſhine of delightful things,
Do minds grow up and flouriſh. Oft miſled
By that bland light, the young unpractis'd views
Of reaſon wander through a fatal road,
Far from their native aim: as if to lye
Inglorious in the fragrant ſhade, and wait
The ſoft acceſs of ever-circling joys,
Were all the end of being. Aſk thyſelf,
This pleaſing error did it never lull
Thy wiſhes? Has thy conſtant heart refus'd
The ſilken fetters of delicious eaſe?
Or when divine Euphroſyné appear'd
Within this dwelling, did not thy deſires
Hang far below the meaſure of thy fate,
Which I reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
Impatient of my counſels, turn away
To drink the ſoft effuſion of her ſmiles?
Know then, for this the everlaſting ſire
Deprives thee of her preſence, and inſtead,
O wiſe and ſtill benevolent! ordains
This horrid viſage hither to purſue
My ſteps; that ſo th' y nature may diſcern

Its real good, and what alone can ſave
Thy feeble ſpirit in this hour of ill
From folly and deſpair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terror quite o'erwhelm
Thy ſcatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud aſſault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil,
Above the generous queſtion of thy arm,
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakneſs ſtrong,
This hour he triumphs: but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, then with eaſe
Diſarm'd and quell'd, his fierceneſs he reſigns
To bondage and to ſcorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceaſing toil,
The immortal mind, ſuperior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the ſolid baſe of this great world,
Reſts on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! rowl your tempeſt on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble ſky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be looſen'd from their ſeats; yet ſtill ſerene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever ſtronger as the ſtorms advance,
Firm through the cloſing ruin holds his way,
Where nature calls him to the deſtin'd goal.
So ſpake the goddeſs; while through all her frame
Cœleſtial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To ſeize who liſten'd. Vehement and ſwift

As lightning fires the aromatic ſhade
In Æthiopian fields, the ſtripling felt
Her inſpiration catch his fervid ſoul,
And ſtarting from his languor thus exclaim'd.
Then let the trial come! and witneſs thou,
If terror be upon me; if I ſhrink
To meet the ſtorm, or faulter in my ſtrength
When hardeſt it beſets me. Do not think
That I am fearful and infirm of ſoul,
As late thy eyes beheld: for thou haſt chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forſake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may liſten to thy ſacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my conſtant feet.
But ſay, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, ſhall the fair Euphroſyné not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To queſtion thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercaſt
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear
His hateful preſence: but permit my tongue
One glad requeſt, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O reſtore

The rosy-featur'd maid; again to cheer
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.
He spoke; when instant through the sable glooms
With which that furious presence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flash; the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene
Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.
Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents; we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: that thou, cœlestial maid!
Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.
She ended; and the whole romantic scene
Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,

When

When ſun-ſhine fills the bed. A while I ſtood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the viſionary landſcape riſe,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentleſt looks
Preventing my enquiry, thus began.
There let thy ſoul acknowledge its complaint
How blind, how impious! There behold the ways
Of heaven's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent, and wiſe:
That Virtue's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued
By vexing Fortune and intruſive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, Pleaſure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoftening ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of Paſſion ſwelling with Diſtreſs and Pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when, ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſoothe
With Virtue's kindeſt looks his aking breaſt,
And turns his *tears to rapture.*—*Aſk* the croud

Which

Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some helpleſs bark; while ſacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,
Drops lifeleſs down: O! deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terror and Compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent power
Of heaven and earth ſurveys the immortal page,
Even as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon. If then thy ſoul,
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy view,

When

When rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of curſt ambition; when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their fires,
Lie ſide by ſide in gore; when ruffian pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts *from thine eye, and thy extended* arm

In

In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, "I am a king,
"And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION,

BOOK THE THIRD.

PLEASURE in obſerving the tempers and manners of men, even where vicious or abſurd. The origin of vice, from falſe repreſentations of the fancy, producing falſe opinions concerning good and evil. Inquiry into ridicule. The general ſources of ridicule in the minds and characters of men, enumerated. Final cauſe of the ſenſe of ridicule. The reſemblance of certain aſpects of inanimate things to the ſenſations and properties of the mind. The operations of the mind in the production of the works of imagination, deſcribed. The ſecondary pleaſure from imitation. The benevolent order of the world illuſtrated in the arbitrary connexion of theſe pleaſures with the objects which excite them. The nature and conduct of taſte. Concluding with an account of the natural and moral advantages reſulting from a ſenſible and well-formed imagination.

WHAT wonder therefore, ſince the endearing ties
Of paſſion link the univerſal kind
Of man ſo cloſe, what wonder if to ſearch
This *common nature through the* various change

Of ſex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the buſy mind
With unreſiſted charms? The ſpacious weſt,
And all the teeming regions of the ſouth
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half ſo tempting or ſo fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the ſmiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applauſe
Of cordial honour turns the attentive eye
On Virtue's graceful deeds. For ſince the courſe
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehenſions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; ſo haply where the powers
Of fancy neither leſſen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion ſays he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye,
With glaring colours and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the ſound of death
Sees ghaſtly ſhapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the brink

Of

Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice
Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not chuse to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From the inchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurn him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The Tragic Muse discloses, under shapes
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which Fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the *kindling passions driven*,

To

To guilty deeds; nor reaſon bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With ſolemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-anticks, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears; a thouſand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing of nature's charms, and touch well-pleas'd
A ſtricter note: now haply muſt my ſong
Unbend her ſerious meaſure, and reveal
In lighter ſtrains, how folly's aukward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
The ſportive province of the Comic Muſe.
See! in what crouds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outſtrip the other, each prevent
Our careful ſearch, and offer to your gaze,
Unaſk'd, his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends! and let us firſt arrange
In proper order your promiſcuous throng.
Behold the foremoſt band; of ſlender thought,
And eaſy faith; whom flattering fancy ſooths
With lying ſpectres, in themſelves to view
Illuſtrious forms of excellence and good,
That ſcorn the manſion. With exulting hearts
They ſpread their ſpurious treaſures to the ſun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance
Of wiſhful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with ſelf-applauſe each lordly brow.
In numbers boundleſs as the blooms of ſpring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty ſhades
By *Fancy gilded* o'er, and then ſet up

For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal band, and ſable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial ſplendor, ſteely pikes and ſwords
Of coſtly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, aſſume the port
Of ſtately valour: liſtening by his ſide
There ſtands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earneſt import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, ſtorms,
And ſulphurous mines, and ambuſh: then at once
Breaks off, and ſmiles to ſee her look ſo pale,
And aſks ſome wondering queſtion of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy enſigns, how ſublime they move,
And bending oft their ſanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the ſimple-minded throng;
Ambaſſadors of heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whoſe viſage, in the lazy miſt
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whiſpers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy ſchemes,
And dark portents of ſtate. Ten thouſand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntleſs in, and ſwell the boaſtful band.
Then comes the ſecond order; all who ſeek
The debt of praiſe, where watchful unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her ſquinting eye
On ſome retir'd appearance which belies
The boaſted *virtue, or annuls the applauſe*

That juſtice elſe would pay. Here ſide by ſide
I ſee two leaders of the ſolemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet ſtill ſhe ſtuns
The ſickening audience with a nauſeous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how reſolv'd ſhe guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the riſques of love,
And man's ſeducing tongue! The other ſeems
A bearded ſage, ungentle in his mien,
And ſordid all his habit; peeviſh want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He ſtalks, reſounding in magnific phraſe
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave aſſociates! let the ſilent grace
Of her who bluſhes at the fond regard
Her charms inſpire, more eloquent unfold
The praiſe of ſpotleſs honour: let the man
Whoſe eye regards not his illuſtrious pomp
And ample ſtore, but as indulgent ſtreams
To cheer the barren ſoil and ſpread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juſter meaſures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.
Another tribe ſucceeds; deluded long
By Fancy's dazzling optics, theſe behold
The images of ſome peculiar things
With brighter hues reſplendent, and portray'd

With

With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinſel charms;
Hence oft obtruſive on the eye of ſcorn,
Untimely zeal her witleſs pride betrays!
And ſerious manhood from the towering aim
Of Wiſdom, ſtoops to emulate the boaſt
Of childiſh toil. Behold yon myſtic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, inſects, weeds, and ſhells!
Not with intenſer view the Samian ſage
Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenſer fires,
When firſt the order of that radiant ſcene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this ſurveys
A muckworm's entrails or a ſpider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and bluſhing kneels,
With fondeſt geſture and a ſuppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the buſtling world!
Adieu the ſick impertinence of praiſe!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By ſtreams and ſhades, to ſteal theſe ſighing hours,
Is all he aſks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded cenſor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Fluſh'd with thy comic triumphs and the ſpoils
Of ſly deriſion! till on every ſide
Hurling thy random bolts, *offended truth*
Aſſign'd *thee here thy ſtation with the ſlaves*
Of

Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In ſcoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy ſcorn.

But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the Muſes' empire hath aſſign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your ſickles; here the teeming ſoil affords
Its richeſt growth. A favourite brood appears;
In whom the dæmon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye moſt illuſtrious band!
Who, ſcorning reaſon's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For ſouls ſublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long uſurp'd,
And yield deformity the fond applauſe
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my ſong,
That for the bluſhing diffidence of youth,
It ſhuns the unequal province of your praiſe.

Thus far triumphant in the pleaſing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our ſearch: but now a daſtard-kind
Advance reluctant, and with faultering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye: infeebled hearts
Whom Fancy chills with viſionary fears,
Or bends to ſervile tameneſs with conceits
Of ſhame, of evil, or of baſe defect,
tic and deluſive. Here the ſlave

Who

Who droops abaſh'd when ſullen pomp ſurveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and ſtruck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in ſhameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here ſubdued
By frontleſs laughter and the hardy ſcorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject ſoul,
Who bluſhing half reſigns the candid praiſe
Of temperance and honour; half diſowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with ſickly ſmiles the venal mouth
With fouleſt licence mock the patriot's name.

Laſt of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay deriſion bends her hoſtile aim,
Is that where ſhameful ignorance preſides.
Beneath her ſordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confuſion ſtraight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they ſtruggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpoſe; then at laſt
Sit down diſmay'd, and leave the entangled ſcene
For ſcorn to ſport with. Such then is the abode
Of folly in the mind; and ſuch the ſhapes
In which ſhe governs her obſequious train.

Through every ſcene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every ſwift occaſion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her ſallying *nerves and chokes* her tongue;

What were it but to count each cryſtal drop
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May diſtil? Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick obſerver: whether Pomp,
Or Praiſe, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with violation loath'd,
Invade reſplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of Beauty, or the boaſt of Praiſe.
  Aſk we for what fair end, the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms wakes this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful ſtings of laughter, from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth ſlow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil! yet benignant Heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of Truth appears
To thouſands; conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labours and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of nature; therefore ſtamp'd
The glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,

As

As broad, as obvious, to the paſſing clown,
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
Such are the various aſpects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius, whoſe unclouded thoughts
Attain that ſecret harmony which blends
The æthereal ſpirit with its mold of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That ſearchleſs nature o'er the ſenſe of man
Diffuſes, to behold, in lifeleſs things,
The inexpreſſive ſemblance of himſelf,
Of thought and paſſion. Mark the ſable woods
That ſhade ſublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
With what religious awe the ſolemn ſcene
Commands your ſteps! as if the reverend form
Of Minos or of Numa ſhould forſake
The Elyſian ſeats, and down the embowering glade
Move to your pauſing eye! Behold the expanſe
Of yon gay landſcape, where the ſilver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the ſprightly breeze:
Now their grey cincture ſkirts the doubtful ſun;
Now ſtreams of ſplendor, through their opening veil
Effulgent, ſweep from off the gilded lawn
The aërial ſhadows; on the curling brook,
And on the ſhady margin's quivering leaves
With quickeſt luſtre glancing; while you view
The proſpect, ſay, within your cheerful breaſt
Plays not the lively ſenſe of winning mirth
With clouds and ſun-ſhine chequer'd, while the round
Of ſocial converſe, to the inſpiring tongue
Of ſome gay nymph amid her ſubject train,

Moves all obſequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of ſuch diſcordant things?
Or flows their ſemblance from that myſtic tone
To which the new-born mind's harmonious powers
At firſt were ſtrung? Or rather from the links
Which artful cuſtom twines around her frame?
For when the different images of things
By chance combin'd, have ſtruck the attentive ſoul
With deeper impulſe, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er diſtinct
The external ſcenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And ſympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recall one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates riſe,
And each his former ſtation ſtrait reſumes:
One movement governs the conſenting throng,
And all at once with roſy pleaſure ſhine,
Or all are ſadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the ſame parent-ſtone, together drew
Its myſtic virtue, and at firſt conſpir'd
With fatal impulſe quivering to the pole:
Then, though diſjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Rowl'd its broad ſurge betwixt, and different ſtars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preſerv'd
The former friendſhip, and remember'd ſtill
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Each one poſſeſs'd, nor pauſe, nor quiet knew

The

The ſure aſſociate, ere with trembling ſpeed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the ſecret union, when we feel
A ſong, a flower, a name, at once reſtore
Thoſe long-connected ſcenes where firſt they mov'd
The attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton fancy to her ſcope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of paſſions and deſigns
Attendant: whence, if pleaſing in itſelf,
The proſpect from that ſweet acceſſion gains
Redoubled influence o'er the liſtening mind.
By theſe myſterious ties the buſy power
Of memory her ideal train preſerves
Intire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footſteps from the waſte
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to preſent,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largeſt choice: like ſpring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling ſweetneſs, that the ſkillful bee
May taſte at will, from their ſelected ſpoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanſe
Of living lakes in ſummer's noontide calm,
Reflects the bordering ſhade, and ſun-bright heavens
With fairer ſemblance; not the ſculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whoſe birth the ſiſter powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial ſtar
Shed influence to *the ſeeds of fancy kind*;

Than his attemper'd boſom muſt preſerve
The ſeal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial ſweets: the trembling chord
Reſounds for ever in the abſtracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to diſeaſe, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating luſtre. Thus at length
Indow'd with all that nature can beſtow,
The child of fancy oft in ſilence bends
O'er theſe mixt treaſures of his pregnant breaſt,
With conſcious pride. From them he oft reſolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what ſublime reward
Of praiſe and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plaſtic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His boſom; and with lovelieſt frenzy caught,
From earth to heaven he rowls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thouſand ſhapes,
Like ſpectres trooping to the wiſard's call,
Flit ſwift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come: the eternal heavens
Diſcloſe their ſplendors, and the dark abyſs
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the riſing phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides
Inlarges and extenuates by turns;
Oppoſes, ranges in fantaſtic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,

Now

Now thither fluctuates his inconſtant aim,
With endleſs choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring ſeeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till roſy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant boſom, and the joyful ſun
Sprung up the blue ſerene; by ſwift degrees
Thus diſentangled, his entire deſign
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour ſmiles.
Awhile he ſtands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, imbodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object aſcertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic ſkill,
The conſonance of ſounds, the featur'd rock,
The ſhadowy picture and impaſſion'd verſe,
Beyond their proper powers attract the ſoul
By that expreſſive ſemblance, while in ſight
Of nature's great original we ſcan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that ſublime exemplar whence it ſtole
Thoſe animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs; applauding love

Doubts

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[illegible] 445
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[illegible]
[illegible] 450
[illegible] in the light of heaven.
[illegible] while raptur'd [illegible] tells
Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wife be far
[illegible] grofs unhallow'd pride; nor needs my [illegible] 455

Descend

Deſcend ſo low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
By what myſterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of ſound
Reſult from airy motion; and from ſhape
The lovely phantoms of ſublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When preſent in the mind, which in themſelves
Have no connection? Sure the riſing ſun
O'er the cœrulean convex of the ſea,
With equal brightneſs and with equal warmth
Might rowl his fiery orb; nor yet the ſoul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
Exulting in the ſplendor ſhe beholds;
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of ſome triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring ſtreams and gales of gentleſt breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful ſtrain
Attemper, could not man's diſcerning ear
Through all its tones the ſympathy purſue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameleſs joy
Steal through his veins and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the ſong.
  But were not nature ſtill endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With ſuch inchantment? Wherefore then her form
So exquiſitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With ſuch æthereal ſweetneſs? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raiſe or to depreſs
The impaſſion'd ſoul? *and whence the robes* of light

Which

Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can deſcribe? Whence but from thee,
O ſource divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeaſur'd goodneſs? Not content
With every food of life to nouriſh man,
By kind illuſions of the wondering ſenſe
Thou mak'ſt all nature beauty to his eye,
Or muſic to his ear: well-pleas'd he ſcans
The goodly proſpect; and with inward ſmiles
Trieds the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal ſplendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleaſing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor queſtions more the muſic's mingling ſounds
Than ſpace, or motion, or eternal time;
So ſweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed ſoul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the deſtin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous heroe, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad ſurprize, by ſecret ſpells
Of ſome kind ſage, the patron of his toils,
A viſionary paradiſe diſcloſ'd
Amid the dubious wild: with ſtreams, and ſhades,
And airy ſongs, the enchanted landſcape ſmiles,
ers his long labours and renews his frame.

What

What then is taſte, but theſe internal powers
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarrang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This, nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow;
But God alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſecret byaſs of the ſoul.
He, mighty parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journeys homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſunſhine gleaming as through amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky; full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhowers,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; *or attend*

His

His will, obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flowery ſtream
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſtening deer
The tale of ſlighted vows and love's diſdain
Reſound ſoft-warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

Oh! bleſt of heaven, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature fair imagination culls
To charm the inliven'd ſoul! What though not all

Of

Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life; though only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt injoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert

Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair inſpir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her generous powers?
Would ſordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to nature, to the winds
And rowling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what the eternal maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

THE END OF BOOK THE THIRD.

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

THREE BOOKS

OF THE

PLEASURES

OF

IMAGINATION.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

VER. 151. *Say, why was man,* &c.] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the ſublimeſt authors of Greece, "Thoſe god-like geniuſes," ſays Longinus, "were well aſſured, that Nature "had not intended man for a low-ſpirited or ignoble "being: but bringing us into life and the midſt of "this wide univerſe, as before a multitude aſſembled "at ſome heroic ſolemnity, that we might be ſpectators "of all her magnificence, and candidates high in

 "emula-

" emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore " implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of " every thing great and exalted, of every thing which " appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence " it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not " an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of " human imagination, which often sallies forth be- " yond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any " man cast his eye through the whole circle of our ex- " istence, and consider how especially it abounds in " excellent and grand objects; he will soon acknow- " ledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were " destined. Thus by the very propensity of nature " we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow " rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile, " the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, " the Ocean, &c." Dionys. Longin. de Sublim. § xxiv.

Ver. 101. *The empyreal waste.*] " Ne se peut-il " point qu'il y a un grand espace au dela de la region " des etoiles? Que se soit le ciel empyrée, ou non, tou- " jours cet espace immense qui environne toute cette " region, pourra etre rempli de bonheur & de gloire. " Il pourra etre conçu comme l'ocean, où se rendent " les fleuves de toutes les creatures bienheureuses, " quand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le " systeme des etoiles." Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part. i. § 19.

Ver. 102. *Whose unfading light, &c.*] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed

fixed

ſtars at ſuch a diſtance from our ſolar ſyſtem, as that their light ſhould not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234. ——— *the neglect*
Of all familiar proſpects, &c.] It is here ſaid, that in conſequence of the love of novelty, objects which at firſt were highly delightful to the mind, loſe that effect by repeated attention to them. But the inſtance of *habit* is oppoſed to this obſervation; for *there*, objects at firſt diſtaſteful are in time rendered intirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this caſe will be removed, if we conſider, that, when objects at firſt agreeable, loſe that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *paſſive*, and the perception *involuntary*; but habit, on the other hand, generally ſuppoſes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it: ſo that the pleaſure ariſes here not from the object, but from the mind's *conſcious* determination of its own activity; and conſequently increaſes in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will ſtill be urged perhaps, that a familiarity with diſagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to *reſolve* or *act* at all. In this caſe, the appearance muſt be accounted for, one of theſe ways.

The pleaſure from habit may be merely negative. The object at firſt gave uneaſineſs: this uneaſineſs gradually wears off as the object grows familiar; and the mind, *finding it at laſt* intirely removed, rec-

kons its ſituation really pleaſurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The diſlike conceived of the object at firſt, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Conſequently the mind, being neceſſitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own miſtake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with averſion. In which caſe, a ſort of inſtinctive juſtice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondneſs and attachment.

Or laſtly, though the object itſelf ſhould always continue diſagreeable, yet circumſtances of pleaſure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an aſſociation may ariſe in the mind, and the object never be remembered without thoſe pleaſing circumſtances attending it; by which means the diſagreeable impreſſion which it at firſt occaſioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Ver. 240. ——— *this deſire*

Of objects new *and* ſtrange ——] Theſe two ideas are often confounded; though it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the leaſt degree of *wonder*: whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleaſure in both caſes is explicable from the ſame final cauſe, the acquiſition of knowledge and inlargement of our views of nature: *on this account*, it is natural to treat of them together.

Ver.

Ver. 374. ——— *Truth and good are one,*
And beauty dwells in them, &c.] "Do "you imagine," says Socrates to Aristippus, "that "what is good is not beautiful? Have you not ob- "served that these appearances always coincide? "Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which "we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beau- "tiful also. In the characters of men we always* "join the two denominations together. The beauty of "human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with "that œconomy of parts which constitutes them good; "and in every circumstance of life, the same object "is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, "inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it "was designed." Xenophont. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy; *see the Characteristicks*, vol. ii. p. 339. and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181. And another ingenious author has particularly shewn, that it holds in the general laws of nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences. *Inquiry into the original of our ideas of beauty and virtue*, Treat. i. § 8. As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in nature, in consequence of which "all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in

* *This the Athenians did in* a particular manner, *by the word* καλοκαγαθὸς, καλοκαγαθία.

"*some certain proportions*, and deformity in the con-"*trary.*" And this neceſſity being ſuppoſed the ſame with that which commands the aſſent or diſſent of the *underſtanding*, it follows of courſe that *beauty* is founded on the univerſal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are, who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent proviſion in nature to annex ſo delightful a ſenſation to thoſe objects which are *beſt and moſt perfect in themſelves*, that ſo we might be engaged to the *choice of* them at once and without ſtaying to infer their *uſefulneſs* from their ſtructure and effects; but that it is not impoſſible, in a phyſical ſenſe, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, ſhould perceive, one of them *beauty*, and the other *deformity*, in the ſame proportions. And upon this ſuppoſition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to thoſe proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that ſpecies is found to depend. Polycletus, for inſtance, a famous ancient ſculptor, from an accurate menſuration of the ſeveral parts of the moſt perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or meaſure of proportions, which was the rule of all ſucceeding artiſts. Suppoſe a ſtatue modeled according to this: a man of mere natural taſte, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confeſſes and admires its *beauty*: whereas a profeſſor of the art applies his meaſures to the head, the neck, or the hand, and

and, without attending to its beauty, pronounces the workmanſhip to be *juſt* and *true*.

Ver. 492. *As when Brutus roſe*, &c.] Cicero himſelf deſcribes this fact — "Cæſare interfecto — ſtatim "cruentum altè extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ci-"ceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recupera-"tam libertatem eſt gratulatus." Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

Ver. 548. *Where virtue riſing from the awful depth*
Of truth's myſterious boſom, &c.] According to the opinion of thoſe who aſſert *moral obligation* to be founded on an immutable and univerſal law; and that which is uſually called the *moral ſenſe*, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earlieſt aſſociations of ideas.

Ver. 591. *Lycéum.*] The ſchool of Ariſtotle.

Ver. 592. *Academus.*] The ſchool of Plato.

Ver. 594. *Ilyſſus.*] One of the rivers on which Athens was ſituated. Plato, in ſome of his fineſt dialogues, lays the ſcene of the converſation with Socrates on its banks.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 19. *At laſt the Muſes roſe*, &c.] About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation; a ſort of ſtrolling bards or rhapſodiſts, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at feſtivals *with muſic* and poetry. They attempted

attempted both the epic, ode, and satire; and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. These were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as Boiardo, Bernardo, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valclusa.*] The famous retreat of Francisco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Ver. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccacio.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid. —— *the rage*

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the Papal power, intirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts*, &c.] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, "being thus severed by the sprightly arts "and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, in-"*sipid, pedantic, useless*, and directly opposite to the

"real

" real knowledge and practice of the world." Inſo- " much that " a Gentleman," ſays another excellent writer, " cannot eaſily bring himſelf to like ſo auſtere " and ungainly a form: ſo greatly is it changed from " what was once the delight of the fineſt Gentlemen " of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry " of public affairs!" From this condition it cannot be recovered but by uniting it once more with the works of imagination; and we have had the pleaſure of obſerving a very great progreſs made towards their union in England within theſe few years. It is hardly poſſible to conceive them at a greater diſtance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke ſtood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general ſpirit of liberty, which has ever ſince been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of perſuaſion gave them with the people, by applying them to ſubjects of importance to ſociety. Thus poetry and eloquence became conſiderable; and philoſophy is now of courſe obliged to borrow of their embelliſhments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From Paſſion's power alone*, &c.] This very myſterious kind of pleaſure, which is often found in the exerciſe of paſſions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by ſeveral authors. Lucretius reſolves it into ſelf-love:

" Suave Mari magno," &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleaſed in being moved at the diſtreſs *of a tragedy, without* a cool reflection that though

though theſe fictitious perſonages were ſo unhappy, yet he himſelf was perfectly at eaſe and in ſafety. The ingenious author of the *Reflections critiques ſur la poeſie & ſur la peinture*, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive ſtate: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends theſe emotions when natural and juſt, is certainly the true foundation of the pleaſure, which, as it is the origin and baſis of tragedy and epic, deſerved a very particular conſideration in this poem.

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth*, &c.] The account of the œconomy of Providence here introduced, as the moſt proper to calm and ſatisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, ſeems to have come originally from the Pythagorean ſchool: but of the ancient philoſophers, Plato has moſt largely inſiſted upon it, has eſtabliſhed it with all the ſtrength of his capacious underſtanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one paſſage ſo full and clear on this head, that I am perſuaded the reader will be pleaſed to ſee it here, though ſomewhat long. Addreſſing himſelf to ſuch as are not ſatisfied concerning Divine Providence: "The Being who preſides over the whole," ſays he, "has diſpoſed and complicated all things for the happineſs and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and ſuffers what is fit and proper. One of theſe parts is yours, O unhappy *man*, which though in itſelf moſt inconſiderable and

minute,

" minute, yet being connected with the univerſe, ever " ſeeks to co-operate with that ſupreme order. You " in the mean time are ignorant of the very end for " which all particular natures are brought into exiſt- " ence, that the all-comprehending nature of the whole " may be perfect and happy; exiſting as it does, not " for your ſake, but the cauſe and reaſon of your ex- " iſtence, which, as in the ſymmetry of every artificial " work, muſt of neceſſity concur with the general de- " ſign of the artiſt, and be ſubſervient to the whole of " which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is " ignorant and groundleſs; ſince, according to the " various energy of creation, and the common laws " of nature, there is a conſtant proviſion of that which " is beſt at the ſame time for you and for the whole.— " For the governing intelligence clearly beholding all " the actions of animated and ſelf-moving creatures, " and that mixture of good and evil which diverſifies " them, conſidered firſt of all by what diſpoſition of " things, and by what ſituation of each individual in " the general ſyſtem, vice might be depreſſed and ſub- " dued, and virtue made ſecure of victory and happi- " neſs, with the greateſt facility, and in the higheſt de- " gree poſſible: In this manner he ordered through " the entire circle of being, the internal conſtitution " of every mind, where ſhould be its ſtation in the " univerſal fabric, and through what variety of cir- " cumſtances it ſhould proceed in the whole tenour of " its exiſtence." He goes on in his ſublime manner to aſſert a future *ſtate of retribution*, " as well for thoſe

" who,

" who, by the exercise of good diſpoſitions being har-
" monized and aſſimilated into the divine virtue, are
" conſequently removed to a place of unblemiſhed
" ſanctity and happineſs; as of thoſe who by the moſt
" flagitious arts have riſen from contemptible begin-
" nings to the greateſt affluence and power, and whom
" you therefore look upon as unanſwerable inſtances
" of negligence in the gods, becauſe you are igno-
" rant of the purpoſes to which they are ſubſervient,
" and in what manner they contribute to that ſupreme
" intention of good to the whole." Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, eſpecially abroad, in a manner which ſubverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preſerve it, and has been in that reſpect imitated by the beſt of his followers.

Ver. 321. —— *one might riſe,*
One order, &c.] See the Meditations of Antoninus, and the Characteriſtics, paſſim.

Ver. 355. *The beſt and faireſt*, &c.] This opinion is ſo old, that Timæus Locrus calls the Supreme Being δημιουργὸς τῶ βελτίονος, " the artificer of that which is " beſt;" and repreſents him as reſolving in the beginning to produce the moſt excellent work, and as copying the world moſt exactly from his own intelligible and eſſential idea; " ſo that it yet remains, as it was " at firſt, perfect in beauty, and will never ſtand in " need of any correction or improvement." There be *no room* for a caution here, to underſtand the expreſſions,

expreſſions, not of any particular circumſtances of human life ſeparately conſidered, but of the ſum or univerſal ſyſtem of life and being. See alſo the viſion at the end of the Theodicée of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame aſcends*, &c.] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural conſequence of his principles. But the diſquiſition is too complex and extenſive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 18. —— *where the powers*
Of fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the moſt important points in moral philoſophy. It were eaſy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almoſt all the paſſions, and mixes with almoſt every circumſtance of action or pleaſure. Let any man, even of the coldeſt head and ſobereſt induſtry, analyſe the idea of what he calls his intereſt; he will find that it conſiſts chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variouſly combined into one ſyſtem, the idol which he ſeeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and ſelf-denial. It is on this account of the laſt conſequence to regulate theſe images by the ſtandard of nature and the general good; otherwiſe the imagination, by heightening ſome objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, *or by repreſenting* others in a more

odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complexion of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent, others on the contrary with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *sweetness* of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers though we have *several* hints concerning this influence of the imagination

upon morals among the remains of the Socratic ſchool, yet the Stoics were the firſt who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impoſſible to preſerve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inſpecting thoſe pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laërt. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the diſcourſes of Epictetus, are full of the ſame ſentiment; inſomuch that the latter makes the Χρῆσις οἵα δεῖ φαντασιῶν, or "right management of the fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than ſtupid or frantic. Arrian. l. i. c. 12. & l. ii. c. 22. See alſo the Characteriſtics, vol. i. from p. 313, to 321, where this Stoical doctrine is embelliſhed with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Ver. 75.—*how folly's awkward arts*, &c.] Notwithſtanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the ſciences, it has been almoſt conſtantly neglected or miſrepreſented, by divines eſpecially. The mannner of treating theſe ſubjects in the ſcience of human nature, ſhould be preciſely the ſame as in natural philoſophy; from particular facts to inveſtigate the ſtated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus diſcovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of uſeful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremoſt band*, &c.] The firſt and moſt general ſource of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, *or ſelf-applauſe* for ſome deſirable

quality or poſſeſſion which evidently does not belong to those who aſſume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the ſecond train*, &c.] Ridicule from the ſame vanity, when though the poſſeſſion be real, yet no merit can ariſe from it, becauſe of ſome particular circumſtances, which, though obvious to the ſpectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe ſucceeds*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects diſproportioned to their intrinſic value, and inconſiſtent with the order of nature.

Ver. 191. *But now, ye gay*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is abſolutely odious or contemptible. This is the higheſt degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diſeaſes or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant*, &c.] Ridicule from falſe ſhame or groundleſs fear.

Ver. 228. *Laſt of the*, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance of ſuch things as our circumſtances require us to know.

Ver. 248.—*Suffice it to have ſaid*, &c.] By comparing theſe general ſources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every ſpecies. The moſt important circumſtance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we ſhall ſubjoin here. Ariſtotle's account of the matter ſeems both imperfect and falſe; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, ſays he, ἐστὶν ἁμάρτημά τι καὶ αἶσχος, ἀνώδυνον

ἀνώδυνον καὶ ἀ φθαρτικόν: "the ridiculous is ſome cer-
"tain fault or turpitude without pain, and not de-
"ſtructive to its ſubject." (Poët. c. 5.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many inſtances of ſuch a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not diſtinguiſh the thing deſigned. Nay farther; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the deſtruction of its ſubject, we may ſtill be ſenſible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener ſenſations of pity or terror baniſh the ludicrous apprehenſion from our minds. For the ſenſation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or diſagreement of ideas; but a paſſion or emotion of the mind conſequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or diſagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, becauſe it is engroſſed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that ſome men think thoſe objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; becauſe in them they excite a much intenſer and more important feeling. And this difference, among other cauſes, has brought a good deal of confuſion into this queſtion.

"That which makes objects ridiculous, is ſome
"ground of admiration or eſteem connected with other
"more general circumſtances comparatively worthleſs
"or deformed; or it is ſome circumſtance of turpi-
"tude or deformity connected with what is in general

" excellent or beautiful: the inconſiſtent properties " exiſting either in the objects themſelves, or in the " aprehenſion of the perſon to whom they relate; be- " longing always to the ſame order or claſs of being; " imply ſentiment or deſign; and exciting no acute or " vehement emotion of the heart."

To prove the ſeveral parts of this definition: " The " appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a " general condition comparatively ſordid or deformed," is ridiculous: for inſtance, pompous pretenſions of wiſdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Ariſtophanes; and the oſtentations of military glory with cowardice and ſtupidity in the Thraſo of Terence.

" The appearance of deformity or turpitude in con- " junction with what is in general excellent or vene- " rable," is alſo ridiculous: for inſtance, the perſonal weakneſſes of a magiſtrate appearing in the ſolemn and public functions of his ſtation.

" The incongruous properties may either exiſt in the " objects themſelves, or in apprehenſion of the perſon " to whom they relate:" in the laſt-mentioned in- ſtance, they both exiſt in the objects; in the inſtances from Ariſtophanes and Terence, one of them is ob- jective and real, the other only founded in the appre- henſion of the ridiculous character.

" The inconſiſtent properties muſt belong to the ſame " order or claſs of being." A coxcomb in fine cloaths, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; becauſe his general apprehenſion of excellence and eſteem is referred to the ſplendour and expence of his

his dreſs. A man of ſenſe and merit, in the ſame circumſtances, is not counted ridiculous: becauſe the general ground of excellence and eſteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehenſion, of a very different ſpecies.

"Every ridiculous object implies ſentiment or de-"ſign." A column placed by an architect without a capital or baſe, is laughed at: the ſame column in a ruin cauſes a very different ſenſation.

And laſtly, "the occurrence muſt excite no acute or "vehement emotion of the heart," ſuch as terror, pity, or indignation; for in that caſe, as was obſerved above, the mind is not at leiſure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this deſcription, and whether it comprehend every ſpecies and form of the ridiculous, muſt be determined by repeated applications of it to particular inſtances.

Ver. 259. *Aſk we for what fair end*, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a *natural* ſenſe or feeling of the ridiculous, and ſince ſo good a reaſon may be aſſigned to juſtify the Supreme Being for beſtowing it; one cannot without aſtoniſhment reflect on the conduct of thoſe men who imagine it is for the ſervice of true religion to vilify and blacken it without diſtinction, and endeavour to perſuade us that it is never applied but in a bad cauſe. Ridicule is not concerned with mere ſpeculative truth or falſehood. It is not in abſtract propoſitions or theorems, but in actions and paſſions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we *find materials for* it; and all theſe

terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To aſk them whether *ridicule be a teſt of truth*, is, in other words, to aſk whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be juſt and becoming; or whether that which is juſt and becoming, can be ridiculous. A queſtion that does not deſerve a ſerious anſwer. For it is moſt evident, that, as in a metaphyſical propoſition offered to the underſtanding for its aſſent, the faculty of reaſon examines the terms of the propoſition, and finding one idea, which was ſuppoſed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of conſequence rejects the propoſition as a falſehood; ſo, in objects offered to the mind for its eſteem or applauſe, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we obſerve ſuch a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconſiſtent circumſtances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our buſineſs, if the matter be of importance to ſociety, to drag out thoſe latent circumſtances, and, by ſetting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falſehood* ſooner than in the way of ſpeculative inquiry, and impreſs the minds of men with a ſtronger ſenſe of the vanity and error of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is ſaid, the practice is dangerous, and may *be inconſiſtent with* the regard we owe to objects of real *dignity and* excellence. I anſwer, the practice fairly managed

managed can never be dangerous; men may be diſhoneſt in obtruding circumſtances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing thoſe circumſtances to impoſe upon us: but the ſenſe of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Ariſtophanes is as *truly* ridiculous a character as ever was drawn:—True; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moraliſt and father of ancient wiſdom! What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philoſopher from detecting and diſclaiming thoſe foreign circumſtances which he had falſely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the ſatiriſt doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheleſs had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And ſo has the reaſoning of Spinoza made many atheiſts: he has founded it indeed on ſuppoſitions utterly falſe; but allow him theſe, and his concluſions are unavoidably true. And if we muſt reject the uſe of ridicule, becauſe, by the impoſition of falſe circumſtances, things may be made to ſeem ridiculous, which are not ſo in themſelves; why we ought not in the ſame manner to reject the uſe of reaſon, becauſe, by proceeding on falſe principles, concluſions will appear true which are impoſſible in nature, let the vehement and obſtinate declaimers againſt ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpreſſive ſemblance*, &c.] This ſimilitude is the foundation of almoſt all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles*, &c.] See the elegant poem *recited by Cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Proluſ.* vi. Academ. 2. c. v.

Ver. 348. *By these mysterious arts, &c.*] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Lets its proper visible, &c.*] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artists are rendered palpable to the senses; as by sounds, in music: by lines and shadows, in painting; by diction in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. ——*One pursues*

The vast alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18. of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs, &c.*]

" O! how I long my careless limbs to lay
" Under the plantane shade; and all the day
" With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c."

Waller, Battle of the Summer-Islands, Canto I.

And again,

" While in the park I sing, the listening deer
" Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c."

At Pens-hurst.

Ver. 593.—*Not a breeze, &c.*] That this account may not appear rather potically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this head; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance

importance to his high ſtation. Speaking of the beauty of univerſal nature, he obſerves, that "there is a "pleaſing and graceful aſpect in every object we per-"ceive," when once we conſider its connection with that general order. He inſtances in many things which at firſt ſight would be thought rather deformities; and then adds, "that a man who enjoys a ſenſibility of "temper with a juſt comprehenſion of the univerſal "order—will diſcern many amiable things, not cre-"dible to every mind, but to thoſe alone who have "entered into an honourable familiarity with nature "and her works." M. Antonin. iii. 2.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION: A POEM.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

THE pleaſures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flouriſhing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm ſea by moon-light; or from works of art, ſuch as a noble edifice, a muſical tune, a ſtatue, a picture, a poem. In treating of theſe pleaſures, we muſt begin with the former claſs; they being original to the other; and nothing more being neceſſary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatneſs and beauty, and of thoſe appearances, in the world around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the ſubject of the firſt book of the following poem.

But the pleaſures which we receive from the elegant arts, from muſic, ſculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (beſides greatneſs and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent repreſentations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumſtances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other paſſions. Theſe moral and intellectual objects are deſcribed in the ſecond book; to which the third properly belongs as an epiſode, though too large to have been included in it.

THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MDCCLVII.

THE ſubject propoſed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of conſtitution in the minds of men; with its final cauſe. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleaſures of the human imagination proceed either from greatneſs or beauty in external objects. The pleaſure from greatneſs; with its final cauſe. The natural connection of beauty with * truth and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine

* Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular ſenſe, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper eſtimate or judgment concerning them.

divine mind. The partial and artificial form of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.

WITH what inchantment nature's goodly scene
Attracts the [illegible] of mortals; how the mind
[illegible]
[illegible]
To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill
The breast with fancy's native arts indow'd
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verse unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers,
Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard
Move in majestic measures, leading on
His doubtful step through many a solemn path
Conscious of secrets which to human sight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him:
And let your favor make him wise to speak
Of all your wondrous empire; with a voice
So temper'd to his theme, that those, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love,
Whate'er thy name; or Muse, or Grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets; to the sons of heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou dost there
The perfect counsels read, the ideas old,

Of

Of thine omniſcient father; known on earth
By the ſtill horror and the bliſsful tear
With which thou ſeizeſt on the ſoul of man;
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Freſh flowers and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent. And with thee
Let Fiction come; on her aërial wings
Wafting ten thouſand colors; which in ſport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and ſhifts at will through countleſs forms,
Her wild creation. Goddeſs of the lyre
Whoſe awful tones control the moving ſphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, deſcend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their myſtic rites,
Wiſe Order: and, where Order deigns to come,
Her ſiſter, Liberty, will not be far.
Be preſent all ye Genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering ſtep
New to your ſprings and ſhades; who touch their ear
With finer ſounds, and heighten to their eye
The pomp of nature, and before them place
The faireſt, loftieſt countenance of things.
Nor thou, my Dyſon, to the lay refuſe
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though firſt
In years unſeaſon'd, haply ere the ſports
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many ſplendid *proſpects, many* charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conſcious whence they ſprung,

[illegible] yet serious truth
[illegible] empire o'er the calm, sequester'd theme
[illegible] ferted soon: while falsehood's evil brood,
[illegible] and [illegible] pleasure, she at once
[illegible] my fancy's careless toil
[illegible] cause. Maturer aid
[illegible] added, in the paths of life,
[illegible] paths, my [illegible] feet
[illegible] to [illegible] divine,
[illegible] argument's unbeaten space,
[illegible] guidance; while by turns
[illegible] or while the queen
[illegible] and the mind
[illegible] companion's voice
[illegible] the winter lamp
[illegible] favoring. Now the fates
[illegible] Po thee, my friend,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Wear in Elyſium, and which never felt
The breath of envy or malignant tongues,
That theſe my hand for thee and for myſelf
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early choſen, ever found the ſame,
And truſted and belov'd; once more the verſe
Long deſtin'd, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend, indulgent. So in lateſt years,
When time thy head with honors ſhall have cloath'd
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of ſeaſons paſt,
Fair offices of friendſhip or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind well-pleas'd
Recall theſe happy ſtudies of our prime.

From heaven my ſtrains begin. From heaven deſcends
The flame of genius to the choſen breaſt,
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd,
And inſpiration. Ere the riſing ſun
Shone o'er the deep, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon her ſilver lamp ſuſpended: ere
The vales with ſprings were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Then the great ſpirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep eſſence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things:
The radiant ſun; the moon's nocturnal lamp;
The mountains and the ſtreams; the ample ſtores
Of earth, of heaven, of nature. From the firſt,
On that full ſcene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, *in time* complete,

What he admir'd and lov'd his [illegible] power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves
Hence light and shade, alternate, warmth and cold,
And bright autumnal fruit, and vernal flowers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care
Hath nature on the multitude of minds
Impress'd a various bias, and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven. To some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought,
Of space, and time; of fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destin'd: some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aspects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand:
Earth, or air, the meadow's flowery store,

The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dreſs'd in attractive ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait ſcan)
Thoſe lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel their force,
Inamor'd: they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmoſt frame ſent forth
Spontaneous muſic; ſo doth nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulſe of thoſe kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of ſound
Melodious, or of motion aptly ſped)
Detains the enliven'd ſenſe; till ſoon the ſoul
Feels the deep concord, and aſſents through all
Her functions. Then the charm by fate prepar'd
Diffuſeth its inchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high diſcourſe with prophets old,
And wandering through Elyſium, fancy dreams
Of ſacred fountains, of o'erſhadowing groves,
Whoſe walks with godlike harmony reſound:
Fountains, which Homer viſits; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, ſuſpends his graver cares,
And ſmiles. The paſſions, to divine repoſe,
Perſuaded yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, ſuch as await
An angel's meditation. *O! attend,*

Whoe'er thou art whom theſe delights can touch;
Whom nature's aſpect, nature's ſimple garb,
Can thus command; O! liſten to my ſong;
And I will guide thee to her bliſsful walks,
And teach thy ſolitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient ſtore,
Whate'er of mimic art's reflected ſcenes,
With love and admiration thus inſpire
Attentive fancy, her delighted ſons
In two illuſtrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whoſe ruſtic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whoſe daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, ſtill the form,
Which fancy worſhips, or ſublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim. I ſee them dawn:
I ſee the radiant viſions where they riſe,
More lovely than when Lucifer diſplays
His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the ſpring.
Say, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation; why impower'd
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In conteſt with his equals, who ſhall beſt
The taſk atchieve, the courſe of noble toils,
By wiſdom and by mercy preordain'd?

Might

Might ſend him forth the ſovran good to learn;
To chace each meaner purpoſe from his breaſt;
And through the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And through the pelting ſtorms of chance and pain,
To hold ſtrait on with conſtant heart and eye
Still fix'd upon his everlaſting palm,
The approving ſmile of heaven? Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That ſeeks from day to day ſublimer ends;
Happy, though reſtleſs? Why departs the ſoul
Wide from the track and journey of her times,
To graſp the good ſhe knows not? in the field
Of things which may be, in the ſpacious field
Of ſcience, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
To raiſe up ſcenes in which her own deſires
Contented may repoſe; when things, which are,
Pall on her temper, like a twice-told tale:
Her temper, ſtill demanding to be free;
Spurning the rude control of wilful might;
Proud of her dangers brav'd, her griefs endur'd,
Her ſtrength ſeverely prov'd? To theſe high aims,
Which reaſon and affection prompt in man,
Not adverſe nor unapt hath nature fram'd
His bold imagination. For, amid
The various forms which this full world preſents
Like rivals to his choice, what human breaſt
E'er doubts, before the tranſient and minute,
To prize the vaſt, the ſtable, the ſublime?
Who, that from heights aërial ſends his eye
Around a wild horizon, and ſurveys

Indus or Ganges rolling his broad wave
Through mountains, plains, through ſpacious cities old,
And regions dark with woods; will turn away
To mark the path of ſome penurious rill
Which murmureth at his feet? Where does the ſoul
Conſent her ſoaring fancy to reſtrain,
Which bears her up, as on an eagle's wings,
Deſtin'd for higheſt heaven; or which of fate's
Tremendous barriers ſhall confine her flight
To any humbler quarry? The rich earth,
Cannot detain her; nor the ambient air
With all its changes. For a while with joy
She hovers o'er the ſun, and views the ſmall
Attendant orbs, beneath his ſacred beam,
Emerging from the deep, like cluſter'd iſles
Whoſe rocky ſhores to the glad ſailor's eye
Reflect the gleams of morning: for a while
With pride ſhe ſees his firm, paternal ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to move each
Round its perpetual year. But ſoon ſhe quits
That proſpect: meditating loftier views,
She darts adventurous up the long career
Of comets; through the conſtellations holds
Her courſe, and now looks back on all the ſtars
Whoſe blended flames as with a milky ſtream
Part the blue region. Empyréan tracts,
Where happy ſouls beyond this concave heaven
Abide, ſhe then explores, whence purer light
For countleſs ages travels through the abyſs
Nor hath in ſight of mortals yet arriv'd.

Upon

Upon the wide creation's utmoſt ſhore
At length ſhe ſtands, and the dread ſpace beyond
Contemplates, half-recoiling: nathleſs down
The gloomy void, aſtoniſh'd, yet unquell'd,
She plungeth; down the unfathomable gulph
Where God alone hath being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For, from the birth
Of human kind, the Sovran Maker ſaid
That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echos of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flowery lap,
The ſoul ſhould find contentment; but, from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Through nature's opening walks inlarge her aim,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection fill the ſcene.
But lo, where beauty, dreſs'd in gentler pomp,
With comely ſteps advancing, claims the verſe
Her charms inſpire. O beauty, ſource of praiſe,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeleſs things;
O thou that kindleſt in each human heart
Love, and the wiſh of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other boſoms what ſo charms
Their own; O child of nature and the ſoul,
In happieſt hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightneſs can reveal
Through thoſe dim organs, whoſe corporeal touch

O'er-

O'erſhadoweth thy pure eſſence. Yet, my Muſe,
If fortune call thee to the taſk, wait thou
Thy favorable ſeaſons: then, while fear
And doubt are abſent, through wide nature's bounds
Expatiate with glad ſtep, and chooſe at will
Whate'er bright ſpoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To manifeſt unblemiſh'd beauty's praiſe,
And o'er the breaſts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the iſles
Atlantic, to the rich Heſperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on,
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the ſoil, the ripening cluſters ſwell,
Turning aſide their foliage, and come forth
In purple lights, till every hillock grows
As with the bluſhes of an evening ſky?
Or wilt thou that Theſſalian landſcape trace,
Where flow Penéus his clear glaſſy tide
Draws ſmooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Oſſa and the pathleſs woods unſhorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the ſtream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Imbrace the vale of Tempe; from each ſide
Aſcending ſteep to heaven, a rocky mound
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python ſlain.
Fair Tempe! on whoſe primroſe banks the morn

Awoke

Awoke moſt fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and ſhadows moſt ſublime:
Whoſe lawns, whoſe glades, ere human footſteps yet
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of ſylvan powers immortal: where they ſate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath ſome arbor branching o'er the flood,
And leaning round hung on the inſtructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er ſome open dale
Danc'd in light meaſures to his ſevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung ſhowers of painted bloſſoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual ſpring. But if our taſk
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us haſten to the rural haunt
Where young Meliſſa dwells. Nor thou refuſe
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle maid, thy footſteps turn:
Here, to thy own unqueſtionable theme,
O fair, O graceful, bend thy poliſh'd brow,
Aſſenting; and the gladneſs of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wiſhed light
Seen through the vernal air. By yonder ſtream,
Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
Send forth wild melody from every bough,
Together let us wander; where the hills
Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale
Reply; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the weſtern ſun
O'er fields and *floods, o'er every living* ſoul,

Diffuſeth glad repoſe! There while I ſpeak
Of beauty's honors, thou, Meliſſa, thou
Shalt hearken, not unconſcious. While I tell
How firſt from heaven ſhe came: how after all
The works of life, the elemental ſcenes,
The hours, the ſeaſons, ſhe had oft explor'd,
At length her favorite manſion and her throne
She fix'd in woman's form: what pleaſing ties
To virtue bind her; what effectual aid
They lend each other's power; and how divine
Their union, ſhould ſome ambitious maid,
To all the inchantment of the Idalian queen,
Add ſanctity and wiſdom: while my tongue
Prolongs the tale, Meliſſa, thou may'ſt feign
To wonder whence my rapture is inſpir'd;
But ſoon the ſmile which dawns upon thy lip
Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all
That ſoft cheek ſpringing to the marble neck,
Which bends aſide in vain, revealing more
What it would thus keep ſilent, and in vain
The ſenſe of praiſe diſſembling. Then my ſong
Great nature's winning arts, which thus inform
With joy and love the rugged breaſt of man,
Should ſound in numbers worthy of ſuch a theme:
While all whoſe ſouls have ever felt the force
Of thoſe inchanting paſſions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more
Their influence, unobſcur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand
Of fortune can beſtow: nor, to confirm

Their

way, ſhould awful contemplation ſcorn
his dictates to the genuine ſtrain
ſure's tongue; nor yet ſhould pleaſure's ear
h-averſe. Ye chiefly, gentle band
ths and virgins, who through many a wiſh
iny a fond purſuit, as in ſome ſcene
ic bright and fleeting, are allur'd
ous beauty; if the pleaſing toil
ld a moment's reſpite, hither turn
vourable ear, and truſt my words.
t mean, on bleſs'd Religion's ſeat
ng Superſtition's gloomy form,
your ſoothing hopes: I do not mean
the jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
es infernal rend the groaning earth,
ire you from your joys. My cheerful ſong
appier omens calls you to the field,
with your generous ardor in the chace,
irm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
:auty ever deign to dwell where uſe
titude are ſtrangers? is her praiſe
'd in aught whoſe moſt peculiar ends
ie and fruitleſs? or did nature mean
eaſing call the herald of a lye,
: the ſhame of diſcord and diſeaſe,
n each fond admirer into ſnares,
baffled? No. With better providence
ieral mother, conſcious how infirm
,pring tread the paths of good and ill,
:o the choice of credulous deſire,

Doth

Doth objects the compleateſt of their tribe
Diſtinguiſh and commend. Yon flowery bank
Cloath'd in the ſoft magnificence of ſpring,
Will not the flocks approve it? will they aſk
The reedy fen for paſture? That clear rill
Which trickleth murmuring from the moſſy rock,
Yields it leſs wholſome beverage to the worn
And thirſty traveller, than the ſtanding pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine
Whoſe lean and ſullen cluſters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-preſs or the bowl
Report of her, as of the ſwelling grape
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When firſt it meets the ſun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and ſenſe adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a ſtate intire,
Where native order reigns, with every part
In health, and every function well perform'd?
  Thus then at firſt was beauty ſent from heaven,
The lovely miniſtreſs of truth and good
In this dark world. For truth and good are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O ſons of earth, would ye diſſolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a raſh and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering ſcene
Which beauty ſeems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the ſuffrage of eternal truth,
Or where the ſeal of undeceitful good,
To ſave your ſearch from folly? Wanting theſe,

Lo, beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let hope,
That kindlieſt inmate of the youthful breaſt,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward ſloth
Sitting in ſilence, with dejected eyes
Incurious and with folded hands. Far leſs
Let ſcorn of wild fantaſtic folly's dreams
Or hatred of the bigot's ſavage pride
Perſuade you e'er that beauty, or the love
Which waits on beauty, may not brook to hear
The ſacred lore of undeceitful good
And truth eternal. From the vulgar croud
Though ſuperſtition, tyranneſs abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majeſtic pair
With threats and execration ſtill demands;
Though the tame wretch, who aſks of her the way
To their celeſtial dwelling, ſhe conſtrains
To quench or ſet at nought the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerleſs wild
Though forth ſhe leads him credulous and dark
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
Haply ſhe plunge him into cloiſter'd cells
And manſions unrelenting as the grave,
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the ſcreaming owl's
Dire ſong, with ſpectres or with guilty ſhades
To talk of pangs and everlaſting woe;
Yet be not ye diſmay'd. A gentler ſtar
Preſides o'er *your adventure. From the* bower

Where

Where Wiſdom ſate with her Athenian ſons,
Could but my happy hand intwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
To you whom god-like love can well command?)
Then ſhould my powerful voice at once diſpel
Thoſe monkiſh horrors; ſhould in words divine
Relate how favor'd minds like you inſpir'd,
And taught their inſpiration to conduct
By ruling heaven's decree, through various walks
And proſpects various, but delightful all,
Move onward; while now myrtle groves appear,
Now arms and radiant trophies, now the rods
Of empire with the curule throne, or now
The domes of contemplation and the Muſe.
Led by that hope ſublime, whoſe cloudleſs eye
Through the fair toils and ornaments of earth
Diſcerns the nobler life reſerv'd for heaven,
Favor'd alike they worſhip round the ſhrine
Where truth conſpicuous with her ſiſter-twins,
The undivided partners of her ſway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O! let not us
By Pleaſure's lying blandiſhments detain'd,
Or crouching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
O! let not us one moment pauſe to join
That choſen band. And if the gracious power,
Who firſt awaken'd my untutor'd ſong,
Will to my invocation grant anew
The tuneful ſpirit, then through all our paths
Ne'er ſhall the ſound of this devoted lyre

Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead
When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge free virtue's steps, and to her side
Summon that strong divinity of soul
Which conquers chance and fate: or on the height,
The goal assign'd her, haply to proclaim
Her triumph; on her brow to place the crown
Of uncorrupted praise; through future worlds
To follow her interminated way,
And bless heaven's image in the heart of man.
Such is the worth of Beauty: such her power;
So blameless, so rever'd. It now remains,
In just gradation through the various ranks
Of being, to contemplate how her gifts
Rise in due measure, watchful to attend
The steps of rising nature. Last and least,
In colors mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the forms
Of simplest, easiest measure; in the bounds
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
To symmetry adds color: thus the pearl
Shines in the concave of its purple bed,
And painted shells along some winding shore
Catch with indented folds the glancing sun.
Next, as we rise, appear the blooming tribes
Which clothe the fragrant earth; which draw from her
Their own nutrition; which are born and die;
But, in their seed, immortal: such the flowers

With which young Maia pays the village-maids
That hail her natal morn; and ſuch the groves
Which blithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
To feed the bowl of Ariconian ſwains
Who quaff beneath her branches. Nobler ſtill
Is Beauty's name where, to the full conſent
Of members and of features, to the pride
Of color, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame with piercing ſenſe is given,
While active motion ſpeaks the temper'd ſoul:
So moves the bird of Juno: ſo the ſteed
With rival ſwiftneſs beats the duſty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. What ſublimer pomp
Adorns the ſeat where Virtue dwells on earth,
And Truth's eternal day-light ſhines around;
What palm belongs to man's imperial front,
And woman powerful with becoming ſmiles,
Chief of terreſtrial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
Her moſt conſpicuous praiſe to Matter lent,
Where moſt conſpicuous through that ſhadowy veil
Breaks forth the bright expreſſion of a mind:
By ſteps directing our inraptur'd ſearch
To him, the firſt of minds; the chief; the ſole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, conſenting and intire,
At once their mutual influence all diſplay.
He, God moſt high (bear witneſs, earth and heaven)

The

The living fountains in himſelf contains
Of beauteous and ſublime. With him inthron'd
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his ſupreme intelligence inthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded ſtate,
Urania. Thee, O Father, this extent
Of matter; thee the ſluggiſh earth and tract
Of ſeas, the heavens and heavenly ſplendors feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great eſſence, forth didſt thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'ſt her dominion to erect her ſeat,
And ſanctify the manſion. All her works
Well pleas'd thou didſt behold. The gloomy fires
Of ſtorm or earthquake, and the pureſt light
Of ſummer; ſoft Campania's new-born roſe
And the ſlow weed, which pines on Ruſſian hills,
Comely alike to thy full viſion ſtand:
To thy ſurrounding viſion, which unites
All eſſences and powers of the great world
In one ſole order, fair alike they ſtand,
As features well conſenting, and alike
Requir'd by nature ere ſhe could attain
Her juſt reſemblance to the perfect ſhape
Of univerſal beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the firſt. Thou alſo, Ancient Mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings; to inferior minds,
Thy offspring, and to man, thy youngeſt ſon,
Refuſing no convenient gift nor good;

Their eyes didſt open, in this earth, yon heaven,
Thoſe ſtarry worlds, the countenance divine
Of Beauty to behold. But not to them
Didſt thou her awful magnitude reveal
Such as before thine own unbounded ſight
She ſtands (for never ſhall created ſoul
Conceive that object); nor, to all their kinds,
The ſame in ſhape or features didſt thou frame
Her image. Meaſuring well their different ſpheres
Of ſenſe and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different teſt
Of Beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Moſt apt, moſt faithful. Thence inform'd, they ſcan
The objects that ſurround them; and ſelect,
Since the great whole diſclaims their ſcanty view,
Each for himſelf ſelects peculiar parts
Of nature; what the ſtandard fix'd by heaven
Within his breaſt approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O ſupreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all
To thee that infinite, conſummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
And neareſt to thy counſels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who ſhe is,
Or what her likeneſs, know not. Man ſurveys
A narrower ſcene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his paſſive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things

The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye diſcloſe.
The powers which move his ſenſe with inſtant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, repoſits. Other powers
And features of the ſelf-ſame thing (unleſs
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Requeſt their cloſe alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with ſelf-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his paſſions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half diſowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the ſhapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconſcious of their purpoſe, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whoſe proud deſires from nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, faſtidious: aſking ſtill
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's groſs communion; to ſecure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may ſuit her mien,
Where'er he finds them ſcatter'd through the paths
Of nature or of fortune. Then he ſeats
The accompliſh'd image deep within his breaſt,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
Thus the one beauty of the world intire,
The univerſal Venus, far beyond
The keeneſt effort of created eyes,
And their moſt wide horizon, dwells inthron'd

In ancient ſilence. At her footſtool ſtands
An altar burning with eternal fire
Unſullied, unconſum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of ſiſters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in ſtature, and expreſſive mien,
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal ſhrine in turns they come,
Each with her ſacred lamp; that from the ſource
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its luſtre they may draw
For days, or months, or years; for ages, ſome;
As their great parent's diſcipline requires.
Then to their ſeveral manſions they depart,
In ſtars, in planets, through the unknown ſhores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell,
Even on the ſurface of this rowling earth,
How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd ſolemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites ſublime. There each her deſtin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the ſkies
Brought down, and ſhines throughout her little ſphere,
Exulting. Strait, as travellers by night
Turn toward a diſtant flame, ſo ſome fit eye,
Among the various tenants of the ſcene,
Diſcerns the heaven-born phantom ſeated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide univerſe,
Through all the ſeaſons of revolving worlds,

Bears

Bears witneſs with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's bliſsful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration ſtill reſounds:
That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine
As is the cunning of the maſter's hand
To the ſweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.
Genius of ancient Greece, whoſe faithful ſteps
Have led us to theſe awful ſolitudes
Of Nature and of Science; nurſe rever'd
Of generous counſels and heroic deeds;
O! let ſome portion of thy matchleſs praiſe
Dwell in my breaſt, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Preſumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Heſper ſheds along the vernal heaven,
If I, from vulgar ſuperſtition's walk,
Impatient ſteal, and from the unſeemly rites
Of ſplendid adulation, to attend
With hymns thy preſence in the ſylvan ſhade,
By their malignant footſteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and ſo elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminiſh'd, hid his face
Among the herd of ſatraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted ſpear,
Crouch'd like a ſlave. Bring all thy martial ſpoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal ſongs,
Thy ſmiling band of arts, thy god-like ſires
Of civil wiſdom, *thy unconquer'd* youth

After ſome glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive ſhades
Of Academus, and the ſacred vale
Haunted by ſteps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Iliſſus, by Socratic ſounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring ſteep
With beauteous Orithyía, his love-tale
In ſilent awe ſuſpended. There let me
With blameleſs hand, from thy unenvious fields,
Tranſplant ſome living bloſſoms, to adorn
My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
Of Fancy's toil aſpiring, I unlock
The ſprings of antient Wiſdom: while I add
(What cannot be disjoin'd from Beauty's praiſe)
Thy name and native dreſs, thy works belov'd
And honor'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy ſons,
And tune to Attic themes the Britiſh lyre.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

THE

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE SECOND.

MDCC LXV.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the ſubject. Of truth and its three claſſes, matter of fact, experimental or ſcientifical truth, (contradiſtinguiſhed from opinion) and univerſal truth: which laſt is either metaphyſical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abſtracted. On the power of diſcerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumſtance eſſential to virtue. Of virtue, conſidered in the divine mind as a perpetual and univerſal beneficence. Of human virtue, conſidered as a ſyſtem of particular ſentiments and actions, ſuitable to the deſign of providence and the condition of man; to whom it conſtitutes the chief good and the firſt beauty. Of vice and its origin. Of ridicule: its general nature and final cauſe. Of

the

the paſſions; particularly of thoſe which relate to evil, natural or moral, and which are generally accounted painful, though not always unattended with pleaſure.

THUS far of beauty and the pleaſing forms
Which man's untutor'd fancy, from the ſcenes
Imperfect of this ever-changing world,
Creates; and views, inamour'd. Now my ſong
Severer themes demand: myſterious truth;
And virtue, ſovran good: the ſpells, the trains,
The progeny of error: the dread ſway
Of paſſion; and whatever hidden ſtores
From her own lofty deeds and from herſelf
The mind acquires. Severer argument:
Not leſs attractive; nor deſerving leſs
A conſtant ear. For what are all the forms
Educ'd by fancy from corporeal things,
Greatneſs, or pomp, or ſymmetry of parts?
Not tending to the heart, ſoon feeble grows,
As the blunt arrow 'gainſt the knotty trunk,
Their impulſe on the ſenſe: while the pall'd eye
Expects in vain its tribute; aſks in vain,
Where are the ornaments it once admir'd?
Not ſo the moral ſpecies, nor the powers
Of paſſion and of thought. The ambitious mind
With objects boundleſs as her own deſires
Can there converſe: by theſe unfading forms
Touch'd and awaken'd ſtill, with eager act

She

She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her gifts, her godlike fortune. Such the ſcenes
Now opening round us. May the deſtin'd verſe
Maintain its equal tenor, though in tracts
Obſcure and arduous! May the ſource of light,
All-preſent, all-ſufficient, guide our ſteps
Through every maze: and whom in childiſh years
From the loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
And power, thou didſt apart ſend forth to ſpeak
In tuneful words concerning higheſt things,
Him ſtill do thou, O Father, at thoſe hours
Of penſive freedom, when the human ſoul
Shuts out the rumour of the world, him ſtill
Touch thou with ſecret leſſons: call thou back
Each erring thought; and let the yielding ſtrains
From his full boſom, like a welcome rill
Spontaneous from its healthy fountain, flow!
But from what name, what favorable ſign,
What heavenly auſpice, rather ſhall I date
My perilous excurſion, than from truth,
That neareſt inmate of the human ſoul;
Eſtrang'd from whom, the countenance divine
Of man disfigur'd and diſhonor'd ſinks
Among inferior things? For to the brutes
Perception and the tranſient boons of ſenſe
Hath fate imparted: but to man alone
Of ſublunary beings was it given
Each fleeting impulſe on the ſenſual powers
At leiſure to review; with equal eye
To ſcan the *paſſion of the ſtricken* nerve

Or

Or the vague object ſtriking: to conduct
From ſenſe, the portal turbulent and loud,
Into the mind's wide palace one by one
The frequent, preſſing, fluctuating forms,
And queſtion and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes; how allied they haunt
The avenues of ſenſe; what laws direct
Their union; and what various diſcords riſe,
Or fix'd or caſual: which when his clear thought
Retains and when his faithful words expreſs,
That living image of the external ſcene,
As in a poliſh'd mirror held to view,
Is truth: where'er it varies from the ſhape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim error lurks. Moreover, from without
When oft the ſame ſociety of forms
In the ſame order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their ſteps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines; but of them and their
Condition, as with ſome diviner's tongue,
Affirms what heaven in every diſtant place,
Through every future ſeaſon, will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience diligent and ſlow
Has authoriz'd their ſentence, this is truth;
A ſecond, higher kind: the parent this
Of ſcience; or the lofty power herſelf,
Science herſelf: on whom the wants and cares
Of ſocial life depend; the ſubſtitute

Of

Of God's own wiſdom in this toilſome world;
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
He looks on nature's and on fortune's courſe:
Too much in vain. His duller viſual ray
The ſtillneſs and the perſevering acts
Of nature oft elude; and fortune oft
With ſtep fantaſtic from her wonted walk
Turns into mazes dim. His ſight is foil'd;
And the crude ſentence of his faltering tongue
Is but opinion's verdict, half believ'd
And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'ſt thine ear
Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
Pauſe, and be watchful. Hitherto the ſtores,
Which feed thy mind and exerciſe her powers,
Partake the reliſh of their native ſoil,
Their parent earth. But know, a nobler dower
Her ſire at birth decreed her; purer gifts
From his own treaſure; forms which never deign'd
In eyes or ears to dwell, within the ſenſe
Of earthly organs; but ſublime were plac'd
In his eſſential reaſon, leading there
That vaſt ideal hoſt which all his works
Through endleſs ages never will reveal.
Thus then indow'd, the feeble creature man,
The ſlave of hunger, and the prey of death,
Even now, even here, in earth's dim priſon bound,
The language of intelligence divine
Attains; repeating oft concerning one
And many, paſt *and preſent*, parts and whole,

Thoſe

Thoſe ſovran dictates which in fartheſt heaven,
Where no orb rowls, eternity's fix'd ear
Hears from coeval truth, when chance nor change,
Nature's loud progeny, nor nature's ſelf
Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns
To extend her ſway; while calling from the deep,
From earth and air, their multitudes untold
Of figures and of motions round his walk,
For each wide family ſome ſingle birth
He ſets in view, the impartial type of all
Its brethren; ſuffering it to claim, beyond
Their common heritage, no private gift,
No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
In this diſcerns, his bold unerring tongue
Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound,
Without condition. Such the riſe of forms
Sequeſter'd far from ſenſe and every ſpot
Peculiar in the realms of ſpace or time:
Such is the throne which man for truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built
Secure, unſhaken, ſtill; and whence he views,
In matter's mouldering ſtructures, the pure forms
Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
Impaſſive all; whoſe attributes nor force
Nor fate can alter. There he firſt conceives
True being, and an intellectual world
The ſame this hour and ever. Thence he deems
Of his own lot; above the painted ſhapes
That fleeting move o'er this terreſtrial ſcene

Looks up; beyond the adamantine gates
Of death expatiates; as his birthright claims
Inheritance in all the works of God;
Prepares for endleſs time his plan of life,
And counts the univerſe itſelf his home.

Whence alſo but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colors thrown
On every walk of this our ſocial ſcene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The paſſions, actions, habitudes of life,
And rendering earth like heaven, a ſacred place
Where love and praiſe may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedleſs tongue from truth disjoin
The reign of virtue. Ere the dayſpring flow'd,
Like ſiſters link'd in concord's golden chain,
They ſtood before the great eternal mind,
Their common parent; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inſeparably join'd: nor e'er did truth
Find an apt ear to liſten to her lore,
Which knew not virtue's voice; nor, ſave where truth's
Majeſtic words are heard and underſtood,
Doth virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns: not where the lion's ſullen roar
At noon reſounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler ſcenes,
The dove-cote and the ſhepherd's fold at morn,

Conſult;

Conſult; or by the meadow's fragrant hedge,
In ſpring-time when the woodlands firſt are green,
Attend the linnet ſinging to his mate
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou doſt not virtue's honorable name
Attribute: wherefore, ſave that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er diſcover to themſelves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itſelf
To judge, and meaſure its officious deeds?
But man, whoſe eyelids truth has fill'd with day,
Diſcerns how ſkilfully to bounteous ends
His wiſe affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himſelf ſecure
To nature's prudent impulſe; and converts
Inſtinct to duty and to ſacred law.
Hence right and fit on earth: while thus to man
The Almighty Legiſlator hath explain'd
The ſprings of action fix'd within his breaſt;
Hath given him power to ſlacken or reſtrain
Their effort; and hath ſhewn him how they join
Their partial movements with the maſter-wheel
Of the great world, and ſerve that ſacred end
Which he, the unerring reaſon, keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may ſpeak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundleſs eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty; ſo his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itſelf

The

The perfect virtue. Let the grateful ſwain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praiſe
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender ſeed
Nouriſh within his furrows: when between
Dead ſeas and burning ſkies, where long unmov'd
The bark had languiſh'd, now a ruſtling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, burſting out in thanks,
Remember this: leſt blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: leſt their ſelfiſh heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
"Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem;
Who his invariable acts deduce
From ſudden counſels tranſient as their own;
Nor farther of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have taſted, heed the ſource
That flows for all; the fountain of his love
Which, from the ſummit where he ſits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing ſtreams, throughout
The ſpacious region flouriſhing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair univerſe; on which alone
His counſels fix, and whence alone his will
Aſſumes her ſtrong direction. Such is now
His ſovran purpoſe: ſuch it was before
All multitude of years. *For his right arm*

Was never idle: his beſtowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at laſt and ſtarted up
After a deep and ſolitary ſloth
Of boundleſs ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary time
Through their eternal courſe have travel'd o'er
No ſpeechleſs, liſeleſs deſart; but through ſcenes
Cheerful with bounty ſtill; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladneſs round the maker's throne
Loud-ſhouting, or, in many dialects
Of hope and filial truſt, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where ſo fix'd
Were all the dates of being, ſo diſpos'd
To every living ſoul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of reſt,
That each the general happineſs might ſerve;
And by the diſcipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chaſtiz'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is paſs'd; but fairer ſtill,
And ſtill increaſing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The ſame paternal hand,
From the mute ſhell-fiſh gaſping on the ſhore,
To men, to angels, to celeſtial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher ſcenes of being: while, ſupply'd
From day to day by his inlivening breath,
Inferior orders in ſucceſſion riſe
To fill the void below. As flame aſcends,

As

As vapours to the earth in ſhowers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting moon
Swells, and the ever-liſtening planets charm'd
By the ſun's call their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aſpire to God,
Exhauſtleſs fount of intellectual day,
Centre of ſouls. Nor doth the maſtering voice
Of nature ceaſe within to prompt aright
Their ſteps; nor is the care of heaven with-held
From ſending to the toil external aid;
That in their ſtations all may perſevere
To climb the aſcent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.

But this eternal fabric was not rais'd
For man's inſpection. Though to ſome be given
To catch a tranſient viſionary glimpſe
Of that majeſtic ſcene which boundleſs power
Prepares for perfect goodneſs, yet in vain
Would human life her faculties expand
To imboſom ſuch an object. Nor could e'er
Virtue or praiſe have touch'd the hearts of men,
Had not the ſovran guide, through every ſtage
Of this their various journey, pointed out
New hopes, new toils, which to their humble ſphere
Of ſight and ſtrength might ſuch importance hold
As doth the wide creation to his own.
Hence all the little charities of life,
With all their duties: hence that favorite palm
Of human will, when duty is ſuffic'd,
And ſtill the liberal ſoul *in ampler deeds*

Would manifeſt herſelf; that ſacred ſign
Of her rever'd affinity to him
Whoſe bounties are his own; to whom none ſaid,
"Create the wiſeſt, fulleſt, faireſt world,
"And make its offspring happy;" who, intent
Some likeneſs of himſelf among his works
To view, hath pour'd into the human breaſt
A ray of knowledge and of love, which guides
Earth's feeble race to act their Maker's part,
Self-judging, ſelf-oblig'd: while, from before
That godlike function, the gigantic power
Neceſſity, though wont to curb the force
Of Chaos and the ſavage elements,
Retires abaſh'd, as from a ſcene too high
For her brute tyranny, and with her bears
Her ſcorned followers, terror, and baſe awe
Who blinds herſelf, and that ill-ſuited pair,
Obedience link'd with hatred. Then the ſoul
Ariſes in her ſtrength; and, looking round
Her buſy ſphere, whatever work ſhe views,
Whatever counſel bearing any trace
Of her Creator's likeneſs, whether apt
To aid her fellows or preſerve herſelf
In her ſuperior functions unimpair'd,
Thither ſhe turns exulting: that ſhe claims
As her peculiar good: on that, through all
The fickle ſeaſons of the day, ſhe looks
With reverence ſtill: to that, as to a fence
Againſt affliction and the darts of pain,
Her drooping hopes repair; and, once oppos'd

To that, all other pleasure, other wealth
Vile, as the dross upon the molten gold,
Appears, and loathsome as the briny sea
To him who languishes with thirst, and sighs
For some known fountain pure. For what can strive
With virtue? which of nature's regions vast
Can in so many forms produce to sight
Such powerful beauty? beauty, which the eye
Of hatred cannot look upon secure;
Which envy's self-contemplates, and is turn'd
Ere long to tenderness, to infant smiles,
Or tears of humblest love. Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
The summer's noontide groves, the purple eve
At harvest-home, or in the frosty moon
Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the honor'd roof
Whither from highest heaven immortal Love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds
To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd
The social band of parent, brother, child,
With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds
Adore his power? What gift of richest clime
E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back
From slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;
Or crosseth danger in his lion-walk,
A rival's life to rescue? as the young
Athenian warrior *sitting down in bonds*,

That his great father's body might not want
A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
Teaching her lord how harmleſs was the wound
Of death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyſs,
Is there, among the adamantine ſpheres
Wheeling unſhaken through the boundleſs void,
Aught that with half ſuch majeſty can fill
The human boſom, as when Brutus roſe
Refulgent from the ſtroke of Cæſar's fate
Amid the croud of patriots; and, his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and ſhook the crimſon ſword
Of juſtice in his rapt aſtoniſh'd eye,
And bade the father of his country hail,
For lo the tyrant proſtrate on the duſt,
And Rome again is free? Thus, through the paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd
Walks the wiſe daughter of the judge of heaven,
Fair virtue; from her Father's throne ſupreme
Sent down to utter laws, ſuch as on earth
Moſt apt he knew, moſt powerful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And though haply man's
Obſcurer ſight, ſo far beyond himſelf
And the brief labors of his little home,
Extends not; yet, by the bright preſence won
Of this divine inſtructreſs, to her ſway

Pleas'd

Pleas'd he aſſents, nor heeds the diſtant goal
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
Still looking toward his own high purpoſe, fix'd
The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondneſs and the patriot's zeal;
Thus the warm ſenſe of honor and of ſhame;
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;
And all the comely intercourſe of praiſe,
The joy of human life, the earthly heaven.
How far unlike them muſt the lot of guilt
Be found! Or what terreſtrial woe can match
The ſelf-convicted boſom, which hath wrought
The bane of others or inſlav'd itſelf
With ſhackles vile? Not poiſon, nor ſharp fire,
Nor the worſt pangs that ever monkiſh hate
Suggeſted, or deſpotic rage impos'd,
Were at that ſeaſon an unwiſh'd exchange:
When the ſoul loaths herſelf: when, flying thence
To crouds, on every brow ſhe ſees portray'd
Fell demons, hate or ſcorn, which drive her back
To ſolitude, her judge's voice divine
To hear in ſecret, haply ſounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and ſtill, ſtill
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompence, or charging her own tongue
To ſpeak the award of juſtice on herſelf.
For well ſhe knows what faithful hints within
Were whiſper'd, to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footſteps from the ſafer way:
What cautions to ſuſpect their painted dreſs,

And look with ſteady eyelid on their ſmiles,
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling hues
Of fancy, and opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which opinion ſays they follow good
Or fly from evil: and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the ſcene
Was drawn by fancy, pleaſing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colors and diſtorted lines.
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings terror's ghaſtly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and diſmal vows,
And the frail ſoul plung'd head-long from the brink
Of life and day-light down the gloomy air,
An unknown depth, to gulphs of torturing fire
Unviſited by mercy? Then what hand
Can ſnatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
Which fancy and opinion thus conſpire
To twine around his heart? or who ſhall huſh
Their clamor, when they tell him that to die,
To riſk thoſe horrors, is a direr curſe
Than baſeſt life can bring? Though love with prayers
Moſt tender, with affliction's ſacred tears,
Beſeech his aid; though gratitude and faith
Condemn each ſtep which loiters; yet let none
Make anſwer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not ſtay,
Content, and be a wretch to be ſecure.

Here

Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
Ere the young multitude to diverſe roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits Fancy, deep inchantreſs; and to each
With kind maternal looks preſents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedleſs they comply:
Till the whole ſoul from that myſterious draught
Is ting'd, and every tranſient thought imbibes
Of gladneſs or diſguſt, deſire or fear,
One homebred color: which not all the lights
Of ſcience e'er ſhall change; not all the ſtorms
Of adverſe fortune waſh away, nor yet
The robe of pureſt virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they paſs, where meeting frequent ſhapes
Of good and evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breaſt, with them they join
In dangerous parley; liſtening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckleſs paſſion, while its garb
The ſpectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with ſome new circumſtance to ſuit
That early tincture of the hearer's ſoul.
And ſhould the guardian, reaſon, but for one
Short moment yield to this illuſive ſcene
His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he diſcerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that ſpurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence ambition climbs
With ſliding feet and hands impure, to graſp
Thoſe ſolemn toys *which glitter in* his view

On Fortune's rugged ſteep: hence pale Revenge
Unſheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence
And envious luſt, by venal fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the earth, and all the plagues
That follow them for vengeance, in the guiſe
Of honor, ſafety, pleaſure, eaſe, or pomp,
Stole firſt into the fond believing mind.

Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous paſſions driven
To guilty deeds, nor reaſon bound in chains
That vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
With motley pageants, folly mounts his throne,
And plays her ideot antics, like a queen.
A thouſand garbs ſhe wears: a thouſand ways
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I ſing for contemplation link'd with love
A penſive theme. Now haply ſhould my ſong
Unbend that ſerious countenance, and learn
Thalia's tripping gait, her ſhrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether ſcorn ſhe darts
In wanton ambuſh from her lip or eye,
Or whether with a ſad diſguiſe of care,
O'ermantling her gay brow, ſhe acts in ſport
The deeds of folly, and from all ſides round
Calls forth impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic ſcene
To lead my Muſe with her light pencil arm'd;

Through

Through every ſwift occaſion which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful ſting
Diſtends her laboring ſides and chokes her tongue;
Were endleſs as to ſound each grating note
With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and grave
Unwieldy inmates of the village pond,
The changing ſeaſons of the ſky proclaim;
Sun, cloud, or ſhower. Suffice it to have ſaid,
Where'er the power of ridicule diſplays
Her quaint-ey'd viſage, ſome incongruous form,
Some ſtubborn diſſonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
Or praiſe, or beauty be dragg'd in and ſhown
Where ſordid faſhions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
Or whether theſe with ſirewd and wayward ſpite
Invade reſplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boaſt of praiſe.
  Aſk we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal boſoms ſtirs this gay contempt,
Theſe grateful pangs of laughter; from diſguſt
Educing pleaſure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy ſteps of reaſon, and at once
By this prompt impulſe urge us to depreſs
Wild Folly's aims? For though the ſober light
Of Truth ſlow-dawning on the watchful mind
At length unfolds, through many a ſubtile tie,
How theſe uncouth diſorders end at laſt
In public evil; yet benignant Heaven,
Conſcious how dim the dawn of truth appears

To

To thouſands, conſcious what a ſcanty pauſe
From labor and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for ſtudious thought
To ſcan the maze of Nature, therefore ſtamp'd
Theſe glaring ſcenes with characters of ſcorn,
As broad, as obvious to the paſſing clown
As to the letter'd ſage's curious eye.
But other evils o'er the ſteps of man
Through all his walks impend; againſt whoſe might
The ſlender darts of laughter nought avail:
A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards,
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend;
With miſchief arm'd for him whoe'er ſhall thwart
The path of her inexorable wheels,
While ſhe purſues the work that muſt be done
Through ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent forms
Of woe; the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
Bury'd by daſhing waves; the traveller
Pierc'd by the pointed lightning in his haſte;
And the poor huſbandman, with folded arms,
Surveying his loſt labors, and a heap
Of blaſted chaff the product of the field
Whence he expected bread. But worſe than theſe
I deem, far worſe, that other race of ills
Which human kind rear up among themſelves;
That horrid offspring which miſgovern'd will
Bears to fantaſtic error; vices, crimes,
Furies that curſe the earth, and make the blows,
The heavieſt blows, of nature's innocent hand
Seem ſport; which are indeed but as the care

Of

Of a wiſe parent, who ſollicits good
To all her houſe, though haply at the price
Of tears and froward wailing and reproach
From ſome unthinking child, whom not the leſs
Its mother deſtines to be happy ſtill.
Theſe ſources then of pain, this double lot
Of evil in the inheritance of man,
Requir'd for his protection no ſlight force,
No careleſs watch. And therefore was his breaſt
Fenc'd round with paſſions quick to be alarm'd,
Or ſtubborn to oppoſe; with fear, more ſwift
Than beacons catching flame from hill to hill,
Where armies land; with anger, uncontrol'd
As the young lion bounding on his prey;
With ſorrow, that locks up the ſtruggling heart;
And ſhame, that overcaſts the drooping eye
As with a cloud of lightning. Theſe the part
Perform of eager monitors, and goad
The ſoul more ſharply than with points of ſteel,
Her enemies to ſhun or to reſiſt.
And as thoſe paſſions, that converſe with good,
Are good themſelves; as hope and love and joy,
Among the faireſt and the ſweeteſt boons
Of life, we rightly count: ſo theſe, which guard
Againſt invading evil, ſtill excite
Some pain, ſome tumult: theſe, within the mind
Too oft admitted or too long retain'd,
Shock their frail ſeat, and by their uncurb'd rage
To ſavages more fell than Libya breeds
Transform themſelves; till human thought becomes

A gloomy ruin, haunt of shapes unbless'd,
Of self-tormenting fiends; horror, despair,
Hatred, and wicked envy: foes to all
The works of Nature, and the gifts of Heaven.
But when through blameless paths to righteous ends
Those keener passions urge the awaken'd soul,
I would not, as ungracious violence,
Their sway describe, nor from their free career
The fellowship of pleasure quite exclude.
For what can render, to the self-approv'd,
Their temper void of comfort, though in pain?
Who knows not with what majesty divine
The forms of truth and justice to the mind
Appear, ennobling oft the sharpest woe
With triumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
A human bosom, hath not often felt
How dear are all those ties which bind our race
In gentleness together, and how sweet
Their force, let fortune's wayward hand the while
Be kind or cruel? Ask the faithful youth
Why the cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aking breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the crowd,

Which

Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The savage winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while holy pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No pleasing influence here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that pensive gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the Sovran Power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all
The praises of his son, and bids the rest
Of mankind there the fairest model learn
Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds
Which yet the world hath seen. If then thy soul

Join

Join in the lot of thoſe diviner men;
Say, when the proſpect darkens on thy view;
When, ſunk by many a wound, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of hard ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in death; when brutal force
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor diſhoneſt pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee; when beauteous works,
Rewards of virtue, ſculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appeaſe
Tyrannic envy, ſtrew the common path
With awful ruins; when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female ſuperſtition's midnight prayer;
When ruthleſs havock from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer ſtroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
Where ſenates once the weal of nations plann'd,
Hiſſeth the gliding ſnake through hoary weeds
That claſp the mouldering column: thus when all

The

The widely mournful ſcene is fix'd within
Thy throbbing boſom; when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, doth thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of ſilent flatterers bending to his nod,
And o'er them, like a giant, caſts his eye,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clamorous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
Of barbarous ages, that Circæan draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſs'd be the eternal ruler of the world!
Yet have not ſo diſhonour'd, ſo deform'd
The native judgment of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of her ſire.

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

THE

PLEASURES

OF THE

IMAGINATION.

BOOK THE THIRD.

MDCCLXX.

WHAT tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illuſtrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind
From paſſions, wants, and envy far eſtrang'd,
Who built the ſpacious univerſe, and deck'd
Each part ſo richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleaſure; why bade he
The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute
The goodly ſcene, and with inſidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and ſmiles,
Dart her fell ſting with poiſon to his ſoul?
Hard is the queſtion, and from ancient days
Hath ſtill oppreſs'd with care the ſage's thought;
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too ſad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
Thoſe chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
Of heavenly truth firſt gleam'd on barbarous lands,

Forget

Forget this dreadful ſecret when they told
What wonderous things had to their favor'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the ſpeech of lawgivers aſſume,
One old and ſplendid tale I would record
With which the Muſe of Solon in ſweet ſtrains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkneſs, all its terrors, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden ſtar of eve.
Who knows not Solon? laſt, and wiſeſt far,
Of thoſe whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory, ſtyl'd her fathers? him whoſe voice
Through Athens huſh'd the ſtorm of civil wrath;
Taught envious want and cruel wealth to join
In friendſhip; and, with ſweet compulſion, tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goddeſs in his breaſt inſpir'd?
'Twas now the time when his heroic taſk
Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when, ſooth'd by years
Of flattering ſervice, the fond multitude
Hung with their ſudden counſels on the breath
Of great Piſiſtratus: that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art
Of pleaſing and perſuading: from whoſe lips
Flow'd eloquence which like the vows of love
Could ſteal away ſuſpicion from the hearts
Of all who liſten'd. Thus from day to day

The aſſembled people ſeeks: proclaims aloud
It was no time for counſel: in their ſpears
Lay all their prudence now: the tyrant yet
Was not ſo firmly ſeated on his throne,
But that one ſhock of their united force
Would daſh him from the ſummit of his pride
Headlong and groveling in the duſt. What elſe
Can re-aſſert the loſt Athenian name
So cheaply to the laughter of the world
Betray'd; by guile beneath an infant's faith
So mock'd and ſcorn'd? Away then: freedom now
And ſafety dwell not but with fame in arms:
Myſelf will ſhew you where their manſion lies,
And through the walks of danger or of death
Conduct you to them. While he ſpake, through all
Their crouded ranks his quick ſagacious eye
He darted; where no chearful voice was heard
Of ſocial daring; no ſtretch'd arm was ſeen
Haſtening their common taſk: but pale miſtruſt
Wrinkled each brow: they ſhook their heads, and down
Their ſlack hands hung: cold ſighs and whiſper'd doubts
From breath to breath ſtole round. The ſage mean time
Look'd ſpeechleſs on, while his big boſom heav'd
Struggling with ſhame and ſorrow: till at laſt
A tear broke forth; and, O immortal ſhades,
O Theſeus, he exclaim'd, O Codrus, where,
Where are ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
Through life! behold for whom ye choſe to die!
No more he added; but with lonely ſteps
Weary and ſlow, his ſilver beard depreſs'd,

And

And his ſtern eyes bent heedleſs on the ground,
Back to his ſilent dwelling he repair'd.
There o'er the gate, his armor, as a man
Whom from the ſervice of the war his chief
Diſmiſſeth after no inglorious toil,
He fix'd in general view. One wiſhful look
He ſent, unconſcious, toward the public place
At parting: then beneath his quiet roof
Without a word, without a ſigh, retir'd.
Scarce had the morrow's ſun his golden rays
From ſweet Hymettus darted o'er the fanes
Of Cecrops to the Salaminian ſhores,
When, lo, on Solon's threſhold met the feet
Of four Athenians by the ſame ſad care
Conducted all: than whom the ſtate beheld
None nobler. Firſt came Megacles, the ſon
Of great Alcmæon, whom the Lydian king,
The mild, unhappy Croeſus, in his days
Of glory had with coſtly gifts adorn'd,
Fair veſſels, ſplendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
And heaps of treaſur'd gold beyond the lot
Of many ſovrans; thus requiting well
That hoſpitable favor which erewhile
Alcmæon to his meſſengers had ſhewn,
Whom he with offerings worthy of the God
Sent from his throne in Sardis to revere
Apollo's Delphic ſhrine. With Megacles
Aproach'd his ſon, whom Agariſta bore,
The virtuous child of Cliſthenes whoſe hand
Of Grecian ſcepters the moſt ancient far

In Sicyon ſway'd: but greater fame he drew
From arms controll'd by juſtice, from the love
Of the wiſe Muſes, and the unenvied wreath
Which glad Olympia gave. For thither once
His warlike ſteeds the hero led, and there
Contended through the tumult of the courſe
With ſkilful wheels. Then victor at the goal,
Amid the applauſes of aſſembled Greece,
High on his car he ſtood and wav'd his arm.
Silence inſued: when ſtrait the herald's voice
Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth,
Whom Cliſthenes content might call his ſon,
To viſit, ere twice thirty days were paſs'd,
The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand
With his fair daughter, him among the gueſts
Whom worthieſt he ſhould deem. Forthwith from all
The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came:
From rich Heſperea; from the Illyrian ſhore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's ſurge
Looks on the ſetting ſun; from thoſe brave tribes
Chaonian or Moloſſian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying ſtill
In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurſe
Of men who firſt among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
Devoted; from Theſſalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Pēneus near the lofty walls
Of Crannon old; from ſtrong Eretria, queen

Of

Of all Eubœan cities, who, ſublime
On the ſteep margin of Euripus, views
Acroſs the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haunt of glory. Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful ſons
Found equal lovers for the princely maid:
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of ſacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
That overſhade Alphéus, echoing oft
Some ſhepherd's ſong. But through the illuſtrious band
Was none who might with Megacles compare
In all the honors of unblemiſh'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride: and now their ſon
Young Cliſthenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
Of his great ſire, with earneſt eyes that aſk'd
When the ſlow hinge would turn, with reſtleſs feet,
And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his heart
Throbb'd, full of burſting paſſions, anger, grief
With ſcorn imbitter'd, by the generous boy
Scarce underſtood, but which, like noble ſeeds,
Are deſtin'd for his country and himſelf
In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
Two brave companions whom one mother bore
To different lords; but whom the better ties
Of firm eſteem and friendſhip render'd more
Than brothers: firſt Miltiades, who drew
From godlike Æacus his ancient line;
That Æacus whoſe unimpeach'd renown

For

For ſanctity and juſtice won the lyre
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty ſoul within the burning gates
Of Tartarus compel, or ſend the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elyſium. From a ſtem
So ſacred, ne'er could worthier ſcyon ſpring
Than this Miltiades; whoſe aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inſpir'd foreknowing maid who ſits
Upon the Delphic tripod, ſhall implore
To wield their ſceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Cherſoneſus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now
Save for his injur'd country, here he ſtands
In deep ſolicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconſcious both what widely-different lots
Await them, taught by nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.
For Cymon not his valor, not his birth
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thouſand gifts
Dealt round him with a wiſe, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himſelf
From his own brow transferr'd to ſooth the mind
Of this Piſiſtratus, can long preſerve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's ſons,
And their aſſaſſin dagger. But if death
Obſcure upon his gentle ſteps attend,
Yet fate an ample recompenſe prepares

In

In his victorious ſon, that other great
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory ſhall with Time's aſſiduous hand
In adamantine characters ingrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
'Gainſt the gigantic pride of Aſia's king,
Shall all the atchievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who ſail'd
From Theſſaly with Jaſon, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
Such were the patriots who within the porch
Of Solon had aſſembled. But the gate
Now opens, and acroſs the ample floor
Strait they proceed into an open ſpace
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant ſpot,
Where ſtands a rural altar, pil'd with ſods
Cut from the graſſy turf and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's ſelf they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
Of barley from two earthen veſſels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous ſtream;
Calling meantime the Muſes to accept
His ſimple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor ſullied by deſtroying fire,
But ſuch as for himſelf Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favorite haunt
Is thence the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
Unſeen the gueſts drew near, and ſilent view'd

That

That worſhip; till the hero prieſt his eye
Turn'd toward a ſeat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confeſs'd
Before him ſtood. Backward his ſtep he drew,
As loth that care or tumult ſhould approach
Thoſe early rites divine: but ſoon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with ſuch
Deſponding geſture, bring him on perforce
To ſpeak to their affliction. Are ye come,
He cried, to mourn with me this common ſhame?
Or aſk ye ſome new effort which may break
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cauſe
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do I deſpair: nor could I wiſh from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, ſo now by ſtrenuous arms
From impious violation to aſſert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who ſhall wield them? Ye beheld
The Athenian people. Many bitter days
Muſt paſs, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For juſt reſentment, or their hands indure
To ſmite this tyrant brood, ſo near to all
Their hopes, ſo oft admir'd, ſo long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honeſt prudence: me it ill beſeems
Again to ſupplicate the unwilling croud
To reſcue from a vile deceiver's hold

That

That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myſelf; nor can I plunge
In counſels deep and various, nor prepare
For diſtant wars, thus faultering as I tread
On life's laſt verge, ere long to join the ſhades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
What care imploys me now. My vows I pay
To the ſweet Muſes, teachers of my youth
And ſolace of my age. If right I deem
Of the ſtill voice that whiſpers at my heart,
The immortal ſiſters have not quite withdrawn
Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
With ſacred ſilence favor what I ſpeak,
And haply ſhall my faithful lips be taught
To unfold celeſtial counſels, which may arm
As with impenetrable ſteel your breaſts
For the long ſtrife before you, and repel
The darts of adverſe fate. He ſaid, and ſnatch'd
The laurel bough, and ſate in ſilence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in ſolemn muſing, full before
The ſun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the gray clouds, and pour'd his genial light
Upon the breaſt of Solon. Solon rais'd
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began.

Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And Memory divine, Pierian maids,
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope ſhone bright and all the proſpect ſmil'd,
To your ſequeſter'd manſion oft my ſteps
Were turn'd, O Muſes, and within your gate

My

My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with ſtrains
Of flowing harmony to ſoften war's
Dire voice, or in fair colors, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form auſtere
Of civil counſel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and ſupplanted of the hope
On which it lean'd, yet ſinks not, but to you,
To your mild wiſdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of ſolitude and ſilence. Ye can teach
The viſions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inſpir'd,
Or the firſt heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more gladſome to my ſenſe
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Purſuing careleſs pleaſure: ye can give
To this long leiſure, theſe unheeded hours,
A labor as ſublime, as when the ſons
Of Athens throng'd and ſpeechleſs round me ſtood
To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celeſtial powers,
I feel that ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and ſacred theme; not leſs than thoſe
Which to the eternal cuſtody of fame
Your lips intruſted, when of old ye deign'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian ſhore.
Ye know, harmonious maids (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you eſtrang'd?)
Oft hath my ſolitary ſong to you

Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my ſteps
To willing exile; earneſt to withdraw
From envy and the diſappointed thirſt
Of lucre, left the bold familiar ſtrife,
Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
Againſt her legiſlator, ſhould impair
With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
To Egypt therefore through the Ægean iſles
My courſe I ſteer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Dwelt in Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
Of Saïs, and the rites to Iſis paid,
I ſought, and in her temple's ſilent courts,
Through many changing moons, attentive heard
The venerable Sonchis, while his tongue
At morn or midnight the deep ſtory told
Of her who repreſents whate'er has been,
Or is, or ſhall be; whoſe myſterious veil
No mortal hand hath ever yet remov'd.
By him exhorted, ſouthward to the walls
Of On I paſs'd, the city of the ſun,
The ever-youthful god. 'Twas there amid
His prieſts and ſages, who the live-long night
Watch the dread movements of the ſtarry ſphere,
Or who in wondrous fables half diſcloſe
The ſecrets of the elements, 'twas there
That great Pſenophis taught my raptur'd ears
The fame of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
And her pure laws, the firſt which earth obey'd.
Deep in my boſom ſunk the noble tale;

And

And often, while I liſten'd, did my mind
Foretell with what delight her own free lyre
Should ſometime for an Attic audience raiſe
Anew that lofty ſcene, and from their tombs
Call forth thoſe ancient demigods to ſpeak
Of juſtice and the hidden providence
That walk among mankind. But yet meantime
The myſtic pomp of Ammon's gloomy ſons
Became leſs pleaſing. With contempt I gaz'd
On that tame garb and thoſe unvarying paths
To which the double yoke of king and prieſt
Had cramp'd the ſullen race. At laſt with hymns
Invoking our own Pallas and the gods
Of cheerful Greece, a glad farewell I gave
To Egypt, and before the ſouthern wind
Spread my full ſails. What climes I then ſurvey'd,
What fortunes I incounter'd in the realm
Of Crœſus or upon the Cyprian ſhore,
The Muſe, who prompts my boſom, doth not now
Conſent that I reveal. But when at length
Ten times the ſun returning from the ſouth
Had ſtrow'd with flowers the verdant earth and fill'd
The groves with muſic, pleas'd I then beheld
The term of thoſe long errors drawing nigh.
Nor yet, I ſaid, will I ſit down within
The walls of Athens, till my feet have trod
The Cretan ſoil, have pierc'd thoſe reverend haunts
Whence law and civil concord iſſued forth
As from their ancient home, and ſtill to Greece
Their wiſeſt, loftieſt diſcipline proclaim.

Strait

Strait where Amniſus, mart of wealthy ſhips,
Appears beneath fam'd Cnoſſus and her towers
Like the fair handmaid of a ſtately queen,
I check'd my prow, and thence with eager ſteps
The city of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
Who taught the leaders of the ſimpler time
By written words to curb the untoward will
Of mortals, how within that generous iſle
Have ye the triumphs of your power diſplay'd
Munificent! Thoſe ſplendid merchants, lords
Of traffic and the ſea, with what delight
I ſaw them at their public meal, like ſons
Of the ſame houſehold, join the plainer ſort
Whoſe wealth was only freedom! whence to theſe
Vile envy, and to thoſe fantaſtic pride,
Alike was ſtrange; but noble concord ſtill
Cheriſh'd the ſtrength untam'd, the ruſtic faith,
Of their firſt fathers. Then the growing race,
How pleaſing to behold them in their ſchools,
Their ſports, their labors, ever plac'd within,
O ſhade of Minos, thy controling eye!
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praiſing the bounteous gods, or, to preſerve
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
Reſounding what the Muſe inſpir'd of old;
There, on the verge of manhood, others met,
In heavy armor through the heats of noon
To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
With meaſur'd ſwiftneſs, from the hard-bent bow

To ſend reſiſtleſs arrows to their mark,
Or for the fame of proweſs to contend,
Now wreſtling, now with fiſts and ſtaves oppos'd,
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
Of brazen ſhields; while ſtill the warbling flute
Preſided o'er the combat, breathing ſtrains
Grave, ſolemn, ſoft; and changing headlong ſpite
To thoughtful reſolution cool and clear.
Such I beheld thoſe iſlanders renown'd,
So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
That living flame of reverence for their laws
Which, nor the ſtorms of fortune, nor the flood
Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
Could quench or ſlacken. Firſt of human names
In every Cretan's heart was Minos ſtill;
And holieſt far, of what the ſun ſurveys
Through his whole courſe, were thoſe primeval ſeat
Which with religious footſteps he had taught
Their ſires to approach; the wild Dictæan cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads
Of Ida, and the ſpacious grotto, where
His active youth he paſs'd, and where his throne
Yet ſtands myſterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in ſecret to conſult
On juſtice, and the tables of his law
To inſcribe anew. Oft alſo with like zeal
Great Rhea's manſion from the Cnoſſian gates
Men viſit; nor leſs oft the antique fane

that ſacred ſpot, along the banks
Theron, where benignant Jove
najeſtic conſort join'd their hands
.e their nuptial vows. Alas, 'twas there
dire fame of Athens ſunk in bonds
iv'd; what time an annual feaſt
non'd all the genial country round,
ce and pomp to bring to mind
great ſpouſal; while the enamor'd youths
ing, with the prieſt before the ſhrine,
he ſame pure ritual, and invoke
glad omens. There, among the croud
ers from thoſe naval cities drawn
eck, like gems, the iſland's northern ſhore,
int of Ægina I deſcrib'd,
nt hoſt. But, forward as I ſprung
him, he, with dark dejected brow,
alf-averſe; and, O Athenian gueſt,
art thou in Crete; theſe joyful rites
g? Know thy laws are blotted out:
ntry kneels before a tyrant's throne.
l names of men, with hoſtile deeds
s; which obſcure and indiſtinct
for, while he ſpake, my heart grew cold
eyes dim: the altars and their train
were preſent to me: how I far'd,
er turn'd, I know not; nor recall
f thoſe moments other than the ſenſe
ho ſtruggles in oppreſſive ſleep,
m the toils of ſome diſtreſsful dream

To break away, with palpitating heart,
Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. When at laſt
The ſun and nature's face again appear'd,
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypreſs groves and ſwelling meads,
From Cnoſſus to the cave of Jove aſcends.
Heedleſs I follow'd on; till ſoon the ſkirts
Of Ida roſe before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky ſide.
Entering within the threſhold, on the ground
I flung me, ſad, faint, overworn with toil,

* * * * * * * * *

THE

THE BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

M DCC LXX.

ONE effort more, one cheerful ſally more,
Our deſtin'd courſe will finiſh. And in peace
Then for an offering ſacred to the powers
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inſcribe a monument of deathleſs praiſe,
O my adventurous ſong. With ſteady ſpeed
Long haſt thou, on an untried voyage bound,
Sail'd between earth and heaven: haſt now ſurvey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of paſſion and opinion; like a waſte
Of ſands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and haſt now
Exulting ſoar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of heaven,
If haply the diſcourſes of the gods,

A curious, but an unpreſuming gueſt,
Thou might'ſt partake, and carry back ſome ſtrain
Of divine wiſdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
A different taſk remains; the ſecret paths
Of early genius to explore: to trace
Thoſe haunts where Fancy her predeſtin'd ſons,
Like to the Demigods of old, doth nurſe
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy ſouls
Who now her tender diſcipline obey,
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your ſteps? What ſolemn groves at noon
Uſe ye to viſit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or muſing, as in ſlumber, on the green?
—Would I again were with you!—O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye moſt antient woodlands; where
Oft as the giant flood obliquely ſtrides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops ſhort the pleaſed traveller to view
Preſiding o'er the ſcene ſome ruſtic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian ſhades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the moſſy falls
Of ſolitary Wenſbeck's limpid ſtream;
How gladly I recall your well-known ſeats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a ſummer's day,
I wander'd through your calm receſſes, led
In ſilence by ſome powerful hand unſeen.

Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor ſhall e'er
The graver taſks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wiſdom, move me to diſclaim
Thoſe ſtudies which poſſeſs'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the color of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From ſleep I reſcue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkneſs, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the ſweet magic of harmonious verſe;
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
Hath dwelt our argument; and how ſelf-taught,
Though ſeldom conſcious of their own imploy,
In nature's or in fortune's changeful ſcene
Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
Thoſe forms ſet up, as idols in the ſoul
For love and zealous praiſe. Yet indiſtinct,
In vulgar boſoms, and unnotic'd lie
Theſe pleaſing ſtores, unleſs the caſual force
Of things external prompt the heedleſs mind
To recognize her wealth. But ſome there are
Conſcious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: ſome who, within themſelves
Retiring from the trivial ſcenes of chance
And momentary paſſion, can at will
Call up theſe fair exemplars of the mind;

Review their features; ſcan the ſecret laws
Which bind them to each other: and diſplay
By forms, or ſounds, or colors, to the ſenſe
Of all the world their latent charms diſplay:
Even as in nature's frame (if ſuch a word,
If ſuch a word, ſo bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
Of things, the Great Artificer pourtrays
His own immenſe idea. Various names
Theſe among mortals bear, as various ſigns
They uſe, and by peculiar organs ſpeak
To human ſenſe. There are who by the flight
Of air through tubes with moving ſtops diſtinct,
Or by extended chords in meaſure taught
To vibrate, can aſſemble powerful ſounds
Expreſſing every temper of the mind
From every cauſe, and charming all the ſoul
With paſſion void of care. Others mean time
The rugged maſs of metal, wood, or ſtone,
Patiently taming; or with eaſier hand
Deſcribing lines, and with more ample ſcope
Uniting colors; can to general ſight
Produce thoſe permanent and perfect forms,
Thoſe characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on earth
To clothe whate'er the ſoul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to theſe
A field is open'd wide as nature's ſphere;

Nay,

Nay, wider: various as the ſudden acts
Of human wit, and vaſt as the demands
Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treaſures. Him the hours,
The ſeaſons him obey: and changeful Time
Sees him at will keep meaſure with his flight,
At will outſtrip it. To enhance his toil,
He ſummoneth from the uttermoſt extent
Of things which God hath taught him, every form
Auxiliar, every power; and all beſide
Excludes imperious. His prevailing hand
Gives, to corporeal eſſence, life and ſenſe
And every ſtately function of the ſoul.
The ſoul itſelf to him obſequious lies,
Like matter's paſſive heap; and as he wills,
To reaſon and affection he aſſigns
Their juſt alliances, their juſt degrees:
Whence his peculiar honors; whence the race
Of men who people his delightful world,
Men genuine and according to themſelves,
Tranſcend as far the uncertain ſons of earth,
As earth itſelf to his delightful world
The palm of ſpotleſs beauty doth reſign.

* * * * * * *

ODES

ODES

ON

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

WITH THE

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

I.

ON yonder verdant hilloc laid,
Where oaks and elms, a friendly ſhade,
O'erlook the falling ſtream,
O maſter of the Latin lyre,
A while with thee will I retire
From ſummer's noontide beam.

II.

And, lo, within my lonely bower,
The induſtrious bee from many a flower
Collects her balmy dews:
"For me," ſhe ſings, "the gems are born,
"For me their ſilken robe adorn,
"Their fragrant breath diffuſe."

III.

Sweet murmurer! may no rude ſtorm
This hoſpitable ſcene deform,
Nor check thy gladſome toils;
Still may the buds unſullied ſpring,
Still ſhowers and ſunſhine court thy wing
To theſe ambroſial ſpoils.

IV. Nor

IV.

Nor ſhall my Muſe hereafter fail
Her fellow-labourer thee to hail;
And lucky be the ſtrains!
For long ago did nature frame
Your ſeaſons and your arts the ſame,
Your pleaſures and your pains.

V.

Like thee, in lowly, ſylvan ſcenes,
On river-banks and flowery greens
My Muſe delighted plays;
Nor through the deſart of the air,
Though ſwans or eagles triumph there,
With fond ambition ſtrays.

VI.

Nor where the boding raven chaunts,
Nor near the owl's unhallow'd haunts
Will ſhe her cares imploy;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From ſuperſtition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

VII.

Nor will ſhe tempt the barren waſte;
Nor deigns the lurking ſtrength to taſte
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with ſcorn to envy's uſe
The inſipid nightſhade's baneful juice,
The nettle's ſordid ſting.

VIII. From

VIII.

From all which nature faireſt knows,
The vernal blooms, the ſummer roſe,
She draws her blameleſs wealth;
And, when the generous taſk is done,
She conſecrates a double boon,
To pleaſure and to health.

ODE II.

On the WINTER SOLSTICE,

MDCCXL.

I.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintery goal attains;
Soon to reverſe the long career,
And northward bend his ſteady reins.
Now, piercing half Potoſi's height,
Prone ruſh the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's ſilver ſtores;
While in ſome cavern's horrid ſhade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

II.

But lo, on this deſerted coaſt
How pale the ſun! how thick the air!
Muſtering his ſtorms, a ſordid hoſt,
Lo, winter deſolates the year.

The

The fields reſign their lateſt bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the ſtreams in muſic roll:
But ſnows fall dark, or rains reſound;
And, while great nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human ſoul.

III.

Hence the loud city's buſy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and ſplendid fire:
Harmonious dances, feſtive ſongs
Againſt the ſpiteful heaven conſpire,
Meantime perhaps with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The moon is ſunk, and deep the road;
She ſighs, and wonders at his ſtay.

IV.

But thou, my lyre, awake, ariſe,
And hail the ſun's returning force:
Even now he climbs the northern ſkies,
And health and hope attend his courſe.
Then louder howl the aërial waſte,
Be earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle hours advance their wing;
And fancy, mocking winter's might,
With flowers and dews and ſtreaming light
Already decks the new-born ſpring.

V.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy ſpeed,
How ſoon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How ſoon each hovering tempeſt fly,
Whoſe ſtores for miſchief arm the ſky,
Prompt on our heads to burſt amain,
To rend the foreſt from the ſteep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

VI.

But let not man's unequal views
Preſume o'er nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovran cauſe;
Secure that health and beauty ſprings
Through this majeſtic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that heaven's all-ſubduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every ſtate below.

VII.

How pleaſing wears the wintery night,
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem thoſe awful ſcenes to tread
Where chiefs or legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye

In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taſte the Ionian ſong,
Now bend to Plato's god-like tongue
Reſounding through the olive ſhade.

VIII.

But ſhould ſome chearful, equal friend
Bid leave the ſtudious page a while,
Let mirth on wiſdom then attend,
And ſocial eaſe on learned toil.
Then while, at love's uncareful ſhrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each boſom warm,
While abſence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the ſlow-returning May!

IX.

May, thou delight of heaven and earth,
When will thy genial ſtar ariſe?
The auſpicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her ſylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair:
Thither, ye ſilver-ſounding lyres,
Ye tender ſmiles, ye chaſte deſires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

X.

And if believing love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then ſhall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of abſence die:
Then ſhall my jocund harp, attun'd
To thy true ear, with ſweeter ſound
Purſue the free Horatian ſong:
Old Tyne ſhall liſten to my tale,
And Echo down the bordering vale
The liquid melody prolong.

ODE III.

To a FRIEND, UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

INDEED, my Phædria, if to find
That wealth can female wiſhes gain
Had e'er diſturb'd your thoughtful mind,
Or coſt one ſerious moment's pain,
I ſhould have ſaid that all the rules,
You learn'd of moraliſts and ſchools,
Were very uſeleſs, very vain.

II.

Yet I perhaps miſtake the caſe—
Say, though with this heroic air,
Like one that holds a nobler chace,
You try the tender loſs to bear,
Does not your heart renounce your tongue?
Seems not my cenſure ſtrangely wrong
To count it ſuch a ſlight affair?

III.

When Hesper gilds the shaded sky,
Oft as you seek the well-known grove,
Methinks I see you cast your eye
Back to the morning scenes of love:
Each pleasing word you heard her say,
Her gentle look, her graceful way,
Again your struggling fancy move.

IV.

Then tell me, is your soul intire?
Does Wisdom calmly hold her throne?
Then can you question each desire,
Bid this remain, and that begone?
No tear half-starting from your eye?
No kindling blush you know not why?
No stealing sigh, nor stifled groan?

V.

Away with this unmanly mood!
See where the hoary churl appears,
Whose hand hath seiz'd the favorite good
Which you reserv'd for happier years:
While, side by side, the blushing maid
Shrinks from his visage, half-afraid,
Spite of the sickly joy she wears.

VI.

Ye guardian powers of love and fame,
This chaste, harmonious pair behold;
And thus reward the generous flame
Of all who barter vows for gold.

O bloom

O bloom of youth, O tender charms
Well-buried in a dotard's arms!
O equal price of beauty ſold!

VII.

Ceaſe then to gaze with looks of love:
Bid her adieu, the venal fair:
Unworthy ſhe your bliſs to prove;
Then wherefore ſhould ſhe prove your care?
No: lay your myrtle garland down;
And let a while the willow's crown
With luckier omens bind your hair.

VIII.

O juſt eſcap'd the faithleſs main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favor'd ſteps again,
Behold your better genius ſtand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honor's ſhrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

IX.

Fix but on theſe your ruling aim,
And Time, the fire of manly care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colors tame
A ſoberer dreſs will Beauty wear:
Then ſhall Eſteem by Knowledge led
Inthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, ſome truer fair.

ODE VI.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

To the same.

I.

YES: you contemn the perjur'd maid
Who all your favorite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart ſhould home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falſehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
Or once diſſemble your diſdain,
Or liſten to the ſyren's theme,
Or ſtoop to love: ſince now eſteem,
And confidence, and friendſhip, is no more.

II.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When ſummoning your pride you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or croſs her walk with ſlight reſpect,
(For ſo is falſehood beſt repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your ſtruggling tongue ſo ſlow?
What means that darkneſs on your brow?
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apoſtate to upbraid?

ODE

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

O Hly! 'tis dire Suſpicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unſeen,
The ſorcereſs hither bends:
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

II.

Fly far! Already in your eyes
I ſee a pale ſuffuſion riſe;
And ſoon through every vein,
Soon will her ſecret venom ſpread,
And all your heart and all your head
Imbibe the potent ſtain.

III.

Then many a demon will ſhe raiſe
To vex your ſleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of loſt delight
Raiſe the dark tempeſt of the brain,
As lightning ſhines acroſs the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

IV.

No more can faith or candor move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reaſon would applaud,

Now, ſmiling o'er her dark diſtreſs,
Fancy malignant ſtrives to dreſs
Like injury and fraud.

V.

Farewel to Virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you ſtoop to act the crimes
Which thus you ſtoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of ſuch a ſtain,
What horrors form the rear!

VI.

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suſpicion waits the ſullen hour
Of fretfulneſs and ſtrife,
When care the infirmer boſom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the ſeats of life.

VII.

But come, forſake the ſcene unbleſs'd
Which firſt beheld your faithful breaſt
To groundleſs fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The ſkies, the ſtreams, the groves conſpire
To charm your doubts away.

VIII.

Thron'd in the ſun's deſcending car,
What power unſeen diffuſeth far
This tenderneſs of mind?

What

What genius ſmiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whiſpers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

IX.

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whoſe wiſdom our untoward frame
With ſocial love reſtrains;
Thou, who by fair affection's ties
Giv'ſt us to double all our joys
And half diſarm our pains;

X.

Let univerſal candor ſtill,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preſerve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One ſordid doubt within me raiſe
To injure human kind.

O D E VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

HOW thick the ſhades of evening cloſe!
How pale the ſky with weight of ſnows!
Haſte, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyleſs day retire.
——Alas, in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected ſcene,

While

While rouz'd by grief theſe fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that ſtorms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning ſound
Renew my mind's oppreſſive gloom,
Till ſtarting horror ſhakes the room.
Is there in nature no kind power
To ſooth affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire diſeaſe,
And teach theſe wintery ſhades to pleaſe?
Come, Cheerfulneſs, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O ſweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleaſure's queen,
Aſſwage the flames that burn my breaſt,
Compoſe my jarring thoughts to reſt;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My ſong ſhall all thy praiſe reveal.
As once ('twas in Aſtræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the ſpheres above,
And downward hither caſt his eye
The year's returning pomp to ſpy.
He ſaw the radiant god of day,
Waſt in his car the roſy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were ſhedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora paſs'd,
And Heſper's golden lamp was laſt.

But

But, faireſt of the blooming throng,
When Health majeſtic mov'd along,
Delighted to ſurvey below
The joys which from her preſence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And ſwains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty love her charms confeſs'd,
And ſoon his vows inclin'd her breaſt,
And, known from that auſpicious morn,
The pleaſing Cheerfulneſs was born.

Thou, Cheerfulneſs, by heaven deſign'd
To ſway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful paſſion ſprings,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To diſarrange the power within,
And ſtrain the muſical machine;
Thou, Goddeſs, thy attempering hand
Doth each diſcordant ſtring command,
Refines the ſoft, and ſwells the ſtrong;
And, joining nature's general ſong,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human ſouls.

Fair guardian of domeſtic life,
Kind baniſher of homebred ſtrife,
No ſullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the ſcene where thou art by:
No ſickening huſband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining-mother weeps the cares
Which parents waſte on thankleſs heirs:

The

The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With ſongs from thee their walks reſound;
And morn with welcome luſtre ſhines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.

Is there a youth, whoſe anxious heart
Labors with love's unpitied ſmart?
Though now he ſtray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waſte the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debaſe the ſtory of his pain
With ſlaviſh looks, diſcolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into ſighs;
Yet thou, auſpicious power, with eaſe
Canſt yield him happier arts to pleaſe,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Inſtruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding paſſion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muſe and all her train,
For thee I court the Muſe again:
The Muſe for thee may well exert
Her pomp, her charms, her fondeſt art,
Who owes to thee that pleaſing ſway
Which earth and peopled heaven obey.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Repeat what later bards have ſung;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:

Thy

Thy hand each Leſbian wreathe attir'd:
Thy lip Sicilian reeds inſpir'd:
Thy ſpirit lent the glad perfume
Whence yet the flowers of Teos bloom;
Whence yet from Tibur's Sabine vale
Delicious blows the inlivening gale,
While Horace calls thy ſportive choir,
Heroes and nymphs, around his lyre.
But ſee where yonder penſive ſage
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs oppreſs'd,
Or blooms congenial to his breaſt)
Retires in deſart ſcenes to dwell,
And bids the joyleſs world farewel.
Alone he treads the autumnal ſhade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid
He ſees the nightly damps aſcend,
And gathering ſtorms aloft impend;
He hears the neighbouring ſurges roll,
And raging thunders ſhake the pole:
Then, ſtruck by every object round,
And ſtunn'd by every horrid ſound,
He aſks a clue for Nature's ways;
But evil haunts him through the maze:
He ſees ten thouſand demons riſe
To wield the empire of the ſkies,
And chance and fate aſſume the rod,
And malice blot the throne of God.
— O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
Thy lenient influence hither bring;

Compoſe

Compoſe the ſtorm, diſpell the gloom,
Till Nature wear her wonted bloom,
Till fields and ſhades their ſweets exhale,
And muſic ſwell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breaſt thy ſoftneſs pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that preſiding cauſe,
Who founds on diſcord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleaſure every pain,
Subdues each hoſtile form to reſt,
And bids the univerſe be bleſs'd.

O thou, whoſe pleaſing power I ſing,
If right I touch the votive ſtring,
If equal praiſe I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muſe my boſom ſhare,
And ſoothe to peace intruding care.
But moſt exert thy pleaſing power
On friendſhip's conſecrated hour;
And while my Sophron points the road
To godlike wiſdom's calm abode,
Or warm in freedom's ancient cauſe
Traceth the ſource of Albion's laws,
Add thou o'er all the generous toil
The light of thy unclouded ſmile.
But, if by fortune's ſtubborn ſway,
From him and Friendſhip torn away,
I court the Muſe's healing ſpell
For griefs that ſtill with abſence dwell,

Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To ſuch indulgent placid themes,
As juſt the ſtruggling breaſt may cheer
And juſt ſuſpend the ſtarting tear,
Yet leave that ſacred ſenſe of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

I.

NOT for themſelves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven aſſign'd
On life's wide ſcene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæſar's ſkill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune cloſe the way.

II.

Yet ſtill the ſelf-depending ſoul,
Though laſt and leaſt in fortune's roll,
His proper ſphere commands;
And knows what nature's ſeal beſtow'd,
And ſees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he ſtands.

III.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who reſcued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,

My heart with diſtant homage views;
Content if thou, celeſtial Muſe,
Didſt rule my natal hour.

IV.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legiſlator's ſeat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
Yet wider ſhall his rule be found,
More laſting his award.

V.

Lycurgus faſhion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave univerſal ſway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

VI.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer ſhall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney ſhall with Cato reſt,
And Ruſſel move the patriot's breaſt
No more than Brutus now;

VII.

Yet then ſhall Shakeſpeare's powerful art
O'er every paſſion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants ſhall bow before his laws;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cauſe,
Their dread aſſertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

I. 1.

FAREWELL, to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muſe's ſober ſeat;
Where dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favorites at her feet,
She trains the body's bulky frame
For paſſive, perſevering toils;
And left, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind ſhould ſcorn her homely ſpoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its reſtleſs flame.

I. 2.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew:
The marſhy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
The Naiads, with obſcene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chaunt the croking choir,
And haply ſooth ſome lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt ſome reſtive Bard, and modulate his lyre.

I. 3.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom ſober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boaſted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in ſpite remove.

Ye too, the ſlow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion ſteals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preſerving voice.

II. 1.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I ſit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, diſcolor'd ſea,
That ſleeps upon the reedy ſhore,
When ſhall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain ſnows; till down their ſide
I trace the village and the ſacred ſpire,
While bowers and copſes green the golden ſlope divide?

II. 2.

Ye nymphs who guard the pathleſs grove,
Ye blue-ey'd ſiſters of the ſtreams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams;
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky ſpring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footſteps deign,
To prompt my ſlumbers in the murmuring ſhade,
And ſooth my vacant ear with many an airy ſtrain.

II. 3.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping maſter's inauſpicious hand:

Now

Now brighter ſkies and freſher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, liſten to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why ſounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian fathers throne?

III. 1.

Thee too, protectreſs of my lays,
Elate with whoſe majeſtic call
Above degenerate Latium's praiſe,
Above the ſlaviſh boaſt of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton ſloth's ignoble charms,
The honors of a poet's name
To Somers' counſels, or to Hamden's arms,
Thee, freedom, I rejoin, and bleſs thy genuine flame.

III. 2.

Great citizen of Albion! Thee
Heroic valour ſtill attends,
And uſeful ſcience pleas'd to ſee
How art her ſtudious toil extends.
While truth, diffuſing from on high
A luſtre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye;
Till, pierc'd and ſinking by her powerful ray,
Tame faith and monkiſh awe, like nightly demons, fly.

III. 3.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour ſhares:
Hence dread religion dwells with ſocial joy;
And holy paſſions and unſullied cares,
In youth, in age, domeſtic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native ſeats approve,
Unjuſt and hoſtile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applauſe,
There public zeal ſhall all reproof diſclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO*.

MDCC XLIV.

I.

THRICE hath the ſpring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting graſp'd the tuneful ſhell:
Eager through endleſs years to ſound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine ſhould dwell.
How haſt thou ſtain'd the ſplendor of my choice!
Thoſe godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious ſport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

II. There

[* See the "Epiſtle to Curio," in this volume.]

II.

There are with eyes unmov'd and reckleſs heart
Who ſaw thee from thy ſummit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, ſpite of every gloſs of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom virtue's luſtre blinds,
Who ſagely prove that each man hath his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy aim from blemiſh free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, ſpite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatneſs and to vice.

III.

" Thou didſt not dream of liberty decay'd,
" Nor wiſh to make her guardian laws more ſtrong:
" But the raſh many, firſt by thee miſled,
" Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For faith deſerted or for cities ſold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One myſtery of ſhame from Curio learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
And ſcape in guilt's diſguiſe from virtue's offer'd meed.

IV.

For ſaw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public wiſdom ever ſtrove to exclude,
And but with bluſhes ſuffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching ſpoils,
O'er court, o'er ſenate, ſpread in pomp her toils,
And call'd herſelf the ſtates directing ſoul:

Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With eloquence and reaſon at his ſide,
By ſtrength of holier ſpells the inchantreſs to control.

V.

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends:
The reſcued merchant oft thy words reſounds:
Thee and thy cauſe the rural hearth defends:
His bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns:
The learn'd recluſe, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit ſcan:
While he, whom virtue in his bleſt retreat
Bade ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Aſcends the civil ſcene, and knows to be a man.

VI.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We ſaw thy ſpirit through the ſenate reign;
And freedom's friends thy inſtant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the ſtrife the public Genius roſe
More keen, more ardent from his long repoſe:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crouded haunt was ſtirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vaſt event, the hope and dread of all.

VII.

O ye good powers who look on human kind,
Inſtruct the mighty moments as they rowl;
And watch the fleeting ſhapes in Curio's mind,
And ſteer his paſſions ſteady to the goal.

O Alfred,

O Alfred, father of the Engliſh name,
O valiant Edward, firſt in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant ſeats a joyful eye
Behold the ſum of all your labors nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule ſecure.

VIII.

'Twas then—O ſhame! O ſoul from faith eſtrang'd!
O Albion oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then—Thy thought what ſudden frenzy chang'd?
What ruſhing palſy took thy ſtrength away?
Is this the man in freedom's cauſe approv'd?
The man ſo great, ſo honour'd, ſo belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bleſs'd?
This patient ſlave by tinſel bonds allur'd?
This wretched ſuitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom thoſe that fear'd him, ſcorn; that truſted him, deteſt?

IX.

O loſt alike to action and repoſe!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentleſs foes,
And doom'd to exhauſt the dregs of life in ſhame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deſerter's dull exploded part,
To ſlight the favor thou canſt hope no more,
Renounce the giddy croud, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightneſs on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign ſhore.

X.

But England's ſons, to purchaſe thence applauſe,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of ſlaves pretend,
By courtly paſſions try the public cauſe;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manlieſt paſſions mov'd,
The labors which to virtue ſtand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondneſs to ſurvey;
Yet, where injuſtice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's deſtroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

XI.

Theſe thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honor, dwell
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep tempeſtuous gloom
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy ſickening reaſon flew,
Divine perſuaſion from thy tongue withdrew,
While laughter mock'd, or pity ſtole a ſigh:
Can wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the ſoul is lame?
Can fancy's feeble ſprings the force of truth ſupply?

XII.

But come: 'tis time: ſtrong deſtiny impends
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the ſolemn fane aſcends,
By Infamy, the mindful demon ſway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waſte,

For

For ever through the ſpacious courts reſound:
There long poſterity's united groan
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,
Aſſail the giant chiefs, and preſs them to the ground.

XIII.

In ſight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, juſt,
He urgeth onward to thoſe guilty gates
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt.
And ſtill he aſks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their ſecrets and their guilt proclaims:
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying Bards beſtow'd,
And cruſh their trophies huge, and raſe their ſculptur'd names.

XIV.

Ye mighty ſhades, ariſe, give place, attend:
Here his eternal manſion Curio ſeeks:
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the ſtranger bend,
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford ſpeaks:
"He comes, whom Fate with ſurer arts prepar'd
"To accompliſh all which we but vainly dar'd:
"Whom o'er the ſtubborn herd ſhe taught to reign:
"Who ſooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging power
"Even to its laſt irrevocable hour;
"Then baffled their rude ſtrength, and broke them
"to the chain."

XV. But

XV.

But ye, whom yet wife Liberty inſpires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world ſhe claims,
(That houſehold godhead whom of old your ſires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to Thames)
Drive ye this hoſtile omen far away;
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
Still gird your ſwords to combat on her ſide;
Still frame your laws her generous teſt to abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

XVI.

Proteſt her from yourſelves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which commerce pours,
Hath ſpread that ſelfiſh fierceneſs through your blood,
Which not her lighteſt diſcipline indures:
Snatch from fantaſtic demagogues her cauſe:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:
A wiſer founder, and a nobler plan,
O ſons of Alfred, were for you aſſign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no ſublimer lot will fate reſerve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

I.

QUEEN of my ſongs, harmonious maid,
Ah why haſt thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forſaken thus my breaſt
With inauſpicious damps oppreſs'd?

Where

Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my boſom wont to beat?
Where all the bright myſterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful ſtreams,
That woo'd my genius to divineſt themes?

II.

Say, goddeſs, can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elyſian train,
The ſoul of Milton ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?

III.

O powerful ſtrain! O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers every ſenſe control:
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confeſs'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal gueſt,
When firſt ſhe ſeal'd me for her own,
Made all her bliſsful treaſures known,
And bade me ſwear to follow Her alone.

ODE

ODE XI.

ON LOVE. To a FRIEND.

I.

NO, fooliſh youth—To virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footſteps from the croud,
Lean not to Love's inchanting ſnare;
His ſongs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

II.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of juſt renown is worn;
Nor will ambition's awful ſpoils
The flowery pomp of eaſe adorn:
But love unbends the force of thought;
By love unmanly fears are taught;
And love's reward with gaudy ſloth is bought.

III.

Yet thou haſt read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breaſt,
The pleaſing tale of Beauty's praiſe
In Wiſdom's lofty language dreſs'd;
Of Beauty powerful to impart
Each finer ſenſe, each comelier art,
And ſooth and poliſh man's ungentle heart.

IV.

If then, from love's deceit ſecure,
Thus far alone thy wiſhes tend,
Go; ſee the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk deſcend:
Go, while the golden light ſerene,
The grove, the lawn, the ſoften'd ſcene,
Becomes the preſence of the rural queen.

V.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each boſom, each deſire commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes ſtrung
And touch'd by chaſte Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the color of thy life is mine.

VI.

Yet, conſcious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my ſteps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reaſon's watchful ſway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy ſighs:
Alas, I read thy downcaſt eyes;
And thy tongue falters; and thy color flies.

VII.

So ſoon again to meet the fair?
So penſive all this abſent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.

In vain with friendſhip's flattering name
Thy paſſion veils its inward ſhame;
Friendſhip, the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

VIII.

Once I remember, new to love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I ſought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendſhip reign:
Whence we forſooth might ſafely ſtand,
And pitying view the love-ſick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

IX.

Thus frequent paſs'd the cloudleſs day,
To ſmiles and ſweet diſcourſe reſign'd;
While I exulted to ſurvey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till friendſhip ſoon my languid breaſt
Each night with unknown cares poſſeſs'd,
Daſh'd my coy ſlumbers, or my dreams diſtreſs'd.

X.

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic ſtrain,
Unleſs I ſhun Olympia's view,
An hour unſays it all again.
O friend!—when love directs her eyes
To pierce where every paſſion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wiſe?

ODE

ODE XII.

To Sir Francis Henry Drake, Baronet.

I.

BEHOLD; the balance in the ſky
Swift on the wintery ſcale inclines:
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare paſtures Pan reſigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erſpread
With recent ſoil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the ruſty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harveſt throws.

II.

Now, London's buſy confines round,
By Kenſington's imperial towers,
From Highgate's rough deſcent profound,
Eſſexian heaths, or Kentiſh bowers,
Where'er I paſs, I ſee approach
Some rural ſtateſman's eager coach
Hurried by ſenatorial cares:
Where rural nymphs (alike within,
Aſpiring courtly praiſe to win)
Debate their dreſs, reform their airs.

III. Say,

III.

Say, what can now the country boaſt,
O Drake, thy footſteps to detain,
When peeviſh winds and gloomy froſt
The ſunſhine of the temper ſtain?
Say, are the prieſts of Devon grown
Friends to this tolerating throne,
Champions for George's legal right?
Have general freedom, equal law,
Won to the glory of Naſſau
Each bold Weſſexian ſquire and knight?

IV.

I doubt it much; and gueſs at leaſt
That when the day, which made us free,
Shall next return, that ſacred feaſt
Thou better may'ſt obſerve with me.
With me the ſulphurous treaſon old
A far inferior part ſhall hold
In that glad day's triumphal ſtrain;
And generous William be rever'd,
Nor one untimely accent heard
Of James or his ignoble reign.

V.

Then, while the Gaſcon's fragrant wine
With modeſt cups our joy ſupplies,
We'll truly thank the power divine
Who bade the chief, the patriot riſe;
Riſe from heroic eaſe (the ſpoil
Due, for his youth's Herculean toil,

From Belgium to her ſavior ſon)
Riſe with the ſame unconquer'd zeal
For our Britannia's injur'd weal,
Her laws defac'd, her ſhrines o'erthrown.

VI.

He came. The tyrant from our ſhore,
Like a forbidden demon, fled;
And to eternal exile bore
Pontific rage and vaſſal dread.
There ſunk the mouldering Gothic reign:
New years came forth, a liberal train,
Call'd by the people's great decree.
That day, my friend, let bleſſings crown:
—Fill, to the demigod's renown
From whom thou haſt that thou art free.

VII.

Then, Drake, (for wherefore ſhould we part
The public and the private weal?)
In vows to her who ſways thy heart,
Fair health, glad fortune, will we deal.
Whether Aglaia's blooming cheek,
Or the ſoft ornaments that ſpeak
So eloquent in Daphne's ſmile,
Whether the piercing lights that fly
From the dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
Haply thy fancy then beguile.

VIII.

For ſo it is. Thy ſtubborn breaſt,
Though touch'd by many a ſlighter wound,
Hath no full conqueſt yet confeſs'd,
Nor the one fatal charmer found.
While I, a true and loyal ſwain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying ſeaſons own.
Her genius ſtill my boſom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I. 1.

ONCE more I join the Theſpian choir,
And taſte the inſpiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful ſtrain—
And lo, with eaſe my ſtep invades
The pathleſs vale and opening ſhades,
Till now I ſpy her verdant ſeat:
And now at large I drink the ſound,
While theſe her offſpring, liſtening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I. 2.

I ſee Anacreon ſmile and ſing,
His ſilver treſſes breathe perfume;
His cheek diſplays a ſecond ſpring
Of roſes taught by wine to bloom.

Awa

Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me liſten to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in ſmooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

I. 3.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting ſhame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulſe and a threatening hand
The * Leſbian patriot ſmites the ſounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your luſt,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in duſt,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cauſe.

II. 1.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Deſcends the radiant queen of love:
She ſmiles, and aſks what fonder cares
Her ſuppliant's plaintive meaſures move:
Why is my faithful maid diſtreſs'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breaſt?
Say, flies he?—Soon he ſhall purſue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He ſoon ſhall give:
Slights he thy ſorrows?—He ſhall grieve,
And ſoon to all thy wiſhes bow.

* Alcæus.

II. 2.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden ſhell again?
What mortal breath ſhall e'er preſume
To echo that unbounded ſtrain?
Majeſtic in the frown of years,
Behold, the * man of Thebes appears:
For ſome there are, whoſe mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth indow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

II. 3.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muſe,
While I ſo late unlock thy purer ſprings,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuſe,
Wilt thou for Albion's ſons around
(Ne'er hadſt thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from ſhore to ſhore
Through Greece thy lyre's perſuaſive language bore,
Till towns and iſles and ſeas return'd the vocal joy?

III. 1.

Yet then did Pleaſure's lawleſs throng,
Oft ruſhing forth in looſe attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful ſong,
Pollute with impious revels dire.

O fair,

* Pindar.

O fair, O chaſte, thy echoing ſhade
May no foul diſcord here invade:
Nor let thy ſtrings one accent move,
Except what earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her ſocial tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

III. 2.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The faireſt flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aſpires to crown thy ſeat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow.
Thy ſtrings adapt their varied ſtrain
To every pleaſure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And ſtrait our paſſions riſe or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean ſwells, the billows move.

III. 3.

When midnight liſtens o'er the ſlumbering earth,
Let me, O Muſe, thy ſolemn whiſpers hear:
When morning ſends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear.
And ever watchful at thy ſide,
Let Wiſdom's awful ſuffrage guide
The tenor of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of earth and heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her ſway.

IV. 1.

Oft as, to well-earn'd eaſe reſign'd,
I quit the mean where ſcience toils,
Do thou refreſh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, deluſive ſpoils.
But, O indulgent, come not nigh
The buſy ſteps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy care or gainful age;
Whoſe barren ſouls thy joys diſdain,
And hold as foes to reaſon's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works ingage.

IV. 2.

When Friendſhip and whom letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my ſimple board,
Then let thy blameleſs hand call forth
The muſic of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at ſofter hours,
O! ſeek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be ſtrung.

IV. 3.

But when from envy and from death to claim
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incenſe on the veſtal flame
Of liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Leſbian lyre
From thee, O Muſe, do I require;

While

While my preſaging mind,
Conſcious of powers ſhe never knew,
Aſtoniſh'd graſps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate ſubmits to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

To the Honourable Charles Townshend: From the Country.

SAY, Townſhend, what can London boaſt
To pay thee for the pleaſures loſt,
The health to-day reſign'd,
When Spring from this her favorite ſeat
Bade Winter haſten his retreat,
And met the weſtern wind.

II.

Oh knew'ſt thou how the balmy air,
The ſun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame,
No more would noiſy courts ingage;
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy ſacred leiſure claim.

III.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the ſtudious volume tir'd
I ſought the open day;
And ſure, I cry'd, the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy lay.

IV.

But ah in vain my reſtleſs feet
Trac'd every ſilent ſhady ſeat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

V.

Whether to nurſe ſome infant oak
They turn the ſlowly-tinkling brook
And catch the pearly ſhowers,
Or bruſh the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

VI.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their gueſt,
Since grief of love my ſoul oppreſs'd,
They hide their toils divine.

VII.

But ſoon ſhall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inſpire:
Then will the ſylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And liſten to my lyre.

VIII. Be-

VIII.

Beneath yon Dryad's lonely ſhade
A ruſtic altar ſhall be paid,
Of turf with laurel fram'd:
And thou the inſcription wilt approve;
"This for the peace which, loſt by love,
"By friendſhip was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

I.

TO-NIGHT retir'd the queen of heaven
With young Endymion ſtrays:
And now to Heſper is it given
Awhile to rule the vacant ſky,
Till ſhe ſhall to her lamp ſupply
A ſtream of lighter rays.

II.

O Heſper, while the ſtarry throng
With awe thy path ſurrounds,
Oh liſten to my ſuppliant ſong,
If haply now the vocal ſphere
Can ſuffer thy delighted ear
To ſtoop to mortal ſounds.

III.

So may the bridegroom's genial ſtrain
Thee ſtill invoke to ſhine:
So may the bride's unmarried train

To

To Hymen chaunt their flattering vow,
Still that his lucky torch may glow
With lustre pure as thine.

IV.

Far other vows must I prefer
To thy indulgent power.
Alas, but now I paid my tear
On fair Olympia's virgin tomb:
And lo, from thence, in quest I roam
Of Philomela's bower.

V.

Propitious send thy golden ray,
Thou purest light above:
Let no false flame seduce to stray
Where gulph or steep lie hid for harm:
But lead where music's healing charm
May soon afflicted love.

VI.

To them, by many a grateful song
In happier seasons vow'd,
These lawns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
Oft by yon silver stream we walk'd,
Or fix'd, while Philomela talk'd,
Beneath yon copses stood.

VII.

Nor seldom, where the beachen boughs
That roofless tower invade,
We come while her inchanting Muse
The radiant moon above us held:
Till by a clamorous owl compell'd
She fled the solemn shade.

VIII. But

VIII.

But hark; I hear her liquid tone.
Now, Heſper, guide my feet
Down the red marle with moſs o'ergrown,
Through yon wild thicket next the plain,
Whoſe hawthorns choke the winding lane
Which leads to her retreat.

IX.

See the green ſpace: on either hand
Inlarg'd it ſpreads around:
See, in the midſt ſhe takes her ſtand,
Where one old oak his awful ſhade
Extends o'er half the level mead
Inclos'd in woods profound.

X.

Hark, how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How ſweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The ſtars ſhine out: the foreſt bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

XI.

Whoe'er thou art whom chance may bring
To this ſequeſter'd ſpot,
If then the plaintive Syren ſing,
Oh ſoftly tread beneath her bower,
And think of heaven's diſpoſing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

XII.

Oh think, o'er all this mortal ſtage,
What mournful ſcenes ariſe:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often virtue dwells with woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How ſwiftly pleaſure flies.

XIII.

O ſacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counſel oft receive,
Bear witneſs to thy penſive airs,
And pity nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M.D.

I.

WITH ſordid floods the wintery * Urn
Hath ſtain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic ſcene.
No longer there thy raptur'd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or ſky
Surveys as in their Author's mind:
And London ſhelters from the year
Thoſe whom thy ſocial hours to ſhare
The Attic Muſe deſign'd.

II. From

* Aquarius.

II.

From Hampſtead's airy ſummit me
Her gueſt the city ſhall behold,
What day the people's ſtern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the ſun, the anointed head.
Then ſeek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful ſhade.

III.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The ſacred martyr of the day,
By faſt and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I reſt
That ſtill our advocate, the prieſt,
From heavenly wrath will ſave the land:
Nor aſk what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent ſounds reſtrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

IV.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and ſtate!
That evening, let the Muſe give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my firſt youth inamor'd ſaw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,

I. 2.

Nor leſs prevailing is their charm
The vengeful boſom to diſarm;
To melt the proud with human wee,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow,
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's ſword,
An equal empire claim?
No, Haſtings. Thou my words will own:
Thy breaſt the gifts of every Muſe hath known;
Nor ſhall the giver's love diſgrace thy noble name.

I. 3.

The Muſe's awful art,
And the bleſt function of the Poet's tongue,
Ne'er ſhalt thou bluſh to honour; to aſſert
From all that ſcorned vice or ſlaviſh fear hath ſung.
Nor ſhall the blandiſhment of Tuſcan ſtrings
Warbling at will in pleaſure's myrtle bower;
Nor ſhall the ſervile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minſtrels paid in evil hour,
Move thee to ſpurn the heavenly Muſe's reign.
A different ſtrain,
And other themes
From her prophetic ſhades and hallow'd ſtreams
(Thou well canſt witneſs) meet the purged ear:
Such, as when Greece to her immortal ſhell
Rejoicing liſten'd, godlike ſounds to hear;
To hear the ſweet inſtructreſs tell

(Whil

So can fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate reaſon's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

II.

If to burn at noble praiſe
Be the paſs-port to thy heaven,
Follow thou thoſe gloomy ways;
No ſuch law to me was given,
Nor, I truſt, ſhall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place deſire
Than Timoleon's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M DCC XLVII.

I. 1.

THE wiſe and great of every clime,
Through all the ſpacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muſe her power diſplay'd,
With joy have liſten'd and obey'd.
For, taught of heaven, the ſacred Nine
Perſuaſive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal ſenſe impart:
They beſt the ſoul with glory fire;
They nobleſt counſels, boldeſt deeds inſpire;
And high o'er Fortune's rage inthrone the fixed heart.

I. 2.

II. 3.

O nobleſt, happieſt age!
When Ariſtides rul'd, and Cimon fought;
When all the generous fruits of Homer's page
Exulting Pindar ſaw to full perfection brought.
O Pindar, oft ſhalt thou be hail'd of me:
Not that Apollo fed thee from his ſhrine;
Not that thy lips drank ſweetneſs from the bee;
Nor yet that, ſtudious of thy notes divine,
Pan danc'd their meaſure with the ſylvan throng:
But that thy ſong
Was proud to unfold
What thy baſe rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Perſian ſhame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muſe's law didſt rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raiſe,
Muſt feel his own with all her ſpirit glow.

III. 1.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whoſe verſe adorn'd a * tyrant's crimes?
Who ſaw majeſtic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted Bard,
No, not the ſtrains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,

Dare

* Octavianus Cæſar.

Dare to the Muſe's ear aſpire;
Save that, inſtructed by the Grecian lyre,
With freedom's ancient notes their ſhameful taſk they hide.

III. 2.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon ſtands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle ſtate,
How ſimply, how ſeverely great!
Then turn, and, while each weſtern clime
Preſents her tuneful ſons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
"The ſpirit which inform'd thy awful ſong,
"Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's "fame."

III. 3.

Yet hence barbaric zeal
His memory with unholy rage purſues;
While from theſe arduous cares of public weal
She bids each Bard begone, and reſt him with his Muſe.
O fool! to think the man, whoſe ample mind
Muſt graſp at all that yonder ſtars ſurvey;
Muſt join the nobleſt forms of every kind,
The world's moſt perfect image to diſplay,
Can e'er his country's majeſty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whoſe thought muſt viſit every theme,
Whoſe heart muſt every ſtrong emotion know

Inſpir'd by nature, or by fortune taught;
That he, if haply ſome preſumptuous foe,
With falſe ignoble ſcience fraught,
Shall ſpurn at freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will ſhun,
Or hide their glories from the ſun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand?

IV. 1.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the ſportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muſe's quire
Content with poliſh'd eaſe retire.
Where prieſts the ſtudious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honors to an hateful lord,
Reſerv'd for angry heaven, and ſcorn'd of honeſt fame?

IV. 2.

But here, where freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant ſons is known;
Where all are conſcious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, ſhares;
Here let the Bard, whoſe daſtard tongue
Leaves public arguments unſung,
Bid public praiſe farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull myſterious monks to ſlumber in their cell.

IV. 3.

IV. 3.

O Haſtings, not to all
Can ruling heaven the ſame endowments lend:
Yet ſtill doth nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though ſtrains divine
Inform the boſom of the Muſe's ſon;
Though with new honors the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the ſuffrage of impartial fame.
The poet's name
He beſt ſhall prove,
Whoſe lays the ſoul with nobleſt paſſions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to ſeverer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a choſen mould,
The grateful country of thy ſires,
Thee to ſublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy ſires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius ſank beneath his hand.

V. 1.

From rich domains and ſubject farms,
They led the ruſtic youth to arms;
And kings their ſtern atchievements fear'd;
While private ſtrife their banners rear'd.
But loftier ſcenes to thee are ſhown,
Where empire's wide-eſtabliſh'd throne

No private maſter fills:
Where, long foretold, the People reigns:
Where each a vaſſal's humble heart diſdains;
And judgeth what he ſees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

V. 2.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The ſwelling democratic tide;
To watch the ſtate's uncertain frame,
And baffle faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that ſervile band, who kneel
To freedom's baniſh'd foes;
That monſter, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counſel knows.

V. 3.

'Tis higheſt heaven's command,
That guilty aims ſhould ſordid paths purſue;
That what enſnares the heart ſhould maim the hand,
And virtue's worthleſs foes be falſe to glory too.
But look on freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath ſhe diſdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what prieſtly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or ſuſtain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the ſtrains
Of happy ſwains,
Which now reſound
Where Scarſdale's cliffs the ſwelling paſtures bound,
Bear witneſs. There, oft let the farmer hail
The ſacred orchard which imbowers his gate,

And

And ſhew to ſtrangers paſſing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndiſh, Booth, and Oſborne late;
When, burſting from their country's chain,
Even in the midſt of deadly harms,
Of papal ſnares and lawleſs arms,
They plann'd for freedom this her nobleſt reign.

VI. 1.

This reign, theſe laws, this public care,
Which Naſſau gave us all to ſhare,
Had ne'er adorn'd the Engliſh name,
Could fear have ſilenc'd freedom's claim.
But fear in vain attempts to bind
Thoſe lofty efforts of the mind
Which ſocial good inſpires;
Where men, for this, aſſault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the ſtrength of all acquires.

VI. 2.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
When fortune crown'd the barbarous hoſt,
And half the aſtoniſh'd iſle was loſt?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durſt one in arms appear?
Durſt one in counſels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the ſtrife?
Or lend his boaſted name his vagrant friends to chear?

VI. 3.

Yet, Haſtings, theſe are they
Who challenge to themſelves thy country's love;
The true; the conſtant: who alone can weigh,
What glory ſhould demand, or liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the taſks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking ſlander, were deſign'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honeſt praiſe
Oft nobly ſways
Ingenuous youth:
But, ſought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praiſe is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that ſublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the hiſtorian and the bard
Diſpoſe of honor and of ſcorn;
Diſcern the patriot from the ſlave;
And write the good, the wiſe, the brave,
For leſſons to the multitude unborn.

THE END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK

BOOK THE SECOND.

ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKESPEARE:

Suppoſed to have been ſpoken at the Theatre Royal, while the French Comedians were acting by Subſcription.

M DCCXLIX.

IF, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakeſpeare's tongue you deign to underſtand,
Lo, from the bliſsful bowers where Heaven rewards
Inſtructive Sages and unblemiſh'd Bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the ſtage,
Intent to learn, in this diſcerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taſte,
That thus at length our homely toils you ſpurn,
That thus to foreign ſcenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What, though the footſteps of my devious Muſe
The meaſur'd walks of Grecian art refuſe?
Or though the frankneſs of my hardy ſtyle
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I ſurvey'd and fearleſs drew.

And

And ſay, ye ſkillful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a Poet's nobleſt part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I ſaw this England break the ſhameful bands
Forg'd for the ſouls of men by ſacred hands:
I ſaw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her ſons the heroes of each warlike ſhore:
Her naval ſtandard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too great commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coaſt her eager ſails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new paſſions, thence the boſom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inſpir'd;
Thence every ſcene, which private fortune knows,
In ſtronger life, with bolder ſpirit, roſe.
Diſgrac'd I this full proſpect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my ſtrokes untrue?
Have not your ſages, warriors, ſwains, and kings,
Confeſs'd the living draught of men and things?
What other Bard in any clime appears
Alike the maſter of your ſmiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to intice
With wretched bribes to luxury and vice?
Or have my various ſcenes a purpoſe known
Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?
Such from the firſt was my dramatic plan;
It ſhould be yours to crown what I began:
And now that England ſpurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and ſocial ſcience reign,

I thought,

I thought, Now ſurely ſhall my zealous eyes
View nobler Bards and juſter Critics riſe,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our ſtately Muſe more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive ſpeech,
Till rival nations liſten at her feet,
And own her poliſh'd as they own'd her great.
But do you thus my favorite hopes fulfil?
Is France at laſt the ſtandard of your ſkill?
Alas for you! that ſo betray a mind
Of art unconſcious, and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raiſe,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phraſe,
Which fetters eloquence to ſcantieſt bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic ſounds?
Say; does your humble admiration chuſe
The gentle prattle of her Comic Muſe,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to ſay nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your ſympathizing hearts
Won by her tragic ſcene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on ſoft deſire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?
No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtleſs ſmile,
Yet not for you deſign'd indulgent fate
The modes or manners of the Bourbon ſtate.
And ill your minds my partial judgment reads,
And many an augury my hope miſleads,

If the fair maids of yonder blooming train
To their light courtship would an audience deign,
Or those chaste matrons a Parisian wife
Chuse for the model of domestic life;
Or if one youth of all that generous band,
The strength and splendor of their native land,
Would yield his portion of his country's fame,
And quit old freedom's patrimonial claim,
With lying smiles Oppression's pomp to see,
And judge of glory by a king's decree.
O blest at home with justly-envied laws,
O long the chiefs of Europe's general cause,
Whom Heaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
To check the inroads of barbaric power,
The rights of trampled nations to reclaim,
And guard the social world from bonds and shame;
Oh let not luxury's fantastic charms
Thus give the lye to your heroic arms:
Nor for the ornaments of life embrace
Dishonest fetters from that vaunting race,
Whom Fate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate,
Despotic Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
Whom, in each warlike, each commercial part,
In civil council, and in pleasing art,
The Judge of earth predestin'd for your foes,
And made it fame and virtue to oppose.

ODE

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

I.

THOU ſilent power, whoſe welcome ſway
Charms every anxious thought away;
In whoſe divine oblivion drown'd,
Sore pain and weary toil grow mild,
Love is with kinder looks beguil'd,
And grief forgets her fondly-cheriſh'd wound;
O whither haſt thou flown, indulgent god?
God of kind ſhadows and of healing dews,
Whom doſt thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
Around whoſe temples now thy opiate airs diffuſe?

II.

Lo, midnight from her ſtarry reign
Looks awful down on earth and main.
The tuneful birds lie huſh'd in ſleep,
With all that crop the verdant food,
With all that ſkim the cryſtal flood,
Or haunt the caverns of the rocky ſteep.
No ruſhing winds diſturb the tufted bowers;
No wakeful ſound the moon-light valley knows,
Save where the brook its liquid murmur pours,
And lulls the waving ſcene to more profound repoſe.

III.

O let not me alone complain,
Alone invoke thy power in vain!
Deſcend, propitious, on my eyes;

Not

Not from the couch that bears a crown,
Not from the courtly ſtateſman's down,
Nor where the miſer and his treaſure lies:
Bring not the ſhapes that break the murderer's reſt,
Nor thoſe the hireling ſoldier loves to ſee,
Nor thoſe which haunt the bigot's gloomy breaſt:
Far be their guilty nights, and far their dreams from me!

IV.

Nor yet thoſe awful forms preſent,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd braſs, the choral ſong,
The reſcued people's glad applauſe,
The liſtening ſenate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counſels of * Timoleon's tongue,
Are ſcenes too grand for Fortune's private ways;
And though they ſhine in youth's ingenuous view,
The ſober gainful arts of modern days
To ſuch romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

V.

I aſk not, god of dreams, thy care
To baniſh Love's preſentments fair:
Nor roſy cheek nor radiant eye
Can arm him with ſuch ſtrong command
That the young ſorcerer's fatal hand
Shall round my ſoul his pleaſing fetters tie.

Not

* After Timoleon had delivered Syracuſe from the tyranny of Dionyſius, the people on every important deliberation ſent for him into the public aſſembly, aſked his advice, and voted according to it. PLUTARCH.

Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving ſmile
(A lighter phantom, and a baſer chain)
Did e'er in ſlumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according ſtrain.

VI.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable viſions bring,
As ſooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he ſaw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or ſuch as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When health's deep treaſures, by his art explor'd,
Have ſav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling ſire his age's hope reſtor'd.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOW.

I.

O Ruſtic herald of the ſpring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Faſt by the brook I hear thee ſing;
And, ſtudious of thy homely tale,
Amid the veſpers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy ſage reſponſes hail.

II.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy ſolemn accent drown'd
Some ſweeter Poet of the ſhade,
Thus, thought I, thus the ſons of care
Some conſtant youth or generous fair
With dull advice upbraid.

III.

I ſaid, "While Philomela's ſong
"Proclaims the paſſion of the grove,
"It ill beſeems a cuckow's tongue
"Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas, how much a lover's ear
Hates all the ſober truth to hear,
The ſober truth of love!

IV.

When hearts are in each other bleſs'd,
When nought but lofty faith can rule
The nymph's and ſwain's conſenting breaſt,
How cuckow-like in Cupid's ſchool,
With ſtore of grave prudential ſaws
On Fortune's power and Cuſtom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

V.

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom Love and Hope and Fancy ſway,
Who every harſher care diſdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,

Think

Think that, in April's faireſt hours,
To warbling ſhades and painted flowers
The cuckow joins his lay.

ODE IV.

To the HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND,

IN THE COUNTRY.

MDCCL.

I. 1.

HOW oft ſhall I ſurvey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood ſhade,
The vale with ſheaves o'erſpread,
The glaſſy brook, the flocks which round thee ſtray?
When will thy cheerful mind
Of theſe have utter'd all her dear eſteem?
Or, tell me, doſt thou deem
No more to join in glory's toilſome race,
But here content imbrace
That happy leiſure which thou hadſt reſign'd?

I. 2.

Alas, ye happy hours,
When books and youthful ſport the ſoul could ſhare,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her ſimpler powers;

Oft as your winged train
Reviſit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to diſplay
Each fairer ſcene where I perchance had part,
That ſo his generous heart
The abode of even Friendſhip may remain.

I. 3.

For not imprudent of my loſs to come,
I ſaw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet aſcending to another home
Where public Praiſe and envied Greatneſs dwell.
But ſhall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove ambition's beſt deſire?
Extinguiſh Glory's flame?
Far other was the taſk injoin'd
When to my hand thy ſtrings were firſt aſſign'd:
Far other faith belongs to Friendſhip's honor'd name.

II. 2.

Thee, Townſhend, not the arms
Of ſlumbering Eaſe, nor Pleaſure's roſy chain,
Were deſtin'd to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muſe's charms.
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenſer's hand
Have deign'd to ſtrike the warbling Tuſcan ſhell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

II. 2.

Had this been born to ſhield
The cauſe which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, diſplay'd
His redcroſs banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath ſhut thoſe loftieſt paths, it next remains,
With reaſon clad in ſtrains
Of harmony, ſelected minds to inſpire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

II. 3.

For never ſhall the herd, whom Envy ſways,
So quell my purpoſe or my tongue control,
That I ſhould fear illuſtrious worth to praiſe,
Becauſe its maſter's friendſhip mov'd my ſoul.
Yet, if this undiſſembling ſtrain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleaſing ſound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary age a ſtrict account will claim
Of each auſpicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III. 1.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heaven expects thee; nor the traveller leaſe,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.

The impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed ſeverer cares.
Is there a man who ſhares
The ſummit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Aſk him (for he can tell)
What ſtorms beat round that rough laborious height.

III. 2.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Naſſau, great deliverer, wiſe and bold;
I know your perils hard,
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintery ſeas,
The night eſtang'd from eaſe,
The day by cowardice and falſehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart diſdaining the reward

III. 3.

Which envy hardly grants. But, O renown,
O praiſe from judging heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divineſt crown,
Say, who ſhall hefitate? or who complain?
And now they ſit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the ſovran mind,
"Lo, theſe," he ſaith, "lo, theſe are they
"Who to the laws of mine eternal ſway
"From violence and fear aſſerted human kind."

IV. 1.

IV. 1.

Thus honor'd while the train
Of legiſlators in his preſence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The ſtateſman ſhall the ſecond palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiſcerning praiſe,
More glittering trophies raiſe:
But wiſeſt heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favor and to love?
What, ſave wide bleſſings, or averted harms?

IV. 2.

Nor to the imbattled field
Shall theſe achievements of the peaceful gown
The green immortal crown
Of valor, or the ſongs of conqueſt, yield.
Not Fairfax wildly bold,
While bare of creſt he hew'd his fatal way,
Through Naſeby's firm array,
To heavier dangers did his breaſt oppoſe
Than Pym's free virtue choſe,
When the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

IV. 3.

But what is man at enmity with truth?
What were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind
When (blighted all the promiſe of his youth)
The patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled ſwains,

Let menac'd London tell
How impious Guile made Wiſdom baſe;
How generous zeal to cruel rage gave place;
And how unbleſs'd he liv'd, and how diſhonor'd fell.

V. 1.

Thence never hath the Muſe
Around his tomb Pierian roſes flung:
Nor ſhall one poet's tongue
His name for Muſic's pleaſing labor chuſe.
And ſure, when Nature kind
Hath deck'd ſome favor'd breaſt above the throng,
That man with grievous wrong
Affronts and wounds his genius, if he bends
To Guilt's ignoble ends
The functions of his ill-ſubmitting mind.

V. 2.

For worthy of the wiſe
Nothing can ſeem but Virtue; nor earth yield
Their fame an equal field,
Save where impartial Freedom gives the prize.
There Somers fix'd his name,
Inroll'd the next to William. There ſhall Time
To every wondering clime
Point out that Somers, who from Faction's croud,
The ſlanderous and the loud,
Could fair aſſent and modeſt reverence claim.

V. 3.

Nor aught did laws or ſocial arts acquire,
Nor this majeſtic weal of Albion's land
Did aught accompliſh, or to aught aſpire,
Without his guidance, his ſuperior hand.

And

And rightly ſhall the Muſe's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whoſe mind's inamor'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
Sublime as ever Sage or Poet ſaw,
Yet ſtill to life's rude ſcene the proud ideas tame.

VI. 1.

Let none profane be near!
The Muſe was never foreign to his breaſt:
On Power's grave ſeat confeſs'd,
Still to her voice he bent a lover's ear.
And if the bleſſed know
Their ancient cares, even now the unfading groves,
Where haply Milton roves
With Spenſer, hear the inchanted echos round
Through fartheſt heaven reſound
Wiſe Somers, guardian of their fame below.

VI. 2.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muſes powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of juſt and true.
They lend a nobler ſway
To civil Wiſdom, than corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to ſight
Cloath'd in the faireſt colors of the day.

VI. 3.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when suspect of one to freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
So one whom glory loves to own,
Who still by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursued;
Then, for the question of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendship," will I say,
"From youth to honor'd age my arts and me hath
"view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

I.

OF all the springs within the mind
Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

II.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's self appears.

III. For

III.

For who in glory can delight
  Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can ſlight,
  Who courts the echo that ſucceeds?

IV.

But not the echo on the voice
  More, than on virtue praiſe, depends;
To which, of courſe, it's real price
  The judgment of the praiſer lends.

V.

If praiſe then with religious awe
  From the ſole perfect judge be ſought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
  Nor prieſt, nor bard, nor ſage hath taught.

VI.

With which in character the ſame
  Though in an humbler ſphere it lies,
I count that ſoul of human fame,
  The ſuffrage of the good and wiſe.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE; WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

I.

ATTEND to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
  While, fluent as the ſky-lark ſings,
When firſt the morn allures it's wings,
The epicure his theme purſues:
And tell me if, among the choir

Whoſe

Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
Ever dictated the warbling Muse.

II.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-dissembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and passions tune,
Recall to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

III.

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrung?
This priest of pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
Say (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Doth she consent to be ador'd
With shameless love and frantic wine?

IV.

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
Need we in high indignant phrase
From their Elysian quiet raise;
But pleasure's oracle alone
Consult; attentive, not severe.
O pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the Stoic throne.

V. We

V.

We own hard fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish, but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern human kind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

VI.

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame,
With that strong master of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas, ye fires
Of love; alas, ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

MDCCLIV.

I. 1.

FOR toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.

Envy

Envy may rail; and faction fierce
May ſtrive: but what, alas, can thoſe
(Though bold, yet blind and ſordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppoſe,
To faithful ſtory and perſuaſive verſe?

I. 2.

O nurſe of freedom, Albion, ſay,
Thou tamer of deſpotic ſway,
What man, among thy ſons around,
Thus heir to glory haſt thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Haſt thou with purer joy ſurvey'd
Than that where truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through impoſture's ſolemn ſhade,
Through kingly and through ſacerdotal night?

I. 3.

To him the Teacher bleſs'd,
Who ſent religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the weſt,
And lifted up the veil which heaven from earth conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he addreſs'd:
"Go thou, and reſcue my diſhonor'd law
"From hands rapacious and from tongues impure:
"Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
"Fell perſecution's mortal ſnares to aid:
"Let not my words be impious chains to draw
"The freeborn ſoul in more than brutal awe,
"To faith without aſſent, allegiance unrepaid."

II. 1.

II. 1.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by heaven with this command.
The world ſoon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the bleſt unfold
The riſing hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair ſequel told.

II. 2.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And liſtening aſk'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus ſubdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with ſacred folly wage;
Could a whole nation diſengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

II. 3.

For not a conqueror's ſword,
Nor the ſtrong powers to civil founders known,
Were his: but truth by faithful ſearch explor'd,
nd ſocial ſenſe, like ſeed, in genial plenty ſown.
Wherever it took root, the ſoul (reſtor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others ſought.
Not monkiſh craft the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal the bigot's cruel ſhrine

Could longer guard from reason's warfare sage;
Nor the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
Nor synods by the papal Genius taught,
Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage.

III. 1.

But where shall recompence be found?
Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious scene:
What rugged spaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The shade
Of death, mean time, does oft invade
Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
Wears the bright hermine her expected spoils.

III. 2.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
—O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own just heaven's indulgent law,
And proudly thy success behold;
We attend thy reverend length of days
With benediction and with praise,
And hail Thee in our public ways
Like some great spirit fam'd in ages old.

III. 3.

While thus our vows prolong
Thy steps on earth, and when by us resign'd
Thou join'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
Who rescued or preserv'd the rights of human kind,

O! not

O! not unworthy may thy Albion's tongue
Thee ſtill, her friend and benefactor, name:
O! never, Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
May impious gold, or pleaſure's gaudy prize,
Make public virtue, public freedom, vile;
Nor our own manners tempt us to diſclaim
That heritage, our nobleſt wealth and fame,
Which Thou haſt kept intire from force and factious guile.

ODE VIII.

I.

IF rightly tuneful bards decide,
If it be fix'd in love's decrees,
That beauty ought not to be tried
But by its native power to pleaſe,
Then tell me, youths and lovers, tell,
What fair can Amoret excell?

II.

Behold that bright unſullied ſmile,
And wiſdom ſpeaking in her mien:
Yet (ſhe ſo artleſs all the while,
So little ſtudious to be ſeen)
We nought but inſtant gladneſs know,
Nor think to whom the gift we owe.

III.

But neither muſic, nor the powers
Of youth and mirth and frollick cheer,
Add half that ſunſhine to the hours,
Or make life's proſpect half ſo clear,

As

As memory brings it to the eye
From scenes where Amoret was by.

IV.

Yet not a satirist could there
Or fault or indiscretion find;
Nor any prouder sage declare
One virtue, pictur'd in his mind,
Whose form with lovelier colours glows
Than Amoret's demeanor shows.

V.

This sure is beauty's happiest part:
That gives the most unbounded sway
This shall inchant the subject heart
When rose and lily fade away;
And she be still, in spite of time,
Sweet Amoret in all her prime.

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

I.

WHITHER did my fancy stray?
By what magic drawn away
Have I left my studious theme?
From this philosophic page,
From the problems of the sage,
Wandering through a pleasing dream?

II.

II.

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wiſdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a ſofter power
Claim ſome minutes for his own.

III.

Let the buſy or the wiſe
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wiſhes as you will;
Without Love, you'll find it ſtill
Void in one eſſential part.

IV.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my deſire
Aſks immortal friendſhip's name,
Aſks the palm of honeſt fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

V.

Though the day have ſmoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leiſure known,
Or in ſocial duty ſpent;
Yet at eve my lonely breaſt
Seeks in vain for perfect reſt;
Languiſhes for true content.

ODE X.

TO

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE

ON THE LATE EDITION OF

MR. POPE'S WORKS.

M DCC LI.

I.

BELIEVE *me, Edwards, to reſtrain*
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but ſeldom men obtain
By ſenſe or wit, by proſe or ſong:
A taſk for more Herculean powers,
Nor ſuited to the ſacred hours
Of leiſure in the Muſe's bowers.

II.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muſe, the blameleſs queen, reſides:
Fair Fame attends, and Wiſdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, ſhut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, ſtill repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

III.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would ſtep one moment forth to heed
What impotent and ſavage ſounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spenſer's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious ſtrain
For Pope's diſhonour'd ſhade complain.

IV.

Tell how diſpleas'd was every Bard,
When lately in the Elyſian grove
They of his Muſe's guardian heard,
His delegate to fame above;
And what with one accord they ſaid
Of wit in drooping age miſled,
And Warburton's officious aid:

V.

How Virgil mourn'd the ſordid fate
To that melodious lyre aſſign'd
Beneath a tutor who ſo late
With Midas and his rout combin'd
By ſpiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting ſound,
Though liſtening realms admir'd around:

VI.

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
Of his friend Pope's ſatiric line
Did farther fuel ſcarce require
From ſuch a militant divine:

How Milton ſcorn'd the ſophiſt vain
Who durſt approach his hallow'd ſtrain
With unwaſh'd hands and lips profane.

VII.

Then Shakeſpeare debonnair and mild
Brought that ſtrange comment forth to view;
Conceits more deep, he ſaid and ſmil'd,
Than his own fools or madmen knew:
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

VIII.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
The ſame kind office thou wouldſt pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
That future Bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auſpicious name,
From each abſurd intruder's claim,
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE

ODE XI.

TO THE
COUNTRY GENTLEMEN
OF ENGLAND.

M DCC LVIII.

I.

WHITHER is Europe's ancient ſpirit fled?
Where are thoſe valiant tenants of her ſhore,
Who from the warrior bow the ſtrong dart ſped,
Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
Freeman and ſoldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
Who taught the ſteer the wintery plough to indure,
Now in full councils check'd incroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majeſty to know.

II.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering ſons
To Tiber's pageants, to the ſports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye loſt, ye ſelf-deſerted? whoſe proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your ſwords

Daſh'd ere it reach thee. Sacred from the foe
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guardian prow
No bold invader's foot ſhall tempt the ſtrand—
Yet ſay, my country, will the waves and wind
Obey thee? Haſt thou all thy hopes reſign'd
To the ſky's fickle faith? the pilot's wavering hand?

VI.

For oh! may neither fear nor ſtronger love
(Love, by thy virtuous princes nobly won)
Thee, laſt of many wretched nations, move,
With mighty armies ſtation'd round the throne
To truſt thy ſafety. Then, farewell the claims
Of freedom! Her proud records to the flames
Then bear, an offering at ambition's ſhrine;
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd demand
From furious John's, or faithleſs Charles's hand,
Or what great William ſeal'd for his adopted line.

VII.

But if thy ſons be worthy of their name,
If liberal laws with liberal hearts they prize,
Let them from conqueſt, and from ſervile ſhame,
In war's glad ſchool their own protectors riſe.
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd plains,
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful ſwains,
Now not unequal to your birth be found:
The public voice bids arm your rural ſtate,
Paternal hamlets for your enſigns wait,
And grange and fold prepare to pour their youth around.

VIII.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious care
Detains you from their head, your native post?
Who most their country's fame and fortune share,
'Tis theirs to share her toils, her perils most.
Each man his task in social life sustains.
With partial labours, with domestic gains
Let others dwell: to you indulgent heaven
By counsel and by arms the public cause
To serve for public love and love's applause,
The first employment far, the noblest hire, hath given.

IX.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's fame?
Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war divine?
Of Rome's dread generals? the Valerian name?
The Fabian sons? the Scipios, matchless line?
Your lot was theirs: the farmer and the swain
Met his loud country's summons from the plain;
The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine plough.

X.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall war's heroic arts no more ingage
The unbought hand, the unfubjected mind?
Doth valor to the race no more belong?
No more with fcorn of violence and wrong

Doth

Doth forming nature now her ſons inſpire,
That, like ſome myſtery to few reveal'd,
The ſkill of arms abaſh'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeleſs hearts retire?

XI.

O ſhame to human life, to human laws!
The looſe adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell ſword without affection draws,
Whoſe God, whoſe country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the leſſons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conqueſt: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are ſocial arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irkſome were the pain.

XII.

Meantime by Pleaſure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright ſun and living breeze ye ſtray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourſelves untrue!
The young grove ſhoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The manſion aſks its lord, the ſwains their friend;
While he doth riot's orgies haply ſhare,
Or tempt the gameſter's dark, deſtroying ſnare,
Or at ſome courtly ſhrine with ſlaviſh incenſe bend.

XIII. And

XIII.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult tramples the rustic throng;
That the rude village-inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas, your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
Thy succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and heaven's due rites fulfil.

XIV.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Parent of nations. Doth light discord tear
A state? and impotent sedition's crime?
The powers of manlike prudence dwell not there;
The powers who to command and to obey,
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
The rising race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marshal'd field their steps unite,
And in glad splendor bring before their sight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

XV.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
Though war's proud votaries look on severe;
Though secrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.

Let

Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old ſimplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, ſimple or refin'd,
The time itſelf adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal proweſs ſtill ſhall equal palms obtain.

XVI.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On Glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why ſhall they now renounce that generous praiſe?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert ruſh'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's choſen ſons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's ſquires, nor Mowbray's yeomen brook'd:
They ſaw their ſtandard fall, and left their monarch bound.

XVII.

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntleſs breaſt:
—Is there no voice that ſpeaks to every ſon?
No nobler, holier call to You addreſs'd?
O! by majeſtic freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly truth's, by manly reaſon's cauſe,
Awake; atttend; be indolent no more:
By Friendſhip, ſocial Peace, domeſtic Love,
Riſe; arm; your country's living ſafety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her ſhore.

ODE

ODE XII.

On Recovering from a Fit of Sickness.

IN THE COUNTRY.

M DCC LVIII.

I.

THY verdant ſcenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I ſeek, a languid gueſt:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breaſt
Once more I climb thy ſteep aërial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy ſprightly breezes round,
Diſſolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the ſprings of life with gentler movement play.

II.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy weſt or the freſh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my muſing footſteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the ſunny lawn,
Awak'd I ſtop, and look to find
What ſhrub perfumes the pleaſant wind,
Or what wild ſongſter charms the Dryads of the grove.

III. Now,

III.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The diſtant voice of Health I hear
Welcome as beauty's to the lover's ear.
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," ſhe cries;
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
"Meet thee beneath yon cheſnut bower,
"And lenient on thy boſom pour
"That indolence divine which lulls the earth and
"ſkies."

IV.

The goddeſs promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favorite time.
Nor wiſh'd to breath in any ſofter clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-ſlumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew
Then firſt, O heavenly Muſe, unſeen for many a day.

V.

In that ſoft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden ſtar of love.
I ſaw her hand in careleſs meaſures move;
I heard ſweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the ſacred ſound obey'd.
New ſunſhine o'er my fancy ſprings,
New colours clothe external things,
And the laſt glooms of pain and ſickly plaint retire.

IX.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd erelong this favor'd grove;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless throne.

X.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
"Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven assign'd
"To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
"One wish, one utmost hope confess?
"Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
"Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind."

ODE XIII.

To the Author of Memoirs of the House of Brandenburgh.

MDCCLI.

I.

THE men renown'd as chiefs of human race,
And born to lead in counsels or in arms,
Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory's chace,
To dwell with books, or court the Muse's charms.

Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brought
Some genuine tranſcript of their calmer thought,
There ſtill we own the wiſe, the great, or good;
And Cæſar there and Xenophon are ſeen,
As clear in ſpirit and ſublime of mien,
As on Pharſalian plains, or by the Aſſyrian flood.

II.

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy aim?
Thy vigils could the ſtudent's lamp engage,
Except for this? except that future fame
Might read thy genius in the faithful page?
That if hereafter Envy ſhall preſume
With words irreverent to inſcribe thy tomb,
And baſer weeds upon thy palms to fling,
That hence poſterity may try thy reign,
Aſſert thy treaties, and thy wars explain,
And view in native lights the hero and the king.

III.

O evil foreſight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal?
Shall we the leſſons of thy pen compare
With private honor or with public zeal?
Whence then at things divine thoſe darts of ſcorn?
Why are the woes, which virtuous men have borne
For ſacred Truth, a prey to laughter given?
What fiend, what foe of nature, urg'd thy arm
The Almighty of his ſceptre to diſarm?
To puſh this earth adrift, and leave it looſe from heaven?

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye god-like ſhades of legiſlators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athens wiſe,
Ye firſt of mortals with the bleſs'd inroll'd,
Say did not horror in your boſoms riſe,
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magiſtrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holieſt bands?
Thoſe bands which ye ſo labor'd to improve?
Thoſe hopes and fears of juſtice from above,
Which tam'd the ſavage world to your divine commands?

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

I.

AWAY! Away!
Tempt me no more, inſidious Love:
Thy ſoothing ſway
Long did my youthful boſom prove:
At length thy treaſon is diſcern'd,
At length ſome dear-bought caution earn'd:
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

II.

I know, I ſee
Her merit. Needs it now be ſhewn,
Alas, to me?
How often, to myſelf unknown,

The graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
Have I admir'd! How often ſaid,
What joy to call a heart like her's one's own

III.

But, flattering god,
O ſquanderer of content and eaſe,
In thy abode
Will care's rude leſſon learn to pleaſe?
O ſay, deceiver, haſt thou won
Proud Fortune to attend thy throne,
Or plac'd thy friends above her ſtern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[UNFINISHED.]

I.

MEEK honor, female ſhame,
O! whither, ſweeteſt offspring of the ſky,
From Albion doſt thou fly;
Of Albion's daughters once the favorite fame?
O Beauty's only friend,
Who giv'ſt her pleaſing reverence to inſpire;
Who ſelfiſh, bold deſire
Doſt to eſteem and dear affection turn;
Alas, of thee forlorn,
What joy, what praiſe, what hope can life pretend?

II. Behold;

II.

Behold; our youths in vain
Concerning nuptial happineſs inquire:
Our maids no more aſpire
The arts of baſhful Hymen to attain;
But with triumphant eyes
And cheeks impaſſive, as they move along,
Aſk homage of the throng.
The lover ſwears that in a harlot's arms
Are found the ſelf-ſame charms,
And worthleſs and deſerted lives and dies.

III.

Behold; unbleſs'd at home,
The father of the cheerleſs houſehold mourns:
The night in vain returns,
For love and glad content at diſtance roam;
While ſhe, in whom his mind
Seeks refuge from the day's dull taſk of cares,
To meet him ſhe prepares,
Through noiſe and ſpleen and all the gameſter's art,
A liſtleſs, harraſs'd heart,
Where not one tender thought can welcome find.

IV.

'Twas thus, along the ſhore
Of Thames, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
From many a tongue preferr'd,
Of ſtrife and grief the fond invective lore:

At which the queen divine
Indignant, with her adamantine ſpear
Like thunder ſounding near,
Smote the red croſs upon her ſilver ſhield,
And thus her wrath reveal'd.
(I watch'd her awful words and made them mine.)

* * * * *

THE END OF BOOK THE SECOND.

NOTES

NOTES

ON THE

TWO BOOKS OF ODES.

B. 1. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. 2.] Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian law-giver brought into Greece from Aſia Minor the firſt complete copy of Homer's works. —At Platæa was fought the deciſive battle between the Perſian army and the united militia of Greece under Pauſanias and Ariſtides.—Cimon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the ſame day over the Perſians by ſea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preſerved the inſcription which the Athenians affixed to the conſecrated ſpoils, after this great ſucceſs; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatneſs of the occaſion has raiſed the manner of expreſſion above the uſual ſimplicity and modeſty of all other ancient inſcriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ'. ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΗΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΥΔΕΝ. ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'. ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΓΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ. ΑΜΑ.

ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ. ΕΝ. ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΘΑΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ. ΠΑΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ.
ΑΣΙΣ. ΥΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.
ΠΑΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following tranſlation is almoſt literal:

Since firſt the ſea from Aſia's hoſtile coaſt
Divided Europe, and the god of war
Aſſail'd imperious cities; never yet,
At once among the waves and on the ſhore,
Hath ſuch a labour been atchiev'd by men
Who earth inhabit. They, whoſe arms the Medes
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the ſame,
Have won from ſkilful Tyre an hundred ſhips
Crouded with warriors. Aſia groans, in both
Her hands ſore ſmitten, by the might of war.

Stanza II. 3.] Pindar was contemporary with Ariſtides and Cymon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common intereſt of his country; though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had ſold themſelves to the Perſian king. In one of his odes he expreſſes the great diſtreſs and anxiety of his mind, occaſioned by the vaſt preparations of Xerxes againſt Greece.

Greece. (Iſthm. 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera. (Pyth. 1.) It will be neceſſary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. Firſt then, he was thought to be ſo great a favourite of Apollo, that the prieſts of that deity allotted him a conſtant ſhare of their offerings. It was ſaid of him, as of ſome other illuſtrious men, that at his birth a ſwarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was alſo a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and ſeen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real hiſtorical fact in his life is, that the Thebans impoſed a large fine upon him on account of the veneration which he expreſſed in his poems for that heroic ſpirit, ſhewn by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had ſhamefully betrayed. And, as the argument of this ode implies, that *great poetical talents, and high ſentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and aſſiſt each other*, ſo Pindar is perhaps the moſt exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in hiſtory. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a ſlaviſh diſpoſition through all the fortunes of their common-wealth; at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its beſt ſtate, under the adminiſtration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas: and every one knows, they were no leſs remarkable for great dulneſs, and want of all genius. That

Pindar ſhould have equally diſtinguiſhed himſelf from the reſt of his fellow-citizens in both theſe reſpects, ſeems ſomewhat extraordinary, and is ſcarce to be accounted for but by the preceding obſervation.

Stanza III. 3.] Alluding to his "Defence of the "people of England" againſt Salmaſius. See particularly the manner in which he himſelf ſpeaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

Stanza IV. 3.] Edward the Third; from whom deſcended Henry Haſtings, third Earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Stanza V. 3.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarſdale in Derbyſhire, the Earls of Devonſhire and Danby, with the Lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The houſe in which they met is at preſent a farm-houſe; and the country people diſtinguiſh the room where they ſat, by the name of "the plotting parlour."

B. II. Ode VII. Stanza II. 1.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to diſtinguiſh himſelf in the cauſe of civil and religious liberty: Lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by thoſe in power: Lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the nonjuring clergy againſt the proteſtant eſtabliſhment; and Lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controverſy with the lower houſe of convocation.

B. II. Ode X. Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the reſt of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the preſent Lord Biſhop of Glouceſter, did with great zeal cultivate their friendſhip; having been introduced, forſooth, at the meetings of that reſpectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards ſpoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulneſs. At the ſame time in his intercourſe with them he treated Mr. Pope in a moſt contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions his Lordſhip can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correſpondence with Concanen; a part of which is ſtill in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

B. II. Ode XIII.] In the year 1751 appeared a very ſplendid edition, in quarto, of "Memoires pour "ſervir à l'Hiſtoire de la Maiſon de Brandebourg, à "Berlin & à la Haye;" with a privilege ſigned FEDERIC; the ſame being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary paſſages, are the two following, to which the third ſtanza of this ode more particularly refers:

Page 163.] "Il ſe fit une migration" (the author is ſpeaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) "dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples "dans l'hiſtoire: un peuple entier ſortit du royaume "par l'eſprit de parti en haine du pape, & pour rece-"voir ſous un autre ciel la communion ſous les deux "eſpeces: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrierent ainſi & aban-

" & abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans " d'autres temples les vieux pſeaumes de Clement " Marot."

Page 242.] " La crainte donna le jour à la credulité, " & l'amour propre intereſſa bientot le ciel au deſtin des " hommes."

HYMN

HYMN

TO THE

NAIADS.

MDCCXLVI.

THE Nymphs, who preſide over ſprings and rivulets, are addreſſed at day-break, in honor of their ſeveral functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the firſt allegorical deities, or powers of nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the riſe of things. They are then ſucceſſively conſidered, as giving motion to the air and exciting ſummer-breezes; as nouriſhing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullneſs of navigable rivers, and conſequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is repreſented their favourable influence upon health, when aſſiſted by rural exerciſe: which introduces their connection with the art of phyſic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal ſprings. Laſtly, they

are

are celebrated for the friendſhip which the Muſes bear them, and for the true inſpiration which temperance only can receive: in oppoſition to the enthuſiaſm of the more licentious poets.

O'ER yonder eaſtern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkneſs; and the God of day,
With bright Aſtræa ſeated by his ſide,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting ſteps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry: and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due,
I leave the gates of ſleep; nor ſhall my lyre
Too far into the ſplendid hours of morn
Ingage your audience: my obſervant hand
Shall cloſe the ſtrain ere any ſultry beam
Approach you. To your ſubterranean haunts
Ye then may timely ſteal; to pace with care
The humid ſands; to looſen from the ſoil
The bubbling ſources; to direct the rills
To meet in wider channels; or beneath
Some grotto's dripping arch, at height of noon
To ſlumber, ſhelter'd from the burning heaven.

Where ſhall my ſong begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
Wide is your praiſe and copious—Firſt of things,
Firſt of the lonely powers, ere Time aroſe,

Were

Were Love and Chaos. Love, the ſire of Fate;
Elder than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
Who many ſons and many comely births
Devour'd, relentleſs father: till the child
Of Rhea drove him from the upper ſky,
And quell'd his deadly might. Then ſocial reign'd
The kindred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
And ſpotleſs Veſta; while ſupreme of ſway
Remain'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
Of Tethys ſprang the ſedgy crowned race,
Who from a thouſand urns, o'er every clime,
Send tribute to their parent; and from them
Are ye, O Naiads: Arethuſa fair,
And tuneful Aganippe; that ſweet name,
Banduſia; that ſoft family which dwelt
With Syrian Daphne; and the honour'd tribes
Belov'd of Pæon. Liſten to my ſtrain,
Daughters of Tethys: liſten to your praiſe.
You, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
Aurora to divine Aſtræus bore,
Owns; and your aid beſeecheth. When the might
Of Hyperion, from his noontide throne,
Unbends their languid pinions, aid from you
They aſk: Favonius and the mild South-weſt
From you relief implore. Your ſallying ſtreams
Freſh vigour to their weary wings impart.
Again they fly, diſporting; from the mead
Half ripen'd and the tender blades of corn,
To ſweep the noxious mildew; or diſpel
Contagious ſteams, which oft the parched earth

Breathes

Breathes on her fainting ſons. From noon to eve,
Along the river and the paved brook,
Aſcend the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
Who, faſt by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
Solicit; nor unwelcome to the youth
Who on the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd
O'er ruſhing Anio, with a pious hand
The reverend ſcene delineates, broken fanes,
Or tombs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
Of ancient Time; and haply, while he ſcans
The ruins, with a ſilent tear revolves
The fame and fortune of imperious Rome.
You too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
The rural powers confeſs; and ſtill prepare
For you their choiceſt treaſures. Pan commands,
Oft as the Delian king with Sirius holds
The central heavens, the father of the grove
Commands his Dryads over your abodes
To ſpread their deepeſt umbrage. Well the god
Remembereth how indulgent ye ſupplied
Your general dews to nurſe them in their prime.
Pales, the paſture's queen, where-e'er ye ſtray,
Purſues your ſteps, delighted; and the path
With living verdure clothes. Around your haunts
The laughing Chloris, with profuſeſt hand,
Throws wide her blooms, her odors. Still with you
Pomona ſeeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns,
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,

Her

Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nyſæan or Atlantic. Nor canſt thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou doſt mock
The beverage of the ſober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canſt thou
Diſown the powers whoſe bounty, ill repaid,
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameleſs Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim;
Nor heed the ſcoffings of the Edonian band.
For better praiſe awaits you. Thames, your ſire,
As down the verdant ſlope your duteous rills
Deſcend, the tribute ſtately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on ſecure,
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auſpicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forſaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremeſt iſles to bleſs. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-ſailing; oft intent your ſprings
He views: and waving o'er ſome new-born ſtream
His bleſt pacific wand, "And yet," he cries,
"Yet," cries the ſon of Maia, "though recluſe
"And ſilent be your ſtores, from you, fair Nymphs,
"Flows wealth and kind ſociety to men.
"By you my function and my honor'd name
"Do I poſſeſs; while o'er the Bœtic vale,

"Or

" Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
" By ſacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
" The Engliſh merchants with the buxom fleece
" Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
" Sarmatian kings; or to the houſhold gods
" Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian ſhore,
" Diſpenſe the mineral treaſure which of old
" Sidonian pilots ſought, when this fair land
" Was yet unconſcious of thoſe generous arts
" Which wiſe Phœnicia from their native clime
" Tranſplanted to a more indulgent heaven."

Such are the words of Hermes: ſuch the praiſe,
O Naiads, which from tongues coeleſtial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty iſſueth power:
And thoſe who, ſedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays
With noble wealth, and his own ſeat on earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hoſpitable arts
Of Hermes yield their ſtore. For, O ye Nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendſhip? You ſhe owns
The fair aſſociates who extend her ſway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you ſhe uttereth, oft as from the ſhore
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, ſhe her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian ſurge; her auſpices divine

Imparting to the ſenate and the prince
Of Albion, to diſmay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever ſcorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy ſurge,
To drive her clouds and ſtorms; o'erwhelming all
The Perſian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the ſoft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their ſervile bands,
To ſweep the ſons of liberty from earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens ſtood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrors on their impious heads,
And ſhook her burning ægis. Xerxes ſaw:
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the ſign
Cœleſtial; felt unrighteous hope forſake
His faultering heart, and turn'd his face with ſhame.

Hail, ye who ſhare the ſtern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mild of nature: to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witneſs; ſhe who ſaves,
From poiſonous cates and cups of pleaſing bane,
The wretch devoted to the intangling ſnares

Of Bacchus and of Ceres. Him ſhe leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To ſpread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to ſummon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering ſluggard from his dreams:
And where his breaſt may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervor of the ſunny vale
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courſer. Nor when eaſe,
Cool eaſe and welcome ſlumbers have becalm'd
His eager boſom, does the queen of health
Her pleaſing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, preſiding; and the frugal powers
With joy ſedate leads in: and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan preſents her ſtores;
While changing ſtill, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him ſpread
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feaſt,
To crown his feaſt, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and, from your ſhelving ſeats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To ſlake his veins: till ſoon a purer tide
Flows down thoſe loaded channels; waſheth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking ſeeds
Of crude diſeaſe; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, ſends repoſe. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to ſtooping age,
The joys which youth had ſquander'd. Oft your urns
Will I invoke; and, frequent in your praiſe,
Abaſh the frantic Thyrſus with my ſong.

For

For not eſtrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whoſe myſterious ſhrine
My youth was ſacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Pæon. Oft when all
His cordial treaſures he hath ſearch'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the ſun,
(To rouſe dark fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveleſs arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or huſh the unquiet breaſt
Which pines with ſilent paſſion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep manſions he deſcends.
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where impurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills inſinuate. There the god
From your indulgent hands the ſtreaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd ſuppliants; wafts the ſeeds
Metallic, and the elemental ſalts
Waſh'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink; and ſoon
Flies pain; flies inauſpicious care: and ſoon
The ſocial haunt or unfrequented ſhade
Hears Io, Io Pæan; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpleſs mortals I implore
Your ſalutary ſprings, through every urn
Oh ſhed your healing treaſures. With the firſt
And fineſt breath, which from the genial ſtrife
Of mineral fermentation ſprings, like light

O'er the freſh morning's vapours, luſtrate then
The fountain, and inform the riſing wave.
My lyre ſhall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the ſtrings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of cœleſtial powers,
I frame their language; and the Muſes deign
To guide the pious tenor of my lay.
The Muſes (ſacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did to my wondering ſenſe
Their ſecrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In ſlumber felt their muſic: oft at noon
Or hour of ſunſet, by ſome lonely ſtream,
In field or ſhady grove, they taught me words
Of power from death and envy to preſerve
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful mind,
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye,
My vows I ſend, my homage, to the ſeats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaſte companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd ſcene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Caſtalia's moſſy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefulleſt repoſe
To their conſorted meaſure: till again,
With emulation all the ſounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the ſong,
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And ſweep their lofty ſtrings: thoſe powerful ſtrings

That

That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion ſweet
Of evils, with immortal reſt from cares;
Aſſuage the terrors of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With ſlacken'd wings,
While now the ſolemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the ſceptre of his lord
Sleeps the ſtern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Poſſeſs'd; and ſatiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and ſooths his own fierce heart to eaſe,
Moſt welcome eaſe. The ſire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatſoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth and o'er
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom ſevere,
And troubled at the ſound. Ye, Naiads, ye
With raviſh'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of ſacred ſilence. But the ſlaves
Of Bacchus with tempeſtuous clamours ſtrive
To drown the heavenly ſtrains; of higheſt Jove
Irreverent, and by mad preſumption fir'd
Their own diſcordant raptures to advance
With hoſtile emulation. Down they ruſh
From Nyſa's vine-impurpled cliff, the dames

Of Thrace, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
With old Silenus, reeling through the crowd
Which gambols round him, in convulſions wild
Toſſing their limbs, and brandiſhing in air
The ivy-mantled thyrſus, or the torch
Through black ſmoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
Shrill voice, and to the claſhing cymbals, mix'd
With ſhrieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
From every unpolluted ear avert
Their orgies! If within the ſeats of men,
Within the walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
The guardian key, if haply there be found
Who loves to mingle with the revel-band
And hearken to their accents; who aſpires
From ſuch inſtructors to inform his breaſt
With verſe; let him, fit votariſt, implore
Their inſpiration. He perchance the gifts
Of young Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
May ſing in apteſt numbers: he the fate
Of ſober Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
And naked Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
And ſtrong Alcides in the ſpinſter's robes,
May celebrate, applauded. But with you,
O Naiads, far from that unhallow'd rout,
Muſt dwell the man whoe'er to praiſed themes
Invokes the immortal Muſe. The immortal Muſe
To your calm habitations, to the cave
Corycian or the Delphic mount, will guide
His footſteps; and with your unſullied ſtreams

His

His lips will bathe: whether the eternal lore
Of Themis, or the majeſty of Jove,
To mortals he reveal; or teach his lyre
The unenvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
In thoſe unfading iſlands of the bleſs'd,
Where ſacred Bards abide. Hail, honor'd Nymphs;
Thrice hail. For you the Cyrenaïc ſhell
Behold, I touch, revering. To my ſongs
Be preſent ye with favorable feet,
And all profaner audience far remove.

NOTES

ON THE

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

Page 301. l. 1. — *Love* ——

Elder than Chaos.] Heſiod, in his Theogony, gives a different account, and makes Chaos the eldeſt of beings; though he aſſigns to Love neither father nor ſuperior: which circumſtance is particularly mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, as being obſervable not only in Heſiod, but in all other writers both of verſe and proſe: and on the ſame occaſion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expreſſly ſtiled the eldeſt of all the gods. Yet Ariſtophanes, in The Birds, affirms, that "Chaos, and "Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were firſt; and "that Love was produced from an egg, which the "ſable-winged night depoſited in the immenſe boſom "of Erebus." But it muſt be obſerved, that the Love deſigned by this comic poet was always diſtinguiſhed from the other, from that original and ſelf-exiſtent being the ΤΟ ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or ſecond perſon of the old Grecian trinity; to whom is inſcribed an hymn among thoſe which

which paſs under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the firſt-begotten, is ſaid to have been born of an egg, and is repreſented as the principal or origin of all theſe external appearances of nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the diſcoverer or diſcloſer; who unfolded the ideas of the ſupreme intelligence, and expoſed them to the perception of inferior beings in this viſible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the ſeveral paſſages of Orpheus, which they have preſerved.

But the Love deſigned in our text, is the one ſelf-exiſtent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologiſts have not introduced or truly deſcribed in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other reſpects, he profeſſeth to imitate their manner and conform to their opinions. For, in theſe great points of natural theology, they differ no leſs remarkably among themſelves; and are perpetually confounding the philoſophical relations of things with the traditionary circumſtances of mythic hiſtory; upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his diſſent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, aſcribed to Orpheus, it is ſaid, that "Love, whom mortals in later times call

"Phanes,

" Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten " Night;" who is generally repreſented by theſe mythological poets, as being herſelf the parent of all things; and who, in the Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is ſaid to be the ſame with Cypris, or Love itſelf. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the perſonated Orpheus introduceth himſelf ſinging to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth " the obſcure memory of Chaos, and the na- " tures which it contained within itſelf in a ſtate of " perpetual viciſſitude; how the heaven had its boun- " dary determined; the generation of the earth; the " depth of the ocean; and alſo the ſapient Love, the " moſt ancient, the ſelf-ſufficient; with all the beings " which he produced when he ſeparated one thing " from another." Which noble paſſage is more directly to Ariſtotle's purpoſe in the firſt book of his metaphyſics than any of thoſe which he has there quoted, to ſhew that the ancient poets and mythologiſts agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more ſober philoſophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the neceſſity of mind and reaſon to account for the connexion, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which paſs under the ſame name, are, it ſhould ſeem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all queſtion they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invaſion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a ſett of public and ſolemn forms of devotion: as appears

pears by a paſſage in one of them, which Demoſthenes hath almoſt literally cited in his firſt oration againſt Ariſtogiton, as the ſaying of Orpheus, the founder of their moſt holy myſteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Heſiod himſelf not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the myſterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impreſſion upon the mind, cannot be better expreſſed than in that remarkable deſcription with which they inſpired the German editior Eſchenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipſic: "Theſaurum me reperiſſe credidi," ſays he, "& profecto theſaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo "me ſacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta iſta deo- "rum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere "cogebar, quod vel ſolum horrorem incutere animo "poteſt, nocturnum; cum enim totam diem conſum- "ſerim in contemplando urbis ſplendore, & in adeun- "dis, quibus ſcatet urbs illa, viris doctis; ſola nox "reſtabat, quam Orpheo conſecrare potui. In abyſ- "ſum quendam myſteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis "deſcendere videbar, quotieſcunque ſilente mundo, "ſolis vigilantibus aſtris et luna, μελαμφάτους iſtos "hymnos ad manus ſumſi."

l. 1. *Chaos.*] The unformed, undigeſted maſs of Moſes and Plato: which Milton calls

"The womb of nature."

l. 1. *Love, the fire of Fate.*] Fate is the univerſal ſyſtem of natural cauſes; the work of the Omnipotent Mind,

Mind, or of Love: ſo Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud "eſt fatum, quam quod de unoquoque noſtrum dens "fatus eſt." So alſo Cicero, in The Firſt Book on Divination: "Fatum autem id appello, quod *Græci* "ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ, id eſt, ordinem ſeriemque cauſa- "rum, cum cauſa cauſæ nexa rem ex ſe gignat. ex quo "intelligitur, ut fatum ſit non id quod ſuperſtitioſe, "ſed id quod phyſice dicitur cauſa æterna rerum." To the ſame purpoſe is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Deſtiny. As to the three Fates, or Deſtinies of the poets, they repreſented that part of the general ſyſtem of natural cauſes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for ſo we are told in the hymn addreſſed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night (or Love) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are diſtinguiſhed by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Heſiod. Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus, or Love, that Goddeſs is directly ſtiled the mother of Neceſſity, and is repreſented, immediately after, as governing the three Deſtinies, and conducting the whole ſyſtem of natural cauſes.

l. 2. *Born of Fate was Time.*] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the ſon of Cœlum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undiſguiſed by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offſpring of the earth and the ſtarry heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the *preceding* note.

l. 3.

l. 3. *Who many ſons devour'd.*] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the diſſolution of natural bodies; which are produced and deſtroyed by Time.

l. 4, 5. *The child of Rhea.*] Jupiter, ſo called by Pindar.

l. 5. *Drove him from the upper ſky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologiſts. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatiſe on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable ſoul of the world, which reſtrained and prevented thoſe uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, uſed formerly to cauſe in the mundane ſyſtem.

l. 6. *Then ſocial reign'd.*] Our mythology here ſuppoſeth, that before the eſtabliſhment of the vital, vegetative, plaſtic nature (repreſented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unſettled condition; but afterwards, well-diſpoſed and at peace among themſelves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Veſta, the eldeſt daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζεὺς νεφεληγερέτης, the Air: though he alſo repreſented the plaſtic principle of nature, as may be ſeen in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

l. 10. *The ſedgy-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, according to Heſiod's Theogony, were the ſons of Oceanus and Tethys.

l. 12, 13, *From them, are ye, O Naiads.*] The deſcent of the Naiads is leſs certain than moſt points of the

the Greek mythology. Homer Odyſſ. xiii. κοῦραι Διός. Virgil, in the eighth book of the Æneid, ſpeaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the teſtimony of Heſiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox ſyſtem, which repreſenteth ſeveral nymphs as retaining to every ſingle river. On the other hand, Calimachus, who was very learned in all the ſchool-divinity of thoſe times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Peneus, the great Theſſalian river-god, the father of his nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphoſes, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occaſionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

l. 16. *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

l. 16, 17. *The tribes below'd by Pæon.*] Mineral and medicinal ſprings. Pæon was the phyſician of the gods.

l. 19. *The winged offspring.*] The Winds; who, according to Heſiod and Apollodorus, were the ſons of Aſtræus and Aurora.

l. 22. *Hyperion.*] A ſon of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the ſame manner as here, for the Sun himſelf.

l. 25.

l. 25. *Your ſallying ſtreams.*] The ſtate of the atmoſphere with reſpect to reſt and motion is, in ſeveral ways, affected by rivers and running ſtreams; and that more eſpecially in hot ſeaſons: firſt, they deſtroy its equilibrium, by cooling thoſe parts of it with which they are in contact; and ſecondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of conſequence more elaſtic than other parts of the atmoſphere, and therefore fitter to preſerve and to propagate that motion.

P. 302. l. 16. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inſcribed to him.

l. 25. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

l. 29. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the firſt Bacchus, whoſe birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelaſgic character, by Thymœtes, grandſon to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had traveled over Libya to the country which borders on the weſtern ocean; there he ſaw the iſland of Nyſa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Libya, was married in former ages to Rhea, ſiſter of Saturn and the Titans: that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin, whoſe name was Amalthea; had by her a ſon, and gave her poſſeſſion of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in ſhape nearly reſembling the horn of an ox, was

"thence called the Hesperian horn, and afterwards "the horn of Amalthea; that, fearing the jea-"louſy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus, "with his mother, in the iſland of Nyſa;" the beauty of which, Diodorus deſcribes with great dignity and [illegible] style. This fable is one of the nobleſt in all the ancient [illegible], and ſeems to have made a particular impreſſion on the imagination of Milton; [illegible] poet, unleſs perhaps it be neceſſary to except Spenſer, who, in theſe myſterious traditions of the poetic ſtory, had a heart to feel, and words to express, the ſimple and ſolitary genius of antiquity. To raiſe the idea of his Paradiſe, he prefers it even to

——"that Nyſean iſle

"Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,

"(Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove)

"Hid Amalthea, and her florid ſon,

"Young Bacchus, from his ſtepdame Rhea's eye."

P. 303. l. 10. *Edonian band.*] The prieſteſſes and other miniſters of Bacchus; ſo called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rites were celebrated.

l. 21. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addreſſed by the author of the Indigitamenta, in theſe beautiful lines:

Ἑρμήνιον πάντων, κερδίμπορε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὃς χειρίσθιν ἔχεις εἰρήνης ὅπλον ἀμέμφες.

P. 304. l. 7. *Diſpenſe the mineral treaſure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages

to

to the coaſt of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

P. 304. l. 22. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being ſo greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendſhip of Minerva, the goddeſs of war: for military power, at leaſt the naval part of it, hath conſtantly followed the eſtabliſhment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding obſervation, that "from "bounty iſſueth power."

P. 29, 30. *Calpe — Cantabrian ſurge.*] Gibraltar and the bay of Biſcay.

P. 305. l. 6. *Ægina's gloomy ſurge.*] Near this iſland, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Perſian navy.

l. 16. *Xerxes ſaw.*] This circumſtance is recorded in that paſſage, perhaps the moſt ſplendid among all the remains of ancient hiſtory, where Plutarch, in his "Life of Themiſtocles," deſcribes the ſea-fights of Artemiſium and Salamis.

P. 306. l. 30. *Thyrſus.*] A ſtaff, or ſpear, wreathed round with ivy: of conſtant uſe in the bacchanalian myſteries.

P. 307. l. 23. *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

P. 308. l. 19. *Cirrha.*] One of the ſummits of Parnaſſus, and ſacred to Apollo. Near it were ſeveral fountains, ſaid to be frequented by the Muſes. Nyſa,

the other eminence of the ſame mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

P. 309. l. 1. *Charm the mind of gods.*] This whole paſſage, concerning the effects of ſacred muſic among the gods, is taken from Pindar's firſt Pythian ode.

P. 310. l. 6. *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian muſic was fantaſtic and turbulent, and fit to excite diſorderly paſſions.

l. 11, 12. *The gates where Pallas holds*
The guardian key.] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities; whence ſhe was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her ſtatues placed in their gates, being ſuppoſed to keep the keys; and on that account ſtiled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

l. 19. 20. *Fate of ſober Pentheus.*] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the bacchanalian prieſts and women, for deſpiſing their myſteries.

l. 27, 28. *The cave Corycian.*] Of this cave Pauſanias, in his Tenth Book, gives the following deſcription: "Between Delphi and the eminences of "Parnaſſus, is a road to the grotto of Corycium, "which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is "by far the moſt remarkable which I have ſeen. One "may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is "of a conſiderable height, and hath ſeveral ſprings "within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water "diſtills from the ſhell and roof, ſo as to be continu-"ally dropping on the ground. The people round "Parnaſſus hold it ſacred to the Corycian nymphs and "to Pan."

l. 28.

l. 28. *Delphic mount.*] Delphi, the ſeat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky ſituation, on the ſkirts of Parnaſſus.

P. 322. l. 7. *Cyrenaïc.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whoſe hymns are the moſt remarkable example of that mythological paſſion which is aſſumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleaſure to the author of it, by reaſon of the myſterious ſolemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt ſomewhat in the ſame manner; ſolely by way of exerciſe: the manner itſelf being now almoſt intirely abandoned in poetry. And as the meer genealogy, or the perſonal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little intereſting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to ſelect ſome convenient part of the hiſtory of nature, and to employ theſe ancient divinities as it is probable they were firſt employed; to wit, in perſonifying natural cauſes, and in repreſenting the mutual agreement or oppoſition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very higheſt office of poetry.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the ſhepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring ſtream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward ſhoot,
Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowſlips pale,
Primroſe, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threſhold, and my ſhelving walls
With honeyſuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my riſing fount,
I ſlumber: here my cluſtering fruits I tend:
Or from the humid flowers, at break of day,
Freſh garlands weave, and chace from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter-in,
O ſtranger, undiſmay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breaſt of blameleſs thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome ſhalt thou tread
My quiet manſion: chiefly, if thy name
Wiſe Pallas and the immortal Muſes own.

II.

FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who firſt with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. Theſe ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He ſang; of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each eſtate and age,
The faſhions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O ſtranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Doſt thou applaud them, if thy breaſt be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verſe
To tame the rudeneſs of his native land.

III.

WHOE'ER thou art whoſe path in Summer lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Imboſoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harveſt round. And onward thence

A low

A low plain chapel fronts the morning light.
Faſt by a ſilent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O ſtranger, o'er the conſecrated ground;
And on that verdant hilloc, which thou ſee'ſt
Beſet with oſiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle freſh water from the brook, and ſtrew
Sweet-ſmelling flowers. For there doth Edmund reſt,
The learned ſhepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for ſongs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithleſs pride
Of fair Matilda ſank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But ſoon did righteous Heaven
With tears, with ſharp remorſe, and pining care,
Avenge her falſehood. Nor could all the gold
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith,
From Edmund to a loftier huſband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aſide
The ſtrokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful ſtory. Haply ſome fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O YOUTHS and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale Misfortune's ſlaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings:
O ſons of Sport and Pleaſure: O thou wretch
That weep'ſt for jealous love, or the ſore wounds

Of conſcious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the imbattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cauſe;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the faſhion of your own eſtate,
The ſecrets of your boſom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye ſtand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakeſpeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every paſſion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GULIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIAE LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA; CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICAE BRITANNICAE VINDEX RENVNCIATVS ESSET ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI PVBLICAE FELICITATIS P. G. A. M. A.

VI. For

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

THOU, who the verdant plain doſt traverſe here,
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O ſtranger, ſtay thee, and the ſcene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And ſtern with conqueſt, from their tyrant king
(Then render'd tame) did challenge and ſecure
The charter of thy freedom. Paſs not on
Till thou haſt bleſs'd their memory, and paid
Thoſe thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy ſons: inſtruct them what a debt
They owe their anceſtors; and make them ſwear
To pay it, by tranſmitting down intire
Thoſe ſacred rights to which themſelves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

APPROACH in ſilence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
Which I, the Dryad of this hoary oak,
Pronounce to mortal ears. The ſecond age
Now haſteneth to its period, ſince I roſe
On this fair lawn. The groves of yonder vale

Are,

[illegible], [illegible], my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], who guards
The [illegible] and the furrow'd fields beyond,
Obey [illegible]. Many [illegible] have [illegible]
In human things, and many awful deeds
Of justice, when the ruling hand of Jove
Against the tyrants of the land, against
The unhallow'd sons of luxury and guile,
Was [illegible] for retribution. Thus at length
Expert in law's divine, I know the paths
Of Wisdom, and erroneous Folly's end
Have oft pleas'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
Each evening till a noble youth, who loves
My shade, a while releas'd from public cares,
You peaceful gate shall enter, and sit down
Beneath my branches. Then his musing mind
I [illegible], [illegible], and place before his view
[illegible] of God, and move his heart
With [illegible] bounties of the Sire Supreme
Of [illegible], with Freedom's generous deeds,
The [illegible] of Glory and the faith
Of [illegible] friendship. Stranger, I have told
My [illegible]. If within thy bosom dwell
Aught which may challenge praise, thou wilt not leave
Unhonor'd my abode, nor shall I hear
A sparing benediction from thy tongue.

VIII. YE

VIII.

YE powers unſeen, to whom the Bards of Greece
Erected altars; ye who to the mind
More lofty views unfold, and prompt the heart
With more divine emotions; if erewhile
Not quite unpleaſing have my votive rites
Of you been deem'd when oft this lonely ſeat
To you I conſecrated; then vouchſafe
Here with your inſtant energy to crown
My happy ſolitude. It is the hour
When moſt I love to invoke you, and have felt
Moſt frequent your glad miniſtry divine.
The air is calm: the ſun's unveiled orb
Shines in the middle heaven. The harveſt round
Stands quiet, and among the golden ſheaves
The reapers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
Are mute; nor even a linnet's random ſtrain
Echoeth amid the ſilence. Let me feel
Your influence, ye kind powers. Aloft in heaven,
Abide ye? or on thoſe tranſparent clouds
Paſs ye from hill to hill? or on the ſhades
Which yonder elms caſt o'er the lake below
Do you converſe retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
Shall I expect you? Let me once more feel
Your influence, O ye kind inſpiring powers:
And I will guard it well, nor ſhall a thought
Riſe in my mind, nor ſhall a paſſion move
Acroſs my boſom unobſerv'd, unſtor'd

By

By faithful memory. And then at some
More active moment, will I call them forth
Anew; and join them in majestic forms,
And give them utterance in harmonious strains;
That all mankind shall wonder at your sway.

IX.

ME though in life's sequester'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilsome ways,
And the great scenes of public praise;
Yet let me still with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd,
And, This be thy concern, he said,
At once with Passion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
And sacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemish'd plan,
His reason, fancy, and his heart unite.

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO*.

THRICE has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth Winter riſes on thy ſhame,
Since I exulting graſp'd the votive ſhell,
In ſounds of triumph all thy praiſe to tell;
Bleſt could my ſkill through ages make thee ſhine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cauſe that wak'd my ſong before,
With praiſe, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man, whoſe faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;

If

* Curio was a young Roman Senator of diſtinguiſhed birth and parts, who, upon his firſt entrance into the Forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuſe and extravagant, he ſoon diſſipated a large and ſplendid fortune; to ſupply the want of which, he was driven to the neceſſity of abetting the deſigns of Cæſar againſt the liberties of his country, although he had before been a profeſſed enemy to him.——Cicero exerted himſelf with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the firſt victims in the civil war. This epiſtle was firſt publiſhed in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long and at laſt a ſucceſsful oppoſition to an unpopular miniſter, had deſerted the cauſe of his country, and become the foremoſt in ſupport and defence of the ſame meaſures he had ſo ſteadily and for ſuch a length of time contended againſt. It was altered by the Author into the "Ode to Curio:" but the original poem is too curious to be omitted. N.

If every tongue its large applauſes ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every Muſe beſtow'd;
If public juſtice urg'd the high reward,
And Freedom ſmil'd on the devoted Bard:
Say then, to him whoſe levity or luſt
Laid all a people's generous hopes in duſt;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And ſav'd Corruption at her hopeleſs hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muſe a wreath of ſhame beſtow?
And public juſtice ſanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard?

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering ſpark with anxious eye
And wiſh'd and hop'd the light again would riſe.
But ſince thy guilt ſtill more intire appears,
Since no art hides, no ſuppoſition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too ſinks her blaſt,
And the firſt rage of party-hate is paſt;
Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom;
So may my truſt from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.

There are who ſay they view'd without amaze
Thy ſad reverſe of all thy former praiſe;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulneſs of thy ſecret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.

But I, whoſe ſoul conſented to thy cauſe,
Who felt thy genius ſtamp its own applauſe,
Who ſaw the ſpirits of each glorious age
Move in thy boſom, and direct thy rage;
I ſcorn'd the ungenerous gloſs of ſlaviſh minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's luſtre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I ſtill believ'd thy end was juſt and free;
And yet, even yet believe it—ſpite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd diſclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of ſhame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the ſhow;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boaſted in thy country's awful ear,
Her groſs deluſion when ſhe held thee dear;
How tame ſhe follow'd thy tempeſtuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and truſted all—
Riſe from your ſad abodes, ye curſt of old
For laws ſubverted, and for cities ſold!
Paint all the nobleſt trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you ſpilt;
Yet muſt you one untempted vileneſs own,
One dreadful palm reſerv'd for him alone:
With ſtudied arts his country's praiſe to ſpurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.

Do robes of ſtate the guarded heart incloſe
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles ſtun the inchanted ear
To all that reaſon, all that ſenſe, would hear?
Elſe couldſt thou e'er deſert thy ſacred poſt,
In ſuch unthankful baſeneſs to be loſt?
Elſe could'ſt thou wed the emptineſs of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cauſe,
When now of conqueſt and dominion ſure,
They ſought alone to hold their fruits ſecure;
When taught by theſe, Oppreſſion hid the face
To leave Corruption ſtronger in her place,
By ſilent ſpells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the paſſive ſtate,
Till healing Wiſdom ſhould avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poiſon'd ſhore;
Then, like ſome guardian god that flies to ſave
The weary pilgrim from an inſtant grave,
Whom, ſleeping and ſecure, the guileful ſnake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake;
Then Curio roſe to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedleſs, and incite the ſlow,
Againſt Corruption Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantreſs by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with thy country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, Patriot, the patrician roof confeſs'd:
Thy powerful voice the reſcued merchant bleſs'd;

O

Of thee with awe the rural hearth reſounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful ſailor crowns;
Touch'd in the ſighing ſhade with manlier fires,
To trace thy ſteps the love-ſick youth aſpires;
The learn'd recluſe, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to ſhare in ſuch forgotten fame;
And he who, ſcorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of theſe dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues ſacred from a monarch's view,
Rouz'd by thy labours from the bleſt retreat,
Where ſocial eaſe and public paſſions meet,
Again aſcending treads the civil ſcene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadſt been.
Thus by degrees thy cauſe ſuperior grew,
And the great end appear'd at laſt in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice;
We ſaw the ſenate bending to thy voice;
The friends of freedom hail'd the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, ſtruck with new diſmay,
Shrunk at their frown, and ſelf-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the ſhock, the Public Genius roſe,
Abaſh'd and keener from his long repoſe;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the ſpear
Which ſlaves and tyrants long were wont to fear:
The city felt his call: from man to man,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, the glorious horror ran;

... hopes and fears!
... of the Roman name,
... rage to tame!
... ements as they rowi,
... movement steady to the goal.
... whose providential art
... selves turn the changeful heart,
... dc bent in view to Curio's mind,
... his fancy, and his passions bind!
... immortal, who, by Freedom led,
... eld, or on the scaffold bled,
... your radiant feats a joyful eye,
... the crown of all your labours nigh,
... excellent mounting her eternal throne!
... world reconcerted, and the laws her own:
... public Power shadis'd beneath her hands,
... with every grace, and uncorrupted hands!
... private life by wisest arts reclaim'd!

This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
This Curio, hated and despis'd by all?
Who fell himself, to work his country's fall?
O lost, alike to action and repose!
Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes!
With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
Sold to the insults of a foe defy'd!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art,
To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
And shut thy eyes that others may be blind.
—Forgive me, Romans, that I bear to smile
When shameless mouths your majesty defile,
Paint you a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
And cast their own impieties on you.
For witness, Freedom, to whose sacred power
My soul was vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
How have I stood exulting, to survey
My country's virtues opening in thy ray!
How, with the sons of every foreign shore
The more I match'd them, honour'd her's the more!
O race erect! whose native strength of soul,
Which kings, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,
Bursts the tame round of animal affairs,
And seeks a nobler centre for its cares;

Intent the laws of life to comprehend,
And his dominion's limits to extend.
Who, bold and equal in their love or hate,
By conscious reason judging every fate,
The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through all crowns disguise:
Thence prompt alike with witty scorn to view
Fastidious grandeur lift his solemn brow,
Or, all awake at Pity's soft command,
Bend the mild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:
Thence large of heart, from envy far remov'd,
When public toils to virtue stand approv'd,
Not the young lover fonder to admire,
Nor more indulgent the delighted sire;
Yet high and jealous of their free-born name,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Where'er Oppression works her wanton sway,
Prompt to confront, and dreadful to repay.
But if, to purchase Curio's sage applause,
My country must with him renounce her cause,
Quit with a slave the path a patriot trod,
Bow the meek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
Then still, ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
Nor let his zeal, nor let his subject fail:
Else, ere he change the style, bear me away
To where the Gracchi *, where the Bruti stay!

O lor

* The two brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchu
ir lives in attempting to introduce the only r
that could give stability and good order to t
public. L. Junius Brutus founded the con
, and died in its defence. AKENSIDE.

O long rever'd, and late reſign'd to ſhame!
If this uncourtly page thy notice claim
When the loud cares of buſineſs are withdrawn,
Nor well-dreſt beggars round thy footſteps fawn;
In that ſtill, thoughtful, ſolitary hour,
When Truth exerts her unreſiſted power,
Breaks the falſe optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
Unlocks the breaſt, and lays the paſſions bare:
Then turn thy eyes on that important ſcene,
And aſk thyſelf—if all be well within.
Where is the heart-felt worth and weight of ſoul,
Which labour could not ſtop, nor fear controul?
Where the known dignity, the ſtamp of awe,
Which, half abaſh'd, the proud and venal ſaw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honeſt cauſe?
Where the delightful taſte of juſt applauſe?
Where the ſtrong reaſon, the commanding tongue,
On which the ſenate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vaniſh'd, all are ſold—And in their room,
Couch'd in thy boſom's deep, diſtracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous grandeur dwell,
Like ſome grim idol in a ſorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted ſhrine thy honour bled;
With blaſted weeds thy awful brow ſhe crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poiſon'd philters bound,
That baffled reaſon ſtraight indignant flew,
And fair perſuaſion from her ſeat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth ſupports thy cauſe;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applauſe;

No longer Virtue breathing in thy breaſt,
With all her conſcious majeſty endued;
Still bright and brighter wakes the kindling flame,
To rouze the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where ſhe ſees the catching glimpſes revel,
Spreads the ſtrong blaze, and all ſhrouds the ſoul;
But cold reſtraints thy conſcious fancy chill,
And formal paſſions mock thy ſtruggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reaſon impatient at a nobler ſtrain,
Scorn the ſad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breaſt, and ſtab the generous birth,
Till, blind with ſmart, from Truth to Frenzy toſt,
And all the tenor of thy reaſon loſt,
Perhaps thy anguiſh drains a real tear;
While ſome with pity, ſome with laughter hear.
—Can Art, alas! or Genius, guide the head,
Where Truth and Freedom from the heart are fled?
Can leſſer wheels repeat their native ſtroke,
When the prime function of the ſoul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou haſt a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy tables, and thy robes reſign;
For lo the hand of Deſtiny diſplay'd
To ſhut thee from the joys thou haſt betray'd!
See the dire fane of Infamy ariſe!
[illegible] as the grave, and ſpacious as the ſkies;
[illegible], from the firſt of time, thy kindred train,
[illegible]efs and princes of the unjuſt remain.

Eternal

Eternal barriers guard the pathleſs road
To warn the wanderer of the curſt abode;
But prone as whirlwinds ſcour the paſſive ſky,
The heights ſurmounted, down the ſteep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentleſs Time awaits,
And goads their footſteps to the guilty gates:
And ſtill he aſks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their ſecrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And ſtill his hands deſpoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying Bards beſtow'd,
Break their proud marbles, cruſh their feſtal cars,
And rend the lawleſs trophies of their wars.
At laſt the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful dæmon o'er her vaſſals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant-powers of luſt,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and Auguſt *.
No gleam of hope their baleful manſion cheers,
No ſound of honour hails their unbleſt ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childleſs ſire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns inſlav'd and continents laid waſte;
But long Poſterity's united groan,
And the ſad charge of horrors not their own,

* Titles which have been generally aſcribed to the moſt pernicious of men. AKENSIDE.

For ever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name, fierce * Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes, they cry, to whom the fates assign'd
"With surer arts to work what we design'd,
"From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
"Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
"Till, own'd their guide and trusted with their power,
"He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:
"Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
"And quench the spirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast.
Though bold Corruption boast around the land,
"Let Virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"

Though

* Appius Claudius the Decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perished by the treason. AKENSIDE.

Though bolder now she urge the accurſed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's ſhame;
Yet ſome there are, who ſcorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conſcience and a heart are worth.
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whoſe art firſt noblſt ends our frame deſign'd!
If I, though fated to the ſtudious ſhade,
Which party-ſtrife nor anxious power invade,
If I aſpire in public virtue's cauſe
To guide the Muſes by ſublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verſe might rouſe her ſmother'd flame,
And ſnatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conſcious mind;
Or daſh Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her ſlaves that Vice was born to fear.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

TOO much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reaſon left her throne;
Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth conſum'd in vain.
My wiſhes, lull'd with ſoft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the ſage's themes:
Through each Elyſian vale and Fairy grove,
Through all the enchanted paradiſe of Love.

Miſled

Miſled by ſickly hopes deceitful flame,
Averſe to action, and renouncing fame.
At laſt the viſionary ſcenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bleſs the new-born day,
Whoſe faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedleſs feet ſecurely trod,
And ſtrip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my ſoul from Wiſdom's peaceful arms.
For ſilver ſtreams and banks beſpread with flowers,
For moſſy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathleſs woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openneſs of heart, for tender ſmiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath diſarming wiles,
Lo! ſullen Spite, and perjur'd Luſt of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueler Diſdain.
Lo! cordial Faith to ideot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now tranſporting kind.
For graceful Eaſe, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-ſenſe, for Wit and Wiſdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight ſucceeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving ſhown.
See next what plagues attend the lover's ſtate,
What frightful forms of terror, ſcorn, and hate!
See burning Fury heaven and earth defy!
See dumb Deſpair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suſpicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himſelf to view!

And

And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in thoſe arms that points his head with ſhame!
There wan Dejection, ſhuffering as he goes,
In ſhades and ſilence vainly ſeeks repoſe;
Muſing through pathleſs wilds, conſumes the day,
Then loſt in darkneſs weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the roſy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at truthful Virtue as ſhe flies.
But ſee behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonſtrance and the witty ſneer.
See fell Remorſe in action, prompt to dart
Her ſnaky poiſon through the conſcious heart.
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious ſhame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame.
Are theſe delights that one would wiſh to gain?
Is this the Elyſium of a ſober brain;
To wait for happineſs in female ſmiles,
Bear all her ſcorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bleſs her hard bonds, and boaſt to be her ſlave;
To feel, for trifles, a diſtracting train
Of hopes and terrors equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can ſenſe, can reaſon, ſtoop ſo low?
When Virtue, at an eaſier price, diſplays
The ſacred wreaths of honourable praiſe;

When

I see thy dying lamp's last languid glow,
Thy arrows blunted, and unbent thy bow.
I feel divinier fires my breast inflame,
To active science, and ingenuous fame:
Resume the paths thy earliest choice began,
And love, with pride, the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

OCCASIONED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND THE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

WHENCE this unwonted transport in my breast?
Why glow my thoughts, and whither would the Muse
Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
Demands her efforts; at that sacred call
She summons all her ardor, throws aside
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each British ear;
And if one spark of honour or of fame,
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet survive,
She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inspirit every breast,
And fire each British heart with British wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now

ze Muse beast? or what attention now
d to fame or virtue? Where is now
british spirit, generous, warm, and brave,
quent wont from tyranny and woe
e the suppliant nations? Where, indeed?
r protection, once to strangers given,
w with-held from sons? Each noble thought,
warm's our fires, is lost and buried now
ury and avarice. Baneful vice!
r unmans a nation. Yet I'll try,
n to shake this vile degenerate sloth,
ze to rouze Britannia's dreaming sons
me to virtue, and impart around
erous feeling of compatriot woes
ne then the various powers of forceful speech!
at can move, awaken, fire, transport,
the hold ardor of the Theban bard?
rouzing thunder of the patriot Greek?
oft persuasion of the Roman sage?
al, and raise me to an equal height,
ture worthy of my glorious cause?
ry best efforts failing should debase
acred theme; for with no common wing
Muse attempts to soar. Yet what need these?
untry's fame, my free-born British heart,
be my best inspirers, raise my flight
as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.
could I give the vast ideas birth
live of the thoughts that flame within,

No

No more ſhould lazy luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more ſhould Britain's ſons
Sit tamely paſſive by, and careleſs hear
The prayers, ſighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppreſſion ſunk,
In bitterneſs of ſoul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of Liberty ſo greatly fam'd
For juſt redreſs; the land ſo often dyed
With her beſt blood, for that a rouzing cauſe,
The freedom of her ſons; thoſe ſons that now,
Far from the manly bleſſings of her ſway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spaniſh lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquiſh'd ſons of Spain,
Enſlave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So ſoon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When reſcued Sicily with joy beheld
The ſwift-wing'd thunder of the Britiſh arm
Diſperſe their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From ſwift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are theſe our lords? And can Britannia ſee
Her foes oft vanquiſh'd, thus defy her power,
Inſult her ſtandard, and inſlave her ſons,
And not ariſe to juſtice? Did our ſires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preſerve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever ſacred! that their ſons
Might give them up to Spaniards? — Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boaſt

Call

Call yourſelves Britons, to that diſmal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; ſee the gates
Harſh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while ſtill as death
A frightful ſilence reigns: There on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beaſts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that ſpeaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine ſunk, the deep heart-burſting groan
Suppreſs'd in ſilence; view the loathſome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the ſtinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly prieſt triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worſe damnation on their ſouls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to ſpeak, yet eloquent of all
His native Britiſh ſpirit yet untam'd,
Raiſes his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and ſuperior ſcorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me ſpare the theme, leſt future times
Should bluſh to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durſt offer Britain ſuch outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it—
Deſcend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, deſcend! Behold your ſons,
See! how they run the ſame heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cauſe,

How greatly proud to assert their British blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to heaven! ye did not rather see
How dead to virtue in the public cause!
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
They shame your laurels, and belye their birth!
Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Rawleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name your country's pride,
Oh! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow!
In wakening whispers rouze our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,
In all its splendors; to their swelling souls
Say how ye bow'd the insulting Spaniards pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
For Right and Britain: Then display the joys
The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, sacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
In death for others good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celestial on his passing soul,
[illegible] untading crowns awaiting him above,
[illegible] exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme.
[illegible] his actions with complacence views
[illegible]

Though

Though to a lower, yet a nobler ſcene;
Paint the juſt honours to his reliques paid,
Shew grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progreſſive age
For ever brightens; and the wiſe and good
Of every land in univerſal choir
With richeſt incenſe of undying praiſe
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with awe,
With filial reverence, in his ſteps they tread,
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Tranſplant his glories into ſecond life,
And, with unſparing hand, make nations bleſt
By his example. Vaſt immenſe rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous mind
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold?
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I ſee ye are not; every boſom glows
With native greatneſs, and in all its ſtate
The Britiſh ſpirit riſes: Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! forgive
The Muſe, that ardent in her ſacred cauſe
Your glory queſtion'd: She beholds with joy;
She owns, ſhe triumphs in her wiſh'd miſtake.
See! from her ſea-beat throne in awful march
Britannia towers: upon her laurel creſt
The plumes majeſtic nod; behold ſhe heaves
Her guardian ſhields, and terrible in arms
For battle *ſhakes her adamantine* ſpear;

Loud at her foot the Britiſh lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full ſoon
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons, forth,
Your country's daring champions: tell your foes,
Tell them in thunders o'er their proſtrate land
You were not born for ſlaves: Let all your deeds
Shew that the ſons of thoſe immortal men,
The ſtars of ſhining ſtory, are not ſlow
In virtue's path to emulate their fires,
To aſſert their country's rights, avenge her ſons,
And hurl the bolts of juſtice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

" O Vitæ Philoſophia Dux! O Virtutis indagatrix,
" expultrixque Vitiorum. — Tu Urbes peperiſti;
" tu inventrix Legum, tu magiſtra Morum &
" Diſciplinæ fuiſti: Ad te confugimus, a te Opem
" petimus." Cic. Tuſc. Quæſt.

I.

SCIENCE! thou fair effuſive ray
From the great ſource of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Deſcend with all thy treaſures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bleſs my labouring mind.

H. But

II.

But firſt with thy reſiſtleſs light,
Diſperſe thoſe phantoms from my ſight,
Thoſe mimic ſhades of thee:
The ſcholiaſt's learning, ſophiſt's cant,
The viſionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philoſophy.

III.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy ſway;
Which no weak paſſions e'er miſlead,
Which ſtill with dauntleſs ſteps proceed
Where reaſon points the way.

IV.

Give me to learn each ſecret cauſe;
Let Number's, Figure's, Motion's laws
Reveal'd before me ſtand;
Theſe to great Nature's ſcenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the ſky,
Diſcloſe her working hand.

V.

Next, to thy nobler ſearch reſign'd,
The buſy, reſtleſs, human mind
Through every maze purſue;
Detect Perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they riſe,
And all their changes view.

VI.

Say from what ſimple ſprings began
The vaſt, ambitious thoughts of man,
Which range beyond control;
Which ſeek Eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of ſpace,
And ſtrain to graſp the whole.

VII.

Her ſecret ſtores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell,
In all her colours dreſt;
While, prompt her ſallies to control,
Reaſon, the judge, recalls the ſoul
To Truth's ſevereſt teſt.

VIII.

Then launch through Being's wide extent;
Let the fair ſcale, with juſt aſcent,
And cautious ſteps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal maſs,
Through each progreſſive order paſs
To Inſtinct, Reaſon, God.

IX.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor ſoar too high,
In that divine abyſs;
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to aſſure, her ſteps befriend,
And light her way to bliſs.

X. The

X.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
And ſocial nature's ties:
The plan, the genius of each ſtate,
Its intereſt and its powers relate,
Its fortunes and its riſe.

XI.

Through private life purſue thy courſe,
Trace every action to its ſource,
And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, paſſions, in the ſcale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
And fix the doubtful ſway.

XII.

That laſt, beſt effort of thy ſkill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
Propitious power! impart:
Teach me to cool my paſſions fires,
Make me the judge of my deſires,
The maſter of my heart.

XIII.

Raiſe me above the vulgar's breath,
Purſuit of fortune, fear of death,
And all in life that's mean.
Still true to reaſon be my plan,
Still let my actions ſpeak the man,
Through every various ſcene.

XIV.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
Sweet refuge of diſtreſs:
In buſineſs, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'ſt Retirement its delight,
Proſperity its grace.

XV.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou! the cauſe;
Foundreſs of order, cities, laws,
Of arts inventreſs, thou!
Without thee, what were human-kind?
How vaſt their wants, their thoughts how blind!
Their joys how mean! how few!

XVI.

Sun of the ſoul! thy beams unveil!
Let others ſpread the daring ſail,
On fortune's faithleſs ſea:
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
And ſit in peace with Thee.

ODE

ODE

For the WINTER SOLSTICE,

DEC. 11, 1740*.

I.

NOW to the utmoſt ſouthern goal
The Sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bleſs the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potoſi's lofty brow,
Floods of ſublimer ſplendor flow,
Ripening the latent ſeeds of gold;
Whilſt, panting in the lonely ſhade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

II.

But lo! on this deſerted coaſt,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and froſt,
Fierce winter deſolates the year.
The fields reſign their cheerful bloom;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;

No

* This ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be ſeen in this volume, p. 191.---The reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee it as it was originally written. N.

V.

But let not man's imperfect views,
Preſume to tax wiſe Nature's laws;
'Tis his with ſilent joy to uſe
The indulgence of the ſovereign cauſe;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good conſummate ſprings,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the Providence of heaven
Has ſome peculiar bleſſing given
To each allotted ſtate below.

VI.

Ev'n now how ſweet the wintery night
Spent with the old illuſtrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I ſeem the awful courſe to tread;
Where chiefs and legiſlators lie,
Whoſe triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel freſh diſplay'd:
While, charm'd, I rove in claſſic ſong,
Or bend to Freedom's fearleſs tongue,
Or walk the academic ſhade.

* * *

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John Dickinson
1786

LYTTELTON.

THE WORKS OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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MDCCLXXIX.

THE

POEMS

OF

LYTTELTON,

WEST,

AND

GRAY.

THE

POEMS

OF

LORD LYTTELTON.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

I. UNCERTAINTY. To Mr. POPE.

II. HOPE. To the Hon. GEORGE DODDINGTON.

III. JEALOUSY. To EDWARD WALPOLE, Eſq;

IV. POSSESSION. To the Right Hon. the Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I. To Mr. POPE.

POPE, to whoſe reed beneath the beachen ſhade,
The Nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy Muſe, content with humbler praiſe,
Warbled in Windſor's grove her ſylvan lays;
Though now, ſublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs ſhe ſing:
Wilt thou with me reviſit once again
The cryſtal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verſe relate
The various changes of a lover's ſtate;
And, while each turn of paſſion I purſue,
Aſk thy own heart if what I tell be true?

To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he flung'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
A while in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
" Ye nymphs, he cried, ye Dryads, who so long
" Have favor'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
" For whom, retir'd, I from the gay resorts
" Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
" In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
" To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
" Though wild Ambition, and destructive Rage,
" No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
" Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
" Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
" Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
" Too often violates your boasted rest;
" With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
" And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
" Ah luckless day! when first with fond surprize
" On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
" Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
" Then reason, liberty, at once were lost:

" And

" And every wiſh, and thought, and care, was gone,
" But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
" Then too ſhe ſmil'd: can ſmiles our peace deſtroy,
" Thoſe lovely children of Content and Joy?
" How can ſoft pleaſure and tormenting woe
" From the ſame ſpring at the ſame moment flow?
" Unhappy boy! theſe vain enquiries ceaſe,
" Thought could not guard, nor will reſtore, thy peace:
" Indulge the frenzy that thou muſt endure,
" And ſooth the pain thou know'ſt not how to cure,
" Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
" How kind ſhe was, and with what pleaſing art
" She ſtrove its fondeſt wiſhes to obtain,
" Confirm her power, and faſter bind my chain.
" If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band;
" To me alone ſhe gave her willing hand:
" Her partial taſte, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
" Still in my ſong found ſomething to admire.
" By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
" By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
" The world that Damon was her choice believ'd,
" The world, alas! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
" When laſt I ſaw her, and declar'd my fire
" In words as ſoft as paſſion could inſpire,
" Coldly ſhe heard, and full of ſcorn withdrew,
" Without one pitying glance, one ſweet adieu.
" The frighted hind, who ſees his ripen'd corn
" Up from the roots by ſudden tempeſts torn,
" Whoſe faireſt hopes deſtroy'd and blaſted lie,
" Feels not ſo keen a pang of grief as I.

" Ah, how have I deſerv'd, inhuman maid,
" To have my faithful ſervice thus repaid?
" Were all the marks of kindneſs I receiv'd,
" But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
" Or did you only nurſe my growing love,
" That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
" Sure guilty treachery no place could find
" In ſuch a gentle, ſuch a generous mind:
" A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
" Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts ſo young:
" No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
" Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
" 'Twas only modeſty that ſeem'd diſdain,
" And her heart ſuffer'd when ſhe gave me pain."
Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-ſick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more chearful he return'd,
When now the ſetting ſun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours roſe along the mazy rills,
And light's laſt bluſhes ting'd the diſtant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

To Mr. DODDINGTON.

[Afterwards LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.]

HEAR, Doddington, the notes that ſhepherds ſing,
Like thoſe that warbling hail the genial ſpring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artleſs reeds:
From Love alone their melody proceeds.

From

From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild ſweetneſs of his Doric ſtrains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inſpiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and ſoften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My ruſtic pipe in pleaſing concert join *.

Damon no longer ſought the ſilent ſhade,
No more in unfrequented paths he ſtray'd,
But call'd the ſwains to hear his jocund ſong,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.

" Bleſt be the hour, he ſaid, that happy hour,
" When firſt I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
" Then gloomy diſcontent and pining care
" Forſook my breaſt, and left ſoft wiſhes there;
" Soft wiſhes there they left, and gay deſires,
" Delightful languors, and tranſporting fires.
" Where yonder limes combine to form a ſhade,
" Theſe eyes firſt gaz'd upon the charming maid;
" There ſhe appear'd, on that auſpicious day,
" When ſwains their ſportives rites to Bacchus pay:
" She led the dance—heavens! with what grace ſhe
" mov'd!
" Who could have ſeen her then, and not have lov'd?
" I ſtrove not to reſiſt ſo ſweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name;
" Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their ſavage liberty.

* Mr. Doddington had written ſome very pretty love-verſes, which have never been publiſhed. LYTTELT.

" And art thou then, fond youth, ſecure of joy?
" Can no reverſe thy flattering bliſs deſtroy?
" Has treacherous Love no torment yet in ſtore?
" Or haſt thou never prov'd his fatal power?
" Whence flow'd thoſe tears that late bedew'd thy
" cheek?
" Why ſigh'd thy heart as if it ſtrove to break?
" Why were the deſert rocks invok'd to hear
" The plaintive accent of thy ſad deſpair?
" From Delia's rigour all thoſe pains aroſe,
" Delia, who now compaſſionates my woes,
" Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
" Has peace and tranſport to my ſoul reſtor'd.
" Begin, my pipe, begin the gladſome lay;
" A kiſs from Delia ſhall thy muſic pay;
" A kiſs obtain'd 'twixt ſtruggling and conſent,
" Given with forc'd anger, and diſguis'd content.
" No laureat wreaths I aſk, to bind my brows,
" Such as the Muſe on lofty Bards beſtows:
" Let other ſwains to praiſe or fame aſpire;
" I from her lips my recompence require.
" Why ſtays my Delia in her ſecret bower?
" Light gales have chac'd the late impending ſhower;
" Th' emerging ſun more bright his beams extends;
" Oppoſ'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
" Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay;
" The birds renew their ſongs on every ſpray!
" Come forth, my love, thy ſhepherd's joys to crown:
" All nature ſmiles.—Will only Delia frown?

" Hark

" Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
" While every flower of every ſweet they drain:
" See, how beneath yon hillock's ſhady ſteep,
" The ſhelter'd herds on flowery couches ſleep:
" Nor bees, nor herds, are half ſo bleſt as I,
" If with my fond deſires my love comply;
" From Delia's lips a ſweeter honey flows,
" And on her boſom dwells more ſoft repoſe.
" Ah how, my dear, ſhall I deſerve thy charms?
" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
" A bird for thee in ſilken bands I hold,
" Whoſe yellow plumage ſhines like poliſh'd gold;
" From diſtant iſles the lovely ſtranger came,
" And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
" In all our woods none boaſts ſo ſweet a note,
" Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
" Accept of this; and could I add beſide
" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
" If all the gems in Eaſtern rocks were mine,
" On thee alone their glittering pride ſhould ſhine.
" But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
" Phœbus himſelf ſhall leave th' Aonian grove;
" The tuneful Nine, who never ſue in vain,
" Shall come ſweet ſuppliants for their favourite ſwain.
" For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
" For him each green-hair'd ſiſter of the wood,
" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
" His muſic calls to dance the night away.
" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
" With whom ſhe joys the cowſlip meads to rove,

" I beg

" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
" And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
" Shade all my faults from her enquiring sight,
" And shew my merits in the fairest light;
" My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
" And every friend shall claim a different lay.
" But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
" Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
" Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
" Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet—
" O, may I find her as we parted last,
" And may each future hour be like the past!
" So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
" Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

To Mr. EDWARD WALPOLE.

THE gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear:
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle Love the sweetest joys we find;
Yet ev'n those joys dire Jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
And wilfully take thy happiness on trust.

Begin

Begin, my Muſe, and Damon's woes rehearſe,
In wildeſt numbers and diſorder'd verſe.
On a romantic mountain's airy head
(While browzing goats at eaſe around him fed)
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares oppreſt;
Diſtruſt and anger labouring in his breaſt —
The vale beneath a pleaſing proſpect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through theſe a river rolls its winding flood;
Adorn'd with various tufts of riſing wood;
Here half conceal'd in trees a cottage ſtands,
A caſtle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering ſpires is crown'd,
And diſtant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the ſcene, a while the ſwain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain;
But ſoon the ſtrings infix'd within his heart
With cruel force renew'd their raging ſmart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
"Like theſe neglected roſes, droop and fade!
"May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
"That triumphs now in that deluding face!
"Thoſe alter'd looks may every ſhepherd fly,
"And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worſe than I!
"Say, thou inconſtant, what has Damon done,
"To loſe the heart his tedious pains had won?
"Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
"Againſt whoſe power no ties have ſtrength to bind?

"Has

" Has he, like me, with long obedience ſtrove
" To conquer your diſdain, and merit love?
" Has he with tranſport every ſmile ador'd,
" And died with grief at each ungentle word?
" Ah, no! the conqueſt was obtain'd with eaſe;
" He pleas'd you, by not ſtudying to pleaſe:
" His careleſs indolence your pride alarm'd;
" And, had he lov'd you more, he leſs had charm'd.
" O pain to think! another ſhall poſſeſs
" Thoſe balmy lips which I was wont to preſs:
" Another on her panting breaſt ſhall lie,
" And catch ſweet madneſs from her ſwimming eye!
" I ſaw their friendly flocks together feed,
" I ſaw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
" Would my cloſ'd eye had ſunk in endleſs night,
" Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful ſight!
" Where-e'er they paſs'd, be blaſted every flower,
" And hungry wolves their helpleſs flocks devour!
" Ah wretched ſwain, could no examples move
" Thy heedleſs heart to ſhun the rage of love?
" Haſt thou not heard how poor * Menalcas died
" A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
" Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
" Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd, in vain:
" Around his tomb their tears the Muſes paid;
" And all things mourn'd, but the relentleſs maid.
" Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
" Theſe torments in the quiet grave would ceaſe;

" There

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

"There my vex'd thoughts a calm repoſe would find,
"And reſt, as if my Delia ſtill were kind.
"No, let me live, her falſehood to upbraid:
"Some gods perhaps my juſt revenge will aid. —
"Alas! what aid, fond ſwain, wouldſt thou receive?
"Could thy heart bear to ſee its Delia grieve?
"Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
"The ſlighteſt part of hapleſs Damon's woe:
"I aſk no vengeance from the powers above;
"All I implore is never more to love. —
"Let me this fondneſs from my boſom tear,
"Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
"Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breaſt;
"Wearied, at length, I ſeek thy downy reſt:
"No turbulence of paſſion ſhall deſtroy
"My future eaſe with flattering hopes of joy.
"Hear, mighty Pan, and, all ye ſylvans, hear
"What by your guardian deities I ſwear;
"No more my eyes ſhall view her fatal charms,
"No more I'll court the traitreſs to my arms;
"Not all her arts my ſteady ſoul ſhall move,
"And ſhe ſhall find that reaſon conquers love!" —
Scarce had he ſpoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he ſaw the beauteous Delia go;
At once tranſported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the ſteep hills with ardent haſte he flew;
He found her kind, and ſoon believ'd her true.

POS-

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whoſe guiding judgment gives me ſkill to ſing
Though far unequal to thoſe poliſh'd ſtrains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the liſtening plains
Yet ſhall its muſic pleaſe thy partial ear,
And ſooth thy breaſt with thoughts that once were dear.
Recal thoſe years which time has thrown behind,
When ſmiling Love with Honour ſhar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of proſperous fight
Delighted leſs than one ſucceſsful night.
The ſweet remembrance ſhall thy youth reſtore,
Fancy again ſhall run paſt pleaſures o'er;
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you ſtray,
This theme may help to cheat the ſummer's day.

Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a ruſtic altar ſtood,
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league, to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy ſhade,
The gentle Virtues and mild Wiſdom play'd.
Nor there, in ſprightly Pleaſure's genial train,
Lurk'd ſick Diſguſt, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Intereſt, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love conſenting tied the bliſsful bands,

Thithe

Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bleſs'd his faithful flame;
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
" Hail, bounteous god! before whoſe hallow'd ſhrine
" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
" While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
" Sweet virgin modeſty reluctant ſtrove!
" And hail to thee, fair queen of young deſires!
" Long ſhall my heart preſerve thy pleaſing fires,
" Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
" As fondly languiſh, and as fiercely burn.
" O the dear bloom of laſt propitious night!
" O ſhade more charming than the faireſt light!
" Then in my arms I claſp'd the melting maid,
" Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
" Then firſt the ſweet exceſs of bliſs I prov'd,
" Which none can taſte but who like me have lov'd.
" Thou too, bright goddeſs, once, in Ida's grove,
" Didſt not diſdain to meet a ſhepherd's love;
" With him, while friſking lambs around you play'd,
" Conceal'd you ſported in the ſecret ſhade:
" Scarce could Anchiſes' raptures equal mine,
" And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
" What are ye now, my once moſt valued joys?
" Inſipid trifles all, and childiſh toys—
" Friendſhip itſelf ne'er knew a charm like this,
" Nor Colin's talk could pleaſe like Delia's kiſs.
" Ye Muſes, ſkill'd in every winning art,
" Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;

" Ye

" Ye nymphs, to her your freſheſt roſes bring,
" And crown her with the pride of all the ſpring
" On all her days let health and peace attend;
" May ſhe ne'er want, nor ever loſe, a friend!
" May ſome new pleaſure every hour employ:
" But let her Damon be her higheſt joy!
" With thee, my love, for ever will I ſtay,
" All night careſs thee, and admire all day;
" In the ſame field our mingled flocks we 'll feed
" To the ſame ſpring our thirſty heifers lead,
" Together will we ſhare the harveſt toils,
" Together preſs the vine's autumnal ſpoils.
" Delightful ſtate, where Peace and Love combin
" To bid our tranquil days unclouded ſhine!
" Here limpid fountains roll through flowery mea
" Here riſing foreſts lift their verdant heads;
" Here let me wear my careleſs life away,
" And in thy arms inſenſibly decay.
" When late old age our heads ſhall ſilver o'er,
" And our ſlow pulſes dance with joy no more;
" When Time no longer will thy beauties ſpare,
" And only Damon's eye ſhall think thee fair;
" Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
" At one ſoft ſtroke, deprive us both of breath!
" May we beneath one common ſtone be laid,
" And the ſame cypreſs both our aſhes ſhade!
" Perhaps ſome friendly Muſe, in tender verſe,
" Shall deign our faithful paſſion to rehearſe,
" And future ages, with juſt envy mov'd,
" Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

SOLILOQUY OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

Written at EATON SCHOOL.

'TWAS night; and Flavia to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and ſober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, penſive, and alone,
She meditates on the forſaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She ſigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents ſaid:
" Ah, what avails it to be young and fair;
" To move with negligence, to dreſs with care?
" What worth have all the charms our pride can boaſt,
" If all in envious ſolitude are loſt?
" Where none admire, 'tis uſeleſs to excell;
" Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle:
" Beauty, like wit, to judges ſhould be ſhown;
" Both moſt are valued, where they beſt are known.
" With every grace of nature or of art,
" We cannot break one ſtubborn country heart:
" The brutes, inſenſible, our power defy:
" To love, exceeds a 'ſquire's capacity.
" The town, the court, is Beauty's proper ſphere;
" That is our Heaven, and we are angels there:
" In that gay circle thouſand Cupids rove,
" The court of Britain is the court of Love.
" How has my conſcious heart with triumph glow'd,
" How have my ſparkling eyes their tranſport ſhew'd,

" At each diſtinguiſh'd birth-right ball, to ſee
" The homage, due to Empire, paid to me!
" When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
" And dreaded mine more than the Monarch's frown;
" When rival ſtateſmen for my favour ſtrove,
" Loſt ſeaſons in their power than in their love.
" Chang'd is the ſcene; and all my glories die,
" Like flowers tranſplanted to a colder ſky:
" Loſt is the dear delight of giving pain,
" The tyrant joy of hearing ſlaves complain.
" In ſtupid indolence my life is ſpent,
" Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
" Unleſs I wear my uſeleſs time away;
" Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all
" day;
" Go at ſet hours to dinner and to prayer
" (For dulneſs ever muſt be regular.)
" Now with mamma at tedious whiſt I play;
" Now without ſcandal drink inſipid tea;
" Or in the garden breathe the country air,
" Secure from meeting any tempter there;
" From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
" And am (alas!) at leiſure to improve! —
" Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?
" Were eyes ſo radiant only made to read?
" Theſe fingers, at whoſe touch even age would glow,
" Are they of uſe for nothing but to ſew?
" Sure erring Nature never could deſign
" To form a houſewife in a mould like mine!

O Venus,

"O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
"Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
"Let me reviſit the dear town again:
"Let me be ſeen!—could I that wiſh obtain,
"All other wiſhes my own power would gain."

BLENHEIM.

Written at the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD, In the Year 1727.

PARENT of arts, whoſe ſkilful hand firſt taught
The towering pile to riſe, and form'd the plan
With fair proportion; architect divine,
Minerva; thee to my adventurous lyre
Aſſiſtant I invoke, that means to ſing
Blenheim, proud monument of Britiſh fame,
Thy glorious work! for thou the lofty towers
Didſt to his virtue raiſe, whom oft thy ſhield
In peril guarded, and thy wiſdom ſteer'd
Through all the ſtorms of war.—Thee too I call,
Thalia, ſylvan Muſe, who lov'ſt to rove
Along the ſhady paths and verdant bowers
Of Woodſtock's happy grove: there tuning ſweet
Thy rural pipe, while all the Dryad train
Attentive liſten; let thy warbling ſong
Paint with melodious praiſe the pleaſing ſcene,
And equal theſe to Pindus' honor'd ſhades.
When Europe freed, confeſs'd the ſaving power
Of Malborough's hand; Britain, who ſent him forth

[illegible] of Confederate [illegible], to fight the cause
Of Liberty and Justice, grateful [illegible]
This [illegible], [illegible] to her leader's fame:
A [illegible] of [illegible]; with spoils adorn'd
Of conquer'd towns, and glorying in the name
Of that auspicious field, where Churchill's sword
[illegible] the night of Gallia, and chastis'd
[illegible] Bavar.—Majestic in its strength,
Stands the proud dome, and speaks its great design.
Hail, happy chief, whose valour could deserve
Reward so glorious! grateful nation, hail,
Who paid'st his service with so rich a meed!
Which most shall I admire, which worthiest praise,
The hero or the people? Honour doubts,
And weighs their virtues in an equal scale.
Not thus Germania pays th' uncancel'd debt
Of Gratitude to us.—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
When thou behold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
A monument of shame! Canst thou forget
Whence they are nam'd, and what an English arm
Did for thy throne that day? But we disdain
Or to upbraid or imitate thy guilt.
Still thy obdurate heart against the sense
Of obligation infinite; and know,
Britain, like Heaven, protects a thankless world
For her own glory, nor expects reward.
Pleas'd with the noble theme, her task the Muse
Pursues untir'd, and through the palace roves
With ever new delight. The tapestry rich
With gold, and gay with all the beauteous paint

Of

Of various-colour'd ſilks, diſpos'd with ſkill,
Attracts her curious eye. Here Iſter rolls
His purple wave; and there the Granick flood
With paſſing ſquadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
Flies from the ſword of Britain; there to Greece
Effeminate Perſia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
Marlborough and Alexander vie for fame
With glorious competition; equal both
In valour and in fortune: but their praiſe
Be different, for with different views they fought;
This to *ſubdue*, and that to *free* mankind.
Now, through the ſtately portals iſſuing forth,
The Muſe to ſofter glories turns, and ſeeks
The woodland ſhade, delighted. Not the vale
Of Tempe fam'd in ſong, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boaſts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderneſs once ſtood
The bower of Roſamonda, hapleſs fair,
Sacred to Grief and Love; the cryſtal fount
In which ſhe us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd ſhe ſits
Beſide its flowery brink, and views thoſe charms
Which only Roſamond could once excell.
But ſee where, flowing with a nobler ſtream,
A limpid lake of pureſt waters rolls
Beneath the wide-ſtretch'd arch, ſtupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His ſpacious urn! Silent a while and ſmooth
The current glides, *till* with an headlong force

[illegible] down the deep it falls
[illegible] the silver-parkling foam
[illegible] in the lancing ray.
[illegible] repos'd the mighty soul
[illegible] from the [illegible] of war and state,
[illegible] and the tranquil joy
[illegible] while Blenheim's dome
[illegible] in his mind renew'd
[illegible] of his fame, and [illegible] his thoughts
[illegible] of his glorious deeds.
So, by the [illegible] of [illegible] home recall'd,
[illegible], while he wag'd successful war
[illegible] the pride of Asia, and the power
[illegible], whose aspiring mind
[illegible] could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
[illegible] retirement past
[illegible] of his life.—But not alone,
[illegible] of honourable ease,
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent Heaven
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd:
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Adding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.

The

Thee, Churchill, firſt the ruthleſs hand of death
Tore from thy conſort's ſide, and call'd thee hence
To the ſublimer ſeats of joy and love;
Where fate again ſhall join her ſoul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praiſe, and ſooths her woe
With pious honours to thy ſacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly ſtands
Thy image, like a guardian god, ſublime,
And awes the ſubject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles ſpread their wings; his hand
Graſps Victory, its ſlave. Such was thy brow
Majeſtic, ſuch thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube ſought
A refuge from thy ſword.—There, where the field
Was deepeſt ſtain'd with gore, on Hochſtet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the Imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beſeeming ill
A regal breaſt, has level'd to the ground:
Mean inſult! This, with better auſpices,
Shall ſtand on Britiſh earth, to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid
His ſervices. Nor ſhall the conſtant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be loſt
In dark oblivion: that ſhall be the theme
Of future Bards in ages yet unborn,
Inſpir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in theſe groves

Fir'd tun's the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb, to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of heaven, enthron'd
Among the deral-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That, fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

T

To the Reverend Dr. AYSCOUGH, at OXFORD.

Written from Paris in the Year 1728.

SAY, deareſt friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleaſing ſtudy cheats the tedious day?
Doſt thou the ſacred volumes oft explore
Of wiſe Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and poliſhes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleaſes only to corrupt the heart;
Whoſe curſt refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to ſcorn!
Doſt thou in ſage hiſtorians joy to ſee
How Roman greatneſs roſe with liberty;
How the ſame hands that tyrants durſt control
Their empire ſtretch'd from Atlas to the Pole;
Till wealth and conqueſt into ſlaves refin'd
The proud luxurious maſters of mankind?
Doſt thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inſpire;
Yet in her troubled ſtate ſee all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption ſold,
Or weakly careleſs, or too raſhly bold,
She ſunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The ſlave and tutoreſs of protecting Rome?

Does

Does calm Philoſophy her aid impart,
To guide the paſſions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, haſt thou learnt the end
To which alone the wiſe their ſtudies bend;
For which alone by nature were deſign'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloyſter'd drone, to read and doſe,
In undeſerving, undeſerv'd, repoſe;
But Reaſon's influence to diffuſe; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Diſpel the miſts of error, and unbind
Thoſe pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leiſure can employ!
He knows the pureſt hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vext with pangs that buſier boſoms tear,
Nor loſt to ſocial virtue's pleaſing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to ſuſtain
Thoſe who ſtill float on the tempeſtuous main.
So Locke the days of ſtudious quiet ſpent;
So Boyle in wiſdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous ſlave of Louis and of Rome.
Good * Wor'ſter thus ſupports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's ſide,
Her boldeſt champion then, and now her mildeſt guide!

O gene-

* Bp. Hough.

TO DR. AYSCOUGH.

O generous warmth! O ſanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor inſult the crown;
Nor, baſely ſervile, court the guilty great,
Nor raiſe the church a rival to the ſtate:
To error mild, to vice alone ſevere,
Seek not to ſpread the *law of love* by fear.
The prieſt who plagues the world can never mee
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reaſon and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and ſuit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worſt foe to truth;
By foreign arts domeſtic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The uſeful ſcience of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants ſhow.
A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom nobleſt ſentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by cuſtom's force and bigot fear,
To ſerve with pride, and boaſt the yoke they bea
Whoſe nobles, born to cringe and to command,
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band,)
From each low tool of power, content receive
Thoſe laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whoſe people (vain in want, in bondage bleſt;

With happy follies riſe above their fate,
The jeſt and envy of each wiſer ſtate.
Yet here the Muſes deign'd a while to ſport
In the ſhort ſun-ſhine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, ſtrong in ſenſe, and ſharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ;
Permiſſion gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incenſe to his maſter's fame.
Here Moliere, firſt of comic wits, excell'd
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, ſatire ſkill'd to pleaſe,
With morals mirth uniting, ſtrength with eaſe.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inſpire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakeſpeare's force and fire!
Now ſweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The ſoften'd heart to pity and to love.
With mingled pain and pleaſure, I ſurvey
The pompous works of arbitrary ſway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the ſubjects' ſtore,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppreſt and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter ſtate,
And painted triumphs ſtyle Ambition GREAT *.
With more delight thoſe pleaſing ſhades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew †;
Where, ſick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath

* The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Verſailles.
† Chantilly.

Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great ſcene in quiet virtue cloſ'd.
With ſhame that other fam'd retreat I ſee,
Adorn'd by art, diſgrac'd by luxury *:
Where Orleans waſted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feveriſh debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With theſe amuſements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and inſtructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wiſh recals my mind
From preſent joys to dearer left behind!
O native iſle, fair Freedom's happieſt ſeat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulſes beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my ſoul returns.
When ſhall I ſee thy fields, whoſe plenteous grain
No power can raviſh from th' induſtrious ſwain?
When kiſs, with pious love, the ſacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Ruſſel birth?
When, in the ſhade of laws, that long have ſtood,
Propt by their care, or ſtrengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearleſs independence wiſely vain,
The proudeſt ſlave of Bourbon's race diſdain?
Yet, oh! what doubt, what ſad preſaging voice,
Whiſpers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every ſtate around,
From ſultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their loſt rights, their ruin'd glories, ſee;
And tells me, Theſe, like England, once were free!

TO

* St. Cloud.

TO MR. POYNTZ.

Ambaſſador at the Congreſs of Soissons, in 1728.

Written at Paris.

O THOU, whoſe friendſhip is my joy and pride,
Whoſe virtues warm me, and whoſe precepts guide;
Thou to whom greatneſs, rightly underſtood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidſt the toil of anxious ſtate,
Does not thy ſecret ſoul deſire retreat?
Doſt thou not wiſh (the taſk of glory done)
Thy buſy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philoſophy reſign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Juſt is the wiſh. For ſure the happieſt meed,
To favour'd man by ſmiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at eaſe on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praiſe, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous paſſion fir'd,
On flowery couches ſlumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;

Who

'Who fears bright Glory's awful face to ſee,
And ſhuns renown as much as infamy.
But bleſt is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leiſure public virtue bears;
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repoſe with trophies Labour won,
Him Honour follows to the ſecret ſhade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muſes ſtring,
For him in lays unbought ſpontaneous ſing;
Friendſhip and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with ſtate;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels riſe.
So when thy country ſhall no more demand
The needful aid of thy ſuſtaining hand;
When peace reſtor'd ſhall, on her downy wing,
Secure repoſe and careleſs leiſure bring;
Then, to the ſhades of learned eaſe retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou ſhalt poſſeſs
Contemplative and quiet happineſs:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour ſpent,
And painful merit paid with ſweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with ſorrow roll,
Though wiſdom calm, and ſcience feed thy ſoul,
One dearer bliſs remains to be poſſeſt,
That only can improve and crown the reſt.—
Permit thy friend this ſecret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;

The

The point to which our fweeteſt paſſions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that ſmooths the troubled breaſt,
Friend of our health, and author of our reſt:
Bids every gloomy wayward paſſion fly,
And tunes each jarring ſtring to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inſpires
More pleaſing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my rapture'd fancy glows,
And every tender verſe more ſweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can beſt defend them from conſuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful theſe, yet theſe but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can never warm.
May ſome fair eyes, my friend, thy boſom fire
With pleaſing pangs of ever-gay deſire;
And teach thee that ſoft ſcience, which alone
Still to thy ſearching mind reſts ſlightly known!
Thy ſoul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendſhip ſenſible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canſt not arm thy breaſt
Againſt the entrance of ſo ſweet a gueſt.
Hear what th' inſpiring Muſes bid me tell,
For Heaven ſhall ratify what they reveal:
" A choſen bride ſhall in thy arms be plac'd,
" With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,

" Whoſe

" Whoſe wit and virtue ſhall thy own expreſs,
" Diſtinguiſh'd only by their ſofter dreſs:
" Thy greatneſs ſhe, or thy retreat, ſhall ſhare;
" Sweeten tranquillity, or ſoften care;
" Her ſmiles the taſte of every joy ſhall raiſe,
" And add new pleaſure to renown and praiſe;
" Till charm'd you own the truth my verſe would
" prove,
" That happineſs is near allied to love."

VERSES to be written under a PICTURE of Mr. POYNTZ.

SUCH is thy form, O Poyntz, but who ſhall find,
A hand, or colours, to expreſs thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a falſe world that dares to be ſincere;
Wiſe without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though ſedate;
With all the richeſt ſtores of learning fraught,
Yet better ſtill by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the diſtreſt to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune ſued, ne'er ſought to know
What ſect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Deſpiſes calumny, and ſhuns applauſe;
That, to its own perfections ſingly blind,
Would for another think this praiſe deſign'd.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

IMMORTAL bard! for whom each Muſe has wove
The faireſt garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preſerv'd our drooping genius to reſtore,
When Addiſon and Congreve are no more;
After ſo many ſtars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's laſt remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verſe is writ,
Inſpir'd by memory of antient wit;
For now no more theſe climes their influence boaſt,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue loſt;
From tyrants, and from prieſts, the Muſes fly,
Daughters of Reaſon and of Liberty!
Nor Baïæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breaſt the Roman fire.
So in the ſhades, where, chear'd with ſummer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled ſprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauſpicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful ſilence ſaddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whoſe alter'd ſtate
Has felt the worſt ſeverity of fate:

Not

Not that barbarian hands her faſces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities deſart, and her fields unſown;
But that her ancient ſpirit is decay'd,
That ſacred wiſdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the ſource of ſcience flows no more,
Whence its rich ſtreams ſupplied the world before.
Illuſtrious names! that once in Latium ſhin'd,
Born to inſtruct, and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whoſe virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who thoſe chiefs ſublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your aſhes viſit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiſs, with lips devout, ſome mouldering ſtone,
With ivy's venerable ſhade o'ergrown;
Thoſe horrid ruins better pleas'd to ſee
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb freſh flowers I ſtrow'd,
While with th' inſpiring Muſe my boſom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my raviſh'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form ariſe:
"Stranger, he ſaid, whoſe pious hand has paid
"Theſe grateful rites to my attentive ſhade,
"When thou ſhalt breathe thy happy native air,
"To Pope this meſſage from his maſter bear:
"Great bard, whoſe numbers I myſelf inſpire,
"To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
"If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
"Near me and Homer thou aſpire to ſit,

"No more let meaner satire dim the rays
"That thou majestic from thy nobler lays;
"In all the flowery paths of Pindus strays.
"But thou that thorny, that unpleasing way;
"Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
"Address the least attractive of the Nine.
"Of those more worthy were the task, to raise
"A lasting column to thy country's praise;
"To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
"That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
"Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
"And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
"Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
"Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
"Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
"With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
"Dauntless oppolers of tyrannic sway,
"But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
"If these commands submissive thou receive,
"Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
"Envy to black Cocytus shall retire;
"And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;
"Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
"And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO

TO

LORD HERVEY.

In the Year 1730. From Worceſterſhire.

" Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
" Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic eſt;
" Eſt ulubris, animus ſi te non deficit æquus." Hor.

FAVOURITE of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to ſhine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long abſent and forgotten friend;
Who, after ſeas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native ſhore,
From all that 's gay retir'd, and all that 's great,
Beneath the ſhades of his paternal ſeat,
Has found that happineſs he ſought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's ſtyle;
At ſoft Italian ſounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle ſtray;
That lulls the tumults of the ſoul to reſt,
Or makes the fond poſſeſſor truly bleſt.
In our own breaſts the ſource of pleaſure lies,
Still open, and ſtill flowing to the wiſe;
Not forc'd by toilſome art and wild deſire
Beyond the bounds of nature to aſpire,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] die, and hence their [illegible]

[illegible], which we our minds,
[illegible] the [illegible], and wave the raging winds;
[illegible] to seek Content we roam,
[illegible] were ours at home.
[illegible] change of fruitful place
[illegible] fortified grief scale,
[illegible] the purer balm of foreign air
[illegible] the jarred mind of aking care.
[illegible], by wild impatience driven to rove,
[illegible] love,
[illegible] Pole the fatal arrow bears,
[illegible] point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And finds himself that torment which he flies.
Can these thoughts, which from our passions flow,
[illegible] by Afric's heat, or Ruffia's snow?
Can these or aught but powerful reason cure
The fear to our unthinking folly we endure?
Reason! Heav'n and Her alone, who knows
How to controul, by discord to compose;
Can wisely love self, others good, to find
[illegible] of the social mind;
[illegible] in their proper sphere;
[illegible] and conquer anxious fear:

The

This was the wiſdom ancient ſages taught,
This was the ſovereign good they juſtly ſought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.

Nor think, my Lord, that courts to you deny
The uſeful practice of philoſophy:
Horace, the wiſeſt of the tuneful choir,
Not always choſe from greatneſs to retire;
But, in the palace of Auguſtus, knew
The ſame unerring maxims to purſue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian ſhade,
His ſtudy and his happineſs he made.

May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy ſcene with ſober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly ſee,
And in the midſt of flaviſh forms be free;
In its own centre keep your ſteady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In ſhow, in manners, act the courtier's part;
But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY. 1731.

THE counſels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to pleaſe a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women ſeldom learn from men.

Nor think I praiſe you ill, when thus I ſhow
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit 's mine, to dare to be ſincere;
But greater yours, ſincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your ſex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends purſue;
Lovers and Miniſters are ſeldom true.
Hence oft from Reaſon heedleſs Beauty ſtrays,
And the moſt truſted guide the moſt betrays:
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When moſt ye tyrannize, you're moſt abus'd.
What is your ſex's earlieſt, lateſt care,
Your heart's ſupreme ambition? —To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dreſs, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to ſchool,
And each inſtructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to diſgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to poſſeſs
An elegance of mind as well as dreſs;
Be that your ornament, and know to pleaſe
By graceful Nature's unaffected eaſe.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wiſely reſt content with modeſt ſenſe;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too ſtrong for feeble woman to ſuſtain:

Of

Of thoſe who claim it more than half have none;
And half of thoſe who have it are undone.
Be ſtill ſuperior to your ſex's arts,
Nor think diſhoneſty a proof of parts:
For you, the plaineſt is the wiſeſt rule;
A *cunning woman* is a *knaviſh fool.*
Be good yourſelf, nor think another's ſhame
Can raiſe your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as ſtateſmen in diſgrace
At miniſters, becauſe they wiſh their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, ſerene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and ſtorm,
'Tis uglineſs in its moſt frightful form.
Fiercely it ſtands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monſters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's nobleſt ſtation is retreat:
Her faireſt virtues fly from public ſight,
Domeſtic worth, that ſhuns too ſtrong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's taſk reſign:
'Tis ours in ſenates or in courts to ſhine,
To labour for a ſunk corrupted ſtate,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breaſts ſhould move,
Th' important buſineſs of your life is love;
To this great point direct your conſtant aim,
This makes your happineſs, and this your fame.
Be never cool reſerve with paſſion join'd;
With caution chuſe; but then be fondly kind.

The

The ſelfiſh heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful heaven;
Here ſweet extremes alone can truly bleſs:
The virtue of a lover is exceſs.
A maid unaſk'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *firſt*, but loving *wrong*, is ſhame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conqueſt juſtifies diſdain.
Short is the period of inſulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will reſume the empire which he gave,
And ſoon the tyrant ſhall become the ſlave.
Bleſt is the maid, and worthy to be bleſt,
Whoſe ſoul, entire by him ſhe loves poſſeſt,
Feels every vanity in fondneſs loſt,
And aſks no power but that of pleaſing moſt:
Hers is the bliſs, in juſt return, to prove
The honeſt warmth of undiſſembled love;
For her, inconſtant man might ceaſe to range,
And gratitude forbid deſire to change.
But, leſt harſh care the lover's peace deſtroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reaſon teach what Paſſion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence ſhould be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliſs be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they ſtain;

An

And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
Does but increaſe the anguiſh of their grief:
While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care.

Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than ſell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you deſpiſe or hate,
For the vain glare of uſeleſs wealth or ſtate.
The moſt abandon'd proſtitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the ſpecious name of *wife*;
A maid ſo wedded is *a whore for life*.

Ev'n in the happieſt choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and eaſy fortune given,
Think not, the Huſband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happineſs muſt ſtill be won:
And oft, the careleſs find it to their coſt,
The *lover* in the *huſband* may be loſt;
The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure*;
They and the Virtues *meeting* muſt *ſecure*.

Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleaſing dreſs
Of care for *him*, and anxious *tenderneſs*.
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domeſtic duty ſeem to flow.
The *houſhold ſceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *ſervant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *miſtreſs* ſtill ſhall charm him in the *wife*;
And wrinkled age ſhall unobſerv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone;

Ev'n

Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-ſacred urn,
His conſtant flame ſhall unextinguiſh'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The taſk were harder, to ſecure my own
Againſt the power of thoſe already known:
For well you twiſt the ſecret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every ſoft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleaſing, which to you I give.

SONG.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thouſand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other wit but hers approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

III.

If ſhe ſome other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondeſt friend,
His inſtant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The cleareſt ſpring, or ſhadieſt grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

V.

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets ſhe ſpread for every ſwain,
I ſtrove to hate, but vainly ſtrove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

THE heavy hours are almoſt paſt
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at laſt
Their only wiſh to ſee.

II.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've loſt ſo long?
Will love in all your pulſes beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

III.

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is ſtill the ſame;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in abſence frame?

IV.

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the ſcene,
When ſhortly we ſhall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

V.

But, if the dreams that ſoothe my mind
Shall falſe and groundleſs prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

VI.

All I of Venus aſk, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliſs,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

In Imitation of Horace and Lydia.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove;
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd;

You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The ſecret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confeſs,
But let me wiſh it had been leſs;
Too well the Lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the diſguiſe.

DAMON.

Ah! ceaſe thus idly to moleſt
With groundleſs fears thy virgin breaſt.
While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth diſtruſt,
My fooliſh heart believes you juſt:
Reaſon this faith may diſapprove;
But I believe, becauſe I love.

ODE,

ODE,

In Imitation of PASTOR FIDO.

("O primavera gioventu del anno.")

Written Abroad in 1729.

I.

PARENT of blooming flowers and gay desires,
Youth of the tender year, delightful Spring,
At whose approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
The amorous Nightingale and Poet sing!

II.

Again dost thou return, but not with thee
Return the smiling hours I once possest;
Blessings thou bring'st to others, but to me
The sad remembrance that I once was blest.

III.

Thy faded charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
Renew'd in all their former lustre shine;
But, ah! no more shall hapless I be gay,
Or know the vernal joys that have been mine.

IV.

Though linnets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
Though on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear;
Harsh is the music, joyless is the scene,
The odour faint: for Delia is not there.

V.

Cheerleſs and cold I feel the genial ſun,
From thee while abſent I in exile rove;
Thy lovely preſence, faireſt light, alone
Can warm my heart to gladneſs and to love.

PARTS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

Tranſlated, 1729-30.

("Divitias alius fulvo ſibi congerat auro.")

LET others heap of wealth a ſhining ſtore,
And, much poſſeſſing, labour ſtill for more;
Let them, diſquieted with dire alarms,
Aſpire to win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty ſhall lull to reſt,
Humbly ſecure, and indolently bleſt;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own chearful hearth,
I 'll waſte the wintery hours in ſocial mirth;
In Summer pleas'd attend to harveſt toils,
In Autumn preſs the vineyard's purple ſpoils,
And oft to Delia in my boſom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I 'll celebrate each gladſome day,
When ſwains their ſportive rites to Bacchus pay;
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how ſoothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempeſt howling near;

Or,

Or, while the wintery clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber aſſiſted by the beating ſhower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In ſearch of wealth, the black tempeſtuous waves!
While I, contented with my little ſtore,
In tedious voyage ſeek no diſtant ſhore;
But, idly lolling on ſome ſhady ſeat,
Near cooling fountains ſhun the dog-ſtar's heat:
For what reward ſo rich could Fortune give,
That I by abſence ſhould my Delia grieve?
Let Great Meſſalla ſhine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal ſpoils;
Me Beauty holds, in ſtrong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and duſty plains.
With thee, my love, to paſs my tranquil days,
How would I ſlight Ambition's painful praiſe!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my ſolitary flock!
On thy ſoft breaſt might I but lean my head,
How downy ſhould I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who ſleeps not by his fair-one's ſide,
Deteſts the gilded couch's uſeleſs pride,
Nor knows his weary, weeping eyes to cloſe,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repoſe.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours proſperous war can give;
Though through the vanquiſh'd Eaſt he ſpread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants trembled at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hoſts around him bleed,
With martial pride he preſt his foaming ſteed.

No pomps like theſe my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my cloſing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faultering hand yet ſtrive to hold!
Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathleſs clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor doſt thou think it weakneſs to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, ſpare
Thy heaving breaſts and looſe diſhevel'd hair:
Wound not thy form; left on th' Elyſian coaſt
Thy anguiſh ſhould diſturb my peaceful ghoſt.
But now nor death nor parting ſhould employ
Our ſprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joys:
We 'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all buſineſs, but delightful Love.
Old age in vain thoſe pleaſures would retrieve,
Which youth alone can taſte, alone can give;
Then let us ſnatch the moment to be bleſt,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the reſt.

SONG.

Written in the Year 1732.

I.

SAY, Myra, why is gentle Love
A ſtranger to that mind,
Which Pity and Eſteem can move;
Which can be juſt and kind?

II.

Is it, becauſe you fear to ſhare
The ills that Love moleſt;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breaſt?

III.

Alas! by ſome degree of woe
We every bliſs muſt gain:
The heart can ne'er a tranſport know,
That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

Written at Mr. POPE's Houſe at Twickenham, which he had lent to Mrs. GREVILLE.

In Auguſt, 1735.

I.

GO, Thames, and tell the buſy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery ſide:

II.

Thy flowery ſide, where Pope has plac'd
The Muſes' green retreat,
With every ſmile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

III.

But now, ſweet Bard, thy heavenly ſong
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory loſt too long
Thy once-lov'd ſhades deplore.

IV.

Yet ſtill, for beauteous Greville's ſake,
The Muſes here remain;
Greville, whoſe eyes have power to make
A Pope of every ſwain.

EPIGRAM.

NONE without hope e'er lov'd the brighteſt fair:
But Love can hope, where Reaſon would deſpair.

To Mr. WEST, at WICKHAM *.

Written in the Year 1740.

FAIR Nature's ſweet ſimplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy ſeat, my friend, I ſee,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their ſtate,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a Courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and Love.

To

* See the Inſcriptions in Mr. Weſt's Poems.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

ONCE, by the Muſe alone inſpir'd
I ſung my amorous ſtrains:
No ſerious love my boſom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to puniſh me
For having feign'd ſo well,
Has made my heart ſo fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents ſoft enough inſpire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH

HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

ALL that of Love can be expreſs'd,
In theſe ſoft numbers ſee;
But, Lucy, would you know the reſt,
It muſt be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

TO him who in an hour muſt die,
Not ſwifter ſeems that hour to fly,
Than flow the minutes ſeem to me,
Which keep me from the ſight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to ſhorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to juſtify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

I.

TO eaſe my troubled mind of anxious care,
Laſt night the ſecret caſket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my abſent fair
(His richeſt treaſure) careful Love had ſtor'd:

II.

In every word a magic ſpell I found
Of power to charm each buſy thought to reſt;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond deſire ſtill throbbing in my breaſt.

III. So

III.

So to his hoarded gold the miſer ſteals,
And loſes every ſorrow at the ſight;
Yet wiſhes ſtill for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or ſecure delight.

IV.

Ah! ſhould I loſe thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldſt thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters ſhould the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial ſhall reſign:

V.

Not one kind word ſhall in my power remain,
A painful witneſs of reproach to thee;
And left my heart ſhould ſtill their ſenſe retain,
My heart ſhall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS, IN HER TEMPLE AT STOWE.

TO THE SAME.

I.

FAIR Venus, whoſe delightful ſhrine ſurveys
Its front reflected in the ſilver lake,
Theſe humble offerings, which thy ſervant pays,
Freſh flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

II. If

II.

If leſs my love exceeds all other love,
Than Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
Far from my breaſt each ſoothing hope remove,
And there let ſad Deſpair for ever dwell.

III.

But if my ſoul is fill'd with her alone;
No other wiſh, nor other object knows,
Oh! make her, Goddeſs, make her all my own,
And give my trembling heart ſecure repoſe!

IV.

No watchful ſpies Paſs, to guard her charms,
No walls of braſs, no ſteel-defended door:
Place her but once within my circling arms,
Love's ſtrongeſt fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

On her pleading Want of Time.

I.

ON Thames's bank, a gentle youth
For Lucy ſigh'd, with matchleſs truth,
Ev'n when he ſigh'd in rhyme;
The lovely maid his flame return'd,
And would with equal warmth have burn'd,
But that ſhe had not time.

II.

Oft he repair'd with eager feet
In ſecret ſhades his fair to meet,
Beneath th' accuſtom'd lime:
She would have fondly met him there,
And heal'd with love each tender care,
But that ſhe had not time.

III.

"It was not thus, inconſtant maid!
"You acted once," (the ſhepherd ſaid)
"When love was in its prime:"
She griev'd to hear him thus complain;
And would have writ, to eaſe his pain,
But that ſhe had not time.

IV.

How can you act ſo cold a part?
No crime of mine has chang'd your heart,
If love be not a crime.—
We ſoon muſt part for months, for years—
She would have anſwer'd with her tears,
But that ſhe had not time.

TO THE SAME.

YOUR ſhape, your lips, your eyes, are ſtill the ſame,
Still the bright object of my conſtant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that ſtole,
With gentle ſweetneſs, my enchanted ſoul?

Kind

Kind fears, impatient wiſhes, ſoft deſires,
Each melting charm that Love alone inſpires?
Theſe, theſe are loſt; and I behold no more
The maid, my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, ſtill unchang'd, ſtill doating to exceſs,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you leſs;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpuniſh'd ſhall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more bleſt, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

I.

WHEN I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I ſay to my heart, "Be at reſt, and believe
"That whom once ſhe has choſen ſhe never will leave."

II.

But, ah! when I think on each raviſhing grace
That plays in the ſmiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

III.

Theſe painful ſuſpicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can leſſen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by paſſion you never can blame;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the ſame.

TO

TO THE SAME;

WITH A NEW WATCH.

WITH me while preſent, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleaſing hour too ſwiftly flies;
And meaſure time, by joy ſucceeding joy!

But when the cares that interrupt our bliſs
To me not always will thy ſight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

I.

YE ſylvan ſcenes with artleſs beauty gay,
Ye gentle ſhades of Wickham, ſay,
What is the charm that each ſucceſſive year,
Which ſees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my tranſported heart
A ſenſe of joy unfelt before impart?

II.

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jaſmine and the bluſhing roſe?

How

Her balmy breath, and all her blooming ſtore
Of rural bliſs, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant ſide
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No ſweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

III.

Is it to Love theſe new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving ſun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can beſtow,
Was given to me in this auſpicious bower.

IV.

Here firſt my Lucy, ſweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the bliſsful fires
Of innocent deſires,
While Venus ſcatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this ſtrange increaſe of joy
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If ſuch another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY. A.D. 1747.

"Ipſe cavâ ſolans ægrum teſtudine amorem,
"Te dulcis conjux, te ſolo in littore ſecum,
"Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

I.

AT length eſcap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a ſhare,
Or force my tears their flowing ſtream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering ſhade,
This lone retreat, for tender ſorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my ſtores of grief;
Of grief ſurpaſſing every other woe,
Far as the pureſt bliſs, the happieſt love
Can on th' ennobled mind beſtow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
The groſs deſires, inelegant and low.

II. Ye

II.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'erſhadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-ſmiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy ſeen!
But never ſhall you now behold her more:
Nor will ſhe now with fond delight
And taſte refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are thoſe beauteous eyes in endleſs night,
Thoſe beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to ſhine
Reaſon's pure light, and Virtue's ſpark divine.

III.

Oft would the Dryads of theſe woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her deſpiſing, when ſhe deign'd to ſing,
The ſweeteſt ſongſters of the ſpring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every ſhepherd's flute
Was caſt in ſilent ſcorn away,
While all attended to her ſweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now reſume your ſong:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive ſtory tell;
For death has ſtopt that tuneful tongue,
Whoſe muſic could alone your warbling notes excel.

IV. In

IV.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footſteps to deſcry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We ſaw the ſummer ſun go down the ſky;
Nor by yon fountain's ſide,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can ſhe now be found:
In all the wide-ſtretch'd proſpect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her eſpy,
But the ſad ſacred earth where her dear relicks lie.

V.

O ſhades of Hagley, where is now your boaſt?
Your bright inhabitant is loſt.
You ſhe preferr'd to all the gay reſorts
Where female vanity might wiſh to ſhine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modeſt beauties ſhunn'd the public eye:
To your ſequeſter'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales
From an admiring world ſhe choſe to fly:
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The ſilent paths of wiſdom trod,
And baniſh'd every paſſion from her breaſt,
But thoſe, the gentleſt and the beſt,
Whoſe holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

VI.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful Fawns,
Were wont to trip along theſe verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's ſide,
Who now your infant ſteps ſhall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whoſe tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And ſtrew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loſs beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How ſhall thy weaken'd mind, oppreſs'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now ſhe, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpleſs age to ſave?

VII.

Where were ye, Muſes, when relentleſs Fate
From theſe fond arms your fair diſciple tore;
From theſe fond arms, that vainly ſtrove
With hapleſs ineffectual love
To guard her boſom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom ſo oft in theſe inſpiring ſhades,
Or under Camden's moſs-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your ſacred ſtore,
Whate'er your ancient ſages taught,
Your ancient bards ſublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breaſt with all your ſpirit glow?

VIII. Nor

VIII.

Nor then did Pindus or Caſtalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your ſteps detain,
Nor in the Theſpian vallies did you play;
Nor then on * Mincio's bank
Beſet with oſiers dank,
Nor where † Clitumnus rolls his gentle ſtream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep ‡ Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where ‖ Meles or § Iliſſus ſtray.
Ill does it now beſeem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire diſeaſe and death your darling ſhould be left.

IX.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantaſtic toys
Are all her ſex's joys,
With you ſhe ſearch'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praiſe

* The Mintio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the reſidence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

‖ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, ſuppoſed to be born on its banks, is called *Meliſigenes*.

§ The Iliſſus is a river at Athens.

Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright ſparkling could inſpire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's iſle,
Moſt favour'd with your ſmile,
The powers of Reaſon and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conſpir'd to raiſe?
Ah! what is now the uſe
Of all theſe treaſures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now conſign'd?

X.

At leaſt, ye Nine, her ſpotleſs name
'Tis yours from death to ſave,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin ſiſters, come,
And ſtrew with choiceſt flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremoſt thou, in ſable veſtment clad,
With accents ſweet and ſad,
Thou, plaintive Muſe, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impaſſion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

XI.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by ſome ſweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Through her expreſſive eyes her ſoul diſtinctly ſpoke!

Tell

Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modiſh vice behind,
And made each charm of poliſh'd courts agree
With candid Truth's ſimplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly ſenſe
She join'd the ſoftening influence
Of more than female tenderneſs:
How, in the thoughtleſs days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good deſtroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itſelf when in diſtreſs,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could beſtow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from ſweet Virtue's ſource, benevolent to all.

XII.

Not only good and kind,
But ſtrong and elevated was her mind:
A ſpirit that with noble pride
Could look ſuperior down
On Fortune's ſmile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's loweſt duty ſacrifice
Or Intereſt or Ambition's higheſt prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,

But by magnanimous diſdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffenſive light
All pleaſing ſhone; nor ever paſt
The decent bounds that Wiſdom's ſober hand,
And ſweet Benevolence's mild command,
And baſhful Modeſty, before it caſt.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That ſcorn'd unjuſt Suſpicion's coward fear,
And without weakneſs knew to be ſincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her faireſt days,
Amidſt th' acclaim of univerſal praiſe,
In life's and glory's freſheſt bloom,
Death came remorſeleſs on, and ſunk her to the tomb.

XIII.

So, where the ſilent ſtreams of Liris glide,
In the ſoft boſom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintery tempeſts all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets riſe,
On every bough the golden fruits are ſeen;
With odours ſweet it fills the ſmiling ſkies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen.
But, in the midſt of all its blooming pride,
A ſudden blaſt from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual ſnows:
The tender blighted plant ſhrinks up its leaves, and dies.

XIV.

Ariſe, O Petrarch, from th' Elyſian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambroſial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Ariſe, and hither bring the ſilver lyre,
Tun'd by thy ſkilful hand,
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire,
With which o'er many a land
Was ſpread the fame of thy diſaſtrous love;
To me reſign the vocal ſhell,
And teach my ſorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale ſo well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and deſart rocks, to pity move.

XV.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy miſtreſs in the bliſsful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domeſtic care
She never bore a ſhare,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every ſecret grief that feſter'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of ſickneſs watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm ſuſtain,
And charm away the ſenſe of pain:
Nor did ſhe crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

XVI.

O beſt of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms,
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my ſoul endure the loſs of thee?
How in the world, to me a deſart grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my ſweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely ſmile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleaſures now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful ſenſe of well-earn'd praiſe,
Unſhar'd by thee, no more my lifeleſs thoughts could raiſe.

XVII.

For my diſtracted mind
What ſuccour can I find?
On whom for conſolation ſhall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind aſſiſtance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppreſſive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, ſo much was thine,
That none has any comfort to beſtow.
My books, the beſt relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea ſadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and ſpeaks of Lucy dead.

XVIII. We

XVIII.

We were the happieſt pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying courſe perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another ſmiling came,
And ſaw our happineſs unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wiſhes bind:
Our ſtudies, pleaſures, taſte, the ſame.
O fatal, fatal ſtroke,
That all this pleaſing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every ſcheme of bliſs our hearts had form'd,
With ſoothing hope, for many a future day,
In one ſad moment broke! —
Yet, O my ſoul, thy riſing murmurs ſtay;
Nor dare the all-wiſe Diſpoſer to arraign,
Or againſt his ſupreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once ſhould fade;
Was his moſt righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

XIX.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And in theſe low abodes of ſin and pain
Her pure exalted ſoul
Unjuſtly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather ſtrive thy groveling mind to raiſe
Up to that unclouded blaze,

That

That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd ſhe now with pity ſees
How frail, how inſecure, how ſlight,
Is every mortal bliſs;
Ev'n Love itſelf, if riſing by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect ſtate,
Whoſe fleeting joys ſo ſoon muſt end,
It does not to its ſovereign good aſcend.
Riſe then, my ſoul, with hope elate,
And ſeek thoſe regions of ſerene delight,
Whoſe peaceful path and ever-open gate
No feet but thoſe of harden'd Guilt ſhall miſs.
There death himſelf thy Lucy ſhall reſtore,
There yield up all his power e'er to divide you more

VERSES,

MAKING PART OF

AN EPITAPH ON THE SAME LADY

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty wiſe;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderneſs combin'd.
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her ſong the warbling of the vernal grove;

Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong;
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dreſs'd.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IV.

Written at Oxford 1725 *.

"Qualem miniſtrum fulminis alitem, &c."

I.

AS the wing'd miniſter of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful † aſſiſtant of his maſter's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

II.

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal ſky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent neſt,
In flight eſſays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breaſt;

III. Then

* Firſt printed with Mr. Weſt's tranſlation of Pindar. See the Preface to that gentleman's Poems.

† In the rape of Ganymede, who was carried up to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical Hiſtory.

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his ſavage dam and milky fo
The grazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd firſt to ſtain his tender fangs in blo

V.

Such Druſus, young in arms, his foes beheld
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in figh
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd
So ſunk their haughty ſpirit at the fight.

VI.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce Barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthfi
And how great Cæſar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

VII.

A valiant ſon ſprings from a valiant ſire:
Their race by mettle ſprightly courſers pro
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire

IX.

Let red Metaurus, ſtain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Aſdrubal ſubdued, confeſs
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

X.

Of this be witneſs that auſpicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempeſtuous night,
Firſt ſmil'd on Latium with a milder ray,
And chear'd our drooping hearts with dawning light.

XI.

Since the dire African with waſteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian ſea.

XII.

From this bright æra, from this proſperous field,
The Roman glory dates her riſing power;
From hence 'twas given her conquering ſword to wield,
Raiſe her fall'n gods, and ruin'd ſhrines reſtore.

XIII.

Thus Hannibal at length deſpairing ſpoke:
"Like ſtags to ravenous wolves an eaſy prey,
"Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
"Whom to elude and 'ſcape were victory;

XIV.

"A dauntleſs nation, that from Trojan fires,
"Hoſtile Auſonia, to thy deſtin'd ſhore
"Her gods, her infant ſons, and aged ſires,
"Through angry ſeas and adverſe tempeſts bore:

XV. "As

XV.

" As on high Algidus the ſturdy oak,
" Whoſe ſpreading boughs the axe's ſharpneſs feel,
" Improves by loſs, and, thriving with the ſtroke,
" Draws health and vigour from the wounding ſteel.

XVI.

" Not Hydra ſprouting from her mangled head
" So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
" Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, ſuch a monſter bred,
" Pregnant of ills, and fam'd for prodigies.

XVII.

" Plunge her in ocean, like the morning ſun,
" Brighter ſhe riſes from the depths below;
" To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
" Recruits her ſtrength, and foils the wondering foe.

XVIII.

" No more of victory the joyful fame
" Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
" Loſt, loſt, are all the glories of her name!
" With Aſdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

XIX.

" What ſhall the Claudian valour not perform,
" Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
" Which Wiſdom ſteers through all the dangerous ſtorm,
" Through all the rocks and ſhoals of doubtful war?"

VIRTUE

VIRTUE AND FAME.

To the Countess of Egremont.

VIRTUE and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to croſs each other's way;
Said Virtue, "Hark ye! madam Fame,
"Your ladyſhip is much to blame;
"Jove bids you always wait on me,
"And yet your face I ſeldom ſee:
"The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
"And bids it praiſe ſome handſome ſtrumpet;
"Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
"Ambition ties you to her car."
Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I proteſt,
"I never find myſelf ſo bleſt
"As when I humbly wait behind you!
"But 'tis ſo mighty hard to find you!
In ſuch obſcure retreats you lurk!
"To ſeek you, is an endleſs work."
"Well," anſwer'd Virtue, "I allow
"Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
"I know (without offence to others)
"I know the beſt of wives and mothers;
"Who never paſs'd an uſeleſs day
"In ſcandal, goſſiping, or play:
"Whoſe modeſt wit, chaſtis'd by ſenſe,
"Is lively chearful innocence;

"Whoſe

[illegible]

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE,

By Earl Hardwicke.

FAME heard with pleasure—first replied,
" First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
" My trumpet oft I've rais'd, to sound
" Her modest praise the world around!
" But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
" A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
" Believe me, I can name but one,
" A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."

LET-

LETTER

TO

EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING VERSES.

My Lord,

A Thouſand thanks to your Lordſhip for your addition to my verſes. If you can write ſuch *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you choſe to be Lord Chancellor, rather than a Laureat. They explain to me a viſion I had the night before.

Methought I ſaw before my feet,
With countenance ſerene and ſweet,
The Muſe, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inſpir'd my careleſs lays.
She ſmil'd, and ſaid, "Once more I ſee
"My fugitive returns to me;
"Long had I loſt you from my bower,
"You ſcorn'd to own my gentle power;
"With me no more your genius ſported,
"The grave hiſtoric Muſe you courted;
"Or, rais'd from earth, with ſtraining eyes;
"Purſued Urania through the ſkies;

" But now, to my forſaken track,
" Fair Egremont has brought you back:
" Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
" That ſoft, that pleaſing path, to tread;
" For there, beneath to-morrow's ray,
" Ev'n Wiſdom's ſelf ſhall deign to play.
" Lo! to my flowery groves and ſprings
" Her favourite ſon the goddeſs brings,
" The council's and the ſenate's guide,
" Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
" He comes, he joys with thee to join,
" In ſinging Wyndham's charms divine:
" To thine he adds his nobler lays;
" Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praiſe.
" Enjoy that praiſe, nor envy Pitt
" His fame with burgeſs or with cit;
" For ſure one line from ſuch a Bard,
" Virtue would think her beſt reward."

HYMN TO ELIZA.

MADAM, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The firſt indeed I ever made,
For writing Odes is not my trade:
My head is full of houſhold cares,
And neceſſary dull affairs;
Beſides that ſometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.

A

And then no clown beneath the ſky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whoſe charms, I know not how,
Have power to ſmooth my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature ſtupid,
As briſk, and as alert, as Cupid.
Theſe obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch ſhall brighter burn
Than when you firſt my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myſelf your lord,
But am (as witneſs this my hand)
Your humble ſervant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child let Hymen not beguile
You, who are ſuch a judge of ſtyle,
To think that he theſe verſes made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Obſerve them well, you'll plainly ſee,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON READING

MISS CARTER's POEMS IN MANUSCRIPT.

SUCH were the notes that ſtruck the wondering ear
Of ſilent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celeſtial harps,
According to ſeraphic voices, ſung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Reſume the lyre,
Chauntreſs divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—ſo ſhall thy ſtrains,
More powerful than the ſong of Orpheus, tame
The ſavage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's ſhrine the ſtubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece ſhall no more
Of Leſbian Sappho boaſt, whoſe wanton Muſe,
Like a falſe Syren, while ſhe charm'd, ſeduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the ſacred head
Of Britain's poeteſs, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUN

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE Gods, on thrones celeſtial ſeated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
"That place is mine," great Neptune cries:
"Behold! how proud o'er all the main
"Thoſe ſtately turrets ſeem to reign!
"No views ſo grand on earth you ſee!
"The maſter too belongs to me:
"I grant him my domain to ſhare,
"I bid his hand my trident bear."
"The ſea is yours, but mine the land,"
Pallas replies; "by me were plann'd
"Thoſe towers, that hoſpital, thoſe docks,
"That fort, which crowns thoſe iſland rocks:
"The lady too is of my choir,
"I taught her hand to touch the lyre;
"With every charm her mind I grac'd,
"I gave her prudence, knowledge, taſte."
"Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
"The lady muſt be ſhar'd between us:
"And ſurely mine is yonder grove,
"So fine, ſo dark, ſo fit for love;
"Trees, ſuch as in th' Idalian glade,
"Or Cyprian lawn, my palace ſhade."
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
Each Nymph alledg'd her lawful claim.

But Jove, to finiſh the debate,
Thus ſpoke, and what he ſpeaks is fate:
" Nor god nor goddeſs, great or ſmall,
" That dwelling his or hers may call;
" I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION.

TO THE DOWAGER DUCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

WHEN Peace ſhall, on her downy wing,
To France and England Friendſhip bring,
Come, Aiguillon, and here receive
That homage we delight to give
To foreign talents, foreign charms,
To worth which Envy's ſelf diſarms
Of jealous hatred: Come, and love
That nation which you now approve.
So ſhall by France amends be made
(If ſuch a debt can e'er be paid)
For having with ſeducing art
From Britain ſtol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

DRUMGOLD, whoſe anceſtors from Albion's ſhore
Their conquering ſtandards to Hibernia bore,
Though now thy valour, to thy country loſt,
Shines in the foremoſt ranks of Gallia's hoſt,

Think

Think not that France ſhall borrow all thy fame—
From Britiſh ſires deriv'd thy genius came;
Its force, its energy, to theſe it ow'd;
But the fair poliſh Gallia's clime beſtow'd;
The Graces there each ruder thought refin'd,
And livelieſt wit with ſoundeſt ſenſe combin'd.
They taught in ſportive Fancy's gay attire
To dreſs the graveſt of th' Aonian choir,
And gave to ſober Wiſdom's wrinkled cheek
The ſmile that dwells in Hebe's dimple ſleek.
Pay to each realm the debt that each may aſk;
Be thine, and thine alone, the pleaſing taſk,
In pureſt elegance of Gallic phraſe
To cloathe the ſpirit of the Britiſh lays.
Thus every flower which every Muſe's hand
Has rais'd profuſe in Britain's favourite land,
By thee tranſplanted to the banks of Seine,
Its ſweeteſt native odours ſhall retain.
And when thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
In Concord's golden chain has firmly bound
The rival nations, thou for both ſhalt raiſe
The grateful ſong to his immortal praiſe.
Albion ſhall think ſhe hears her Prior ſing;
And France, that Boileau ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring.
Then ſhalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embelliſh, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with ſweet politeneſs grac'd;
Wiſdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unſullied, genuine dignity;
A nobler and ſublime ſimplicity.

Such in thy verſe ſhall Nivernois be ſhewn:
France ſhall with joy the fair reſemblance own;
And Albion ſighing bid her ſons aſpire
To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH on CAPTAIN GRENVILLE.

YE weeping Muſes, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, ſince your all-accompliſh'd Sydney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loſs like that theſe plaintive lays record!
Such ſpotleſs honour; ſuch ingenuous truth,
Such ripen'd wiſdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, ſo gentle, ſo compos'd a mind,
To ſuch heroic warmth and courage join'd:
He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler war forſook her ſofter charms:
Like him, poſſeſs'd of every pleaſing art,
The ſecret wiſh of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

ON CAPTAIN CORNWALL,

SLAIN OFF TOULON, 1743.

THOUGH Britain's genius hung her drooping head,
And mourn'd her ancient naval glory fled;
On that fam'd day, when France combin'd with Spain,
Strove for the wide dominion of the main:

Yet, Cornwall! all with general voice agree
To pay the tribute of applauſe to thee.
When his bold chief, in thickeſt fight engag'd,
Unequal war with Spain's proud leader wag'd;
With indignation mov'd, he timely came,
To reſcue from reproach his country's name:
Succeſs too dearly did his valour crown;
He ſav'd his leader's life, but loſt his own.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

Written at EATON-SCHOOL, 1729.

TELL me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, poſſeſs?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes who ſpy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Though knaves abuſe it, and like fools deſpiſe.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell,
What is the thing in which you moſt excel?
Hard is the queſtion, for in all you pleaſe;
Yet ſure good-nature is your nobleſt praiſe;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all muſt love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly pleaſe,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And ſweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

SOME

SOME
ADDITIONAL STANZAS
TO
[illegible] VOYAGE TO THE MOON,
IN ARIOSTO.

I.

WHEN now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
He [illegible] his eyes towards another place,
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

II.

A finest crystal were those bottles-made,
Yet what was there inclos'd he could not see:
Wherefore in humble wise the Saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

III.

"A wondrous thing it is," the Saint replied,
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
"An airy essence, not to be descried,
"Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

IV.

"From earth each day in troops they hither come,
"And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;
"For they are never easy while at home,
[illegible] ever owner thought them gone too soon.

V. "When

V.

" When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
" For fear they ſhould evaporate again;
" And hard it is a priſon to invent,
" So volatile a ſpirit to retain.

VI.

" Thoſe that to young and wanton girls belong
" Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they'd burſt the
" glaſs:
" But thoſe that have below been kept too long
" Are ſpiritleſs, and quite decay'd, alas!"

VII.

So ſpake the Saint, and wonder ſeiz'd the Knight,
As of each veſſel he th' inſcription read;
For various ſecrets there were brought to light;
Of which report on earth had nothing ſaid.

VIII.

Virginities, that cloſe confin'd he thought
In t' other world, he found above the ſky;
His ſiſter's and his couſin's there were brought,
Which made him ſwear, though good St. John was by.

IX.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he eſpied
That which was Chloe's once, his miſtreſs dear;
" Ah, falſe and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
" Little I deem'd that I ſhould meet thee here.

X. " Did

X.

" Did not thy owner, when we parted laſt,
" Promiſe to keep thee ſafe for me alone?
" Scarce of our abſence three ſhort months are paſt,
" And thou already from thy poſt art flown.

XI.

" Be not enrag'd, replied th' Apoſtle kind—
" Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
" Take it away; and, when thou haſt a mind,
" Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight."

XII.

" Thanks, Holy Father!" quoth the joyous Knight,
" The Moon ſhall be no loſer by your grace:
" Let me but have the uſe on 't for a night,
" And I 'll reſtore it to its preſent place."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF

VENICE PRESERVED.

IN tender Otway's moving ſcenes we find
What power the gods have to your ſex aſſign'd:
Venice was loſt, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her ſinking ſtate:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her ſenate's wiſdom, vain its power;

But,

But, ſav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the ſubject main her towers ſhe rears,
And ſtands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundleſs ſway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worſt or nobleſt ends to ſerve,
And ſtrong alike to ruin or preſerve.

In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to Honour falſe, to Virtue true,
In the wild ſtorm of ſtruggling paſſions toſt,
Yet ſaving innocence, though fame was loſt;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.

But ſhe, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew ſo well the patriot's cauſe to plead,
Whoſe conquering love her country's ſafety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herſelf undone.

* " Hence may we learn, what paſſion fain would
" hide,
" That Hymen's bands by prudence ſhould be tied.
" Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
" If angry Fortune on their union frown:
" Soon will the flattering dreams of joys be o'er,
" And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
" Then, waking to the ſenſe of laſting pain,
" With mutual tears the bridal couch they ſtain;

And

* The twelve following lines, with ſome ſmall variations, have been already printed in " Advice to a " Lady," p. 39; but, as Lord Lyttelton choſe to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat theſe few lines, than to ſuppreſs the reſt of the poem.

" And that fond love, which ſhould afford relief,
" Does but augment the anguiſh of their grief:
" While both could eaſier their own ſorrows bear,
" Than the ſad knowledge of each other's care."

May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty ſhower delight,
And warmeſt rapture bleſs each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Deſtine ſome happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whoſe bliſs misfortune never may allay,
Whoſe fondneſs never may through care decay;
Whoſe wealth may place you in the faireſt light,
And force each modeſt beauty into ſight!
So ſhall no anxious want your peace deſtroy,
No tempeſt cruſh the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reaſon ever diſagree with Love!

E L E G Y.

TELL me, my heart, fond ſlave of hopeleſs love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys, to prove,
Canſt thou endure thus calmly to eraſe
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?
Canſt thou exclude that habitant divine,
To place ſome meaner idol in her ſhrine?
O taſk, for feeble Reaſon too ſevere!
O leſſon, nought could teach me but deſpair!

Muſt I forbid my eyes that heavenly ſight,
They 've view'd ſo oft with languiſhing delight?
Muſt my ears ſhun that voice, whoſe charming ſound
Seem'd to relieve, while it encreas'd, my wound?
O Waller! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
To the ſoft notes of elegant deſire;
Though Sidney to a rival gave her charms,
Though Laura dying left her lover's arms,
Yet were your pains leſs exquiſite than mine,
'Tis eaſier far to loſe, than to reſign!

INSCRIPTION for a BUST of Lady SUFFOLK; Deſigned to be ſet up in a Wood at Stowe.

1732.

HER wit and beauty for a court were made:
But truth and goodneſs fit her for a ſhade.

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS, IN HER SICKNESS. FROM TIBULLUS.

(Sent to a Friend, in a Lady's Name.)

SAY, my Cerinthus, does thy tender breaſt
Feel the ſame feveriſh heats that mine muſt?
Alas! I only wiſh for health again,
Becauſe I think my lover ſhares my pain:
For what would health avail to wretched me,
If you could, unconcern'd, my illneſs ſee?

SULPI-

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

I'M weary of this tedious dull deceit;
Myſelf I torture, while the world I cheat:
Though Prudence bids me ſtrive to guard my fame,
Love ſees the low hypocriſy with ſhame;
Love bids me all confeſs, and call thee mine,
Worthy my heart, as I am worthy thine:
Weakneſs for thee I will no longer hide;
Weakneſs for thee is woman's nobleſt pride.

CATO'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS.

In the Ninth Book of LUCAN.

("Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.")

WHAT, Labienus, would thy fond deſire,
Of horned Jove's prophetic ſhrine enquire?
Whether to ſeek in arms a glorious doom,
Or baſely live, and be a king in Rome?
If life be nothing more than death's delay;
If impious force can honeſt minds diſmay,
Or Probity may Fortune's frown diſdain;
If well to mean is all that Virtue can;
And right, dependant on itſelf alone,
Gains no addition from ſucceſs?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart theſe conſtant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.

Our

Our ſouls, allied to God, within them feel
The ſecret dictates of th' Almighty will;
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When firſt his breath the ſeeds of life inſtill'd,
All that we ought to know was then then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the Omnipreſent mind
Has truth to Libya's deſart ſands confin'd,
There, known to few, obſcur'd, and loſt, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, ſea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holieſt ſhrine, the virtuous ſoul?
Where-e'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundleſs univerſe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt becauſe they fear,
With pious awe to juggling prieſts repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave muſt die one deſtin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS

POEM OF LEONIDAS.

Written in the Year 1734.

GO on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But Liberty and Virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.
Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.

O people,

O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty diſgrace,
That ſuffers public wrongs and public ſhame,
In council inſolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raiſe their country's ſinking ſtate;
Her load of debt to eaſe by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harraſs'd poor to ſpare?
Is it, like honeſt Somers, to inſpire
The love of laws, and Freedom's ſacred fire?
Is it, like wiſe Godolphin, to ſuſtain
The balanc'd world, and boundleſs power reſtrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and ſhare the ſpoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonneſs, the golden ſhower,
And, fenc'd by ſtrong corruption, to deſpiſe
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries?
Rouze, Britons, rouze! if ſenſe of ſhame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger ſpeak.
Lo! France, as Perſia once, o'er every land
Prepares to ſtretch her all-oppreſſing hand.
Shall England ſit regardleſs and ſedate,
A calm ſpectatreſs of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppoſe,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us ſeize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This criſis loſt, we ſhall be wiſe in vain.

And thou, great poet, in whoſe nervous lines
The native majeſty of freedom ſhines,
Accept this friendly praiſe; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I ſtrike the ſounding ſtring
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to ſing,
But, idly ſporting in the ſecret ſhade,
With tender trifles ſoothe ſome artleſs maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQUIRE,

ON HIS

LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

In the Year 1736.

LONG had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far ſuperior to a Cornet's name;
This generous Walpole ſaw, and griev'd to find
So mean a poſt diſgrace that noble mind.
The ſervile ſtandard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I COME not here your candour to implore
For ſcenes, whoſe author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cauſe to plead;
You will yourſelves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No ſect — alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this guſhing tear:
Alas! I feel, I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with ſuch a warmth of heart,
So clear of intereſt, ſo devoid of art,
Such generous friendſhip, ſuch unſhaken zeal,
No words can ſpeak it; but our tears may tell. —
O candid truth, O faith without a ſtain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O ſympathizing love of others' bliſs,
Where will you find another breaſt like his?
Such was the man — the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft in this crouded houſe, with juſt applauſe,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's pureſt laws;
For his chaſte Muſe employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the nobleſt paſſions to inſpire,

Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wiſh to blot.
Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilſt he, ſuperior now to praiſe or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to thoſe whom moſt on earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous heart,
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
If to thoſe friends your kind regard ſhall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon ſtarry pole,
May touch with pleaſure his immortal ſoul.

EPILOGUE

TO

LILLO'S ELMERICK.

YOU, who, ſupreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiaſs'd, ſit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No uſeful ſenſe, no generous warmth convey;
If *fuſtian* here, through each unnatural ſcene,
In *ſtrain'd conceits found high*, and *nothing mean*;
If *lofty dullneſs* for your vengeance call:
Like Elmerick judge, and let *the guilty fall*.

But

But if ſimplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artleſs words inſpire;
If, like the action which theſe ſcenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If maſter-ſtrokes the nobler paſſions move:
Then, like the *king*, *acquit* us, and *approve*.

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY,

I. On a VIEW from an ALCOVE,

- - - - - - - - - - - - VIRIDANTIA TEMPE!
TEMPE, QVAE SYLVAE CINGVNT SVPERIMPENDENTES.

II. On a ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

- - - - - - - - - EGO LAVDO RVRIS AMOENI,
RIVOS, ET MVSCO CIRVMLITA SAXA NEMVSQVE.

III.

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE;
IN WHOSE VERSES
WERE ALL THE NATURAL GRACES,
AND IN WHOSE MANNERS
WAS ALL THE AMIABLE SIMPLICITY,
OF PASTORAL POETRY,
WITH THE SWEET TENDERNESS
OF THE ELEGIAC.

IV. On the Pathetic of an Urn *,

ALEXANDRO POPE;

POETARUM ANGLICANORUM

ELEGANTISSIMO DULCISSIMOQUE;

VIRTUTUM CASTIGATORI ACERRIMO,

SAPIENTIAE DOCTORI SUAVISSIMO,

LAURA ISTA.

ANN. DOM. MDCCXLIV.

V. On a Birch.

ARBOR JACERE MODO SUB ANTIQUA UMBRA,

MODO IN TENACI GRAMINE;

LABUNTUR ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQUAE;

QUAERUNTUR IN SYLVIS AVES:

FORTISQUE LYMPHIS OBSTREPUNT MANANTIBUS

SOMNOS QUOD INVITET LEVES.

VI. On Thomson's Seat †.

INGENIO IMMORTALI

JACOBI THOMSON,

POETAE SUBLIMIS,

VIRI BONI;

AEDICULAM HANC, QUEM VIVUS DILEXIT,

POST MORTEM EIUS CONSTRUCTAM,

DICAT DEDICATQUE

GEORGIUS LYTTELTON.

* A Doric portico in another part of the park is honoured with the name of "Pope's Building," and inscribed, QUIETI ET MUSIS.

† A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.

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ODES

ODES

OF

PINDAR,

WITH SEVERAL OTHER

PIECES IN VERSE,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

ORIGINAL POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By GILBERT WEST, Esq; LL. D.

" Res antiquæ laudis & artis
" Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes."
VIRG. Georg. ii.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT, ESQ.

Paymaſter-General of his Majeſty's Forces,

One of his Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy Council;

And to the HONOURABLE

SIR GEORGE LYTTELTON, BART.

One of the Lords Commiſſioners of the Treaſury;

THESE POEMS

Are inſcribed by the Author;

Who is deſirous that the Friendſhip,

With which they have for many Years honoured him,

And the ſincere Affection and high Eſteem,

Which he hath conceived for them,

From a long and intimate Knowledge

of their Worth and Virtue,

May be known

Wherever the Publication of the enſuing Pieces

Shall make known the Name of

GILBERT WEST.

PREFACE.

OF all the great Writers of Antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pauſanias tells us, that the character of Poet was really and truly conſecrated in his perſon, by the God of Poets himſelf *, who was pleaſed by an expreſs oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi to ſet apart for Pindar one half of the firſt-fruit offerings brought by the religious to his ſhrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he was uſed to ſit and ſing his hymns, in honour of that God. This chair was remaining in the time of † Pauſanias (ſeveral hundred years after) to whom it was ſhewn as a relick not unworthy the ſanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan ‡ likewiſe, another Muſical Divinity, is reported to have ſkipped and jumped for joy, while the Nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this Prince of Lyrick Poetry; and to have been afterwards ſo much delighted with his compoſitions, as to have ſung his Odes in the hearing even of the Poet himſelf §. Unhappily for us, and indeed for Pindar, thoſe parts of his works, which procured him theſe extraordinary teſtimonies from the Gods (or from Mortals rather, who by the invention

* Pauſ. in Bœot.
† Pauſ. in Phoc.
‡ Philoſtratus in Icon.
§ Plut. in Numa.

of theſe fables meant only to expreſs the high opinion they entertained of this great Poet) are all loſt: I mean his Hymns to the ſeveral Deities of the Heathen World. And even of thoſe writings, to which his leſs extravagant, but more ſerious and more laſting glory is owing, only the leaſt, and, according to ſome people, the worſt part is now remaining. Theſe are his Odes inſcribed to the Conquerors in the Four ſacred Games of Greece. By theſe Odes therefore are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns * thoſe men of learning of the trueſt taſte and judgment, who have read and conſidered the writings of this Author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the Ancients. And to ſuch who are ſtill able to examine Pindar himſelf, I ſhall leave him to ſtand or fall by his own merit; only beſpeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they ſhould think it worth their while to peruſe the following tranſlations of ſome of his Odes: which I here offer chiefly to the Engliſh reader, to whom alone I deſire to addreſs a few conſiderations, in order to prepare him to form a right judgment, and indeed to have any reliſh of the Compoſitions of this great Lyrick Poet, who notwithſtanding

* See Abbé Fraguier's Character of Pindar, printed in the 3d Vol. of Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c. and Kennet's Life of Pindar, in the Lives of the Greek Poets.

ing muſt needs appear before him under great diſadvantages.

To begin with removing ſome prejudices againſt this Author, that have ariſen from certain writings known by the name of Pindarick Odes; I muſt inſiſt that very few, which I remember to have read under that title, not excepting even thoſe written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whoſe wit and fire firſt brought them into reputation, have the leaſt reſemblance to the manner of the Author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their Name; or, if any, it is ſuch a reſemblance only as is expreſſed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monſtrous and diſtorted likeneſs. This obſervation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in his Preface * to two admirable Odes, written profeſſedly in imitation of Pindar; and I may add, ſo much in his true manner and ſpirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of thoſe who have brought this author into diſcredit by pretending to reſemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the Tranſlations he made of two of his Odes. I ſay not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whoſe genius, perhaps, was not inferior to that of Pindar himſelf, or either of theſe other two great Poets, Horace and Virgil, whoſe names have been beſtowed upon him, but chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to tranſlate the ſame Odes; and to prepare the Reader for

* *Preſerved* in the preſent collection.

[illegible] wide difference he will find between many parts of [illegible] Translations and [illegible].

Mr. Cowley and his Imitators (for all the Pindarick Writers since his time have only mimicked him, while they fancied they were imitating Pindar) have fallen themselves, and by their examples have led the world, into two mistakes with regard to the character of Pindar: both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the Preface above-mentioned, and in the following words:

"The character of these late Pindaricks is a bundle "of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like "parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of "such another complication of disproportioned, un-"certain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And "I appeal to any Reader, if this is not the condition "in which these titular Odes appeared.

"On the contrary [illegible] there is nothing more "regular than the Odes of Pindar, both as to the "exact observation of [illegible] and numbers of "his stanzas and verses, and the [illegible] coherence "of his thoughts: [illegible] are fre-"quent, and his [illegible] yet is there ever "some secret connexion, [illegible] though not always "appearing [illegible] communicate it-"self to the [illegible] reader."

Upon these two points, [illegible], the regularity of measure in Pindar's Odes, and the connexion of his [illegible], I shall beg leave to make a few obser-

These

Theſe Odes were all compoſed to be ſung by a Chorus, either at the entertainments given by the Conquerors (to whom they were inſcribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the ſolemn ſacrifices made to the Gods upon thoſe occaſions. They conſiſt generally of three ſtanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious Friend.

"Beſides what is ſaid of the Greek Ode in the "Scholiaſt upon Pindar, I find (ſays he) the follow-"ing paſſage in the Scholia on Hephæſtion; it is the "very laſt paragraph of thoſe Scholia."

The paſſage cited by him is in Greek, inſtead of which I ſhall inſert the Tranſlation of it in Engliſh.

You muſt know that the Ancients (in their Odes) framed two larger ſtanzas, *and* one leſs; *the* firſt *of the* larger ſtanzas *they called* Strophé, *ſinging it on their feſtivals at the altars of the Gods, and dancing at the ſame time. The* ſecond *they called* Antiſtrophé, *in which they inverted the dance. The* leſſer *ſtanza was named the* Epode, *which they ſung ſtanding ſtill. The* Strophé, *as they ſay, denoted the motion of the* higher Sphere, *the* Antiſtrophé *that of the* Planets, *the* Epode *the* fixed ſtation *and repoſe of the* Earth.

"From this paſſage it appears evident that theſe "Odes were accompanied with dancing; and that "they danced one way while the Strophé was ſinging, "and then danced back again while the Antiſtrophé "was ſung: Which ſhews why thoſe two Parts con-"ſiſted of the ſame length and meaſure; then, when

" the Dancers were returned to the place whence they " ſet out, before they renewed the dance they ſtood " ſtill while the Epode was ſung.

" If the ſame perſons both danced and ſung, when " we conſider how much breath is required for a full " Song, perhaps one may incline to think, that the " Strophé and Antiſtrophé partook ſomething of the " Recitative manner, and that the Epode was the " more compleat Air.

" There is a paſſage in the ancient Grammarian, " Marius Victorinus, which is much to the ſame pur- " poſe as this above, though he does not diſtinctly " ſpeak of dancing. The paſſage is this:

" Pleraque Lyricorum carminum, quæ verſu, co- " liſque & commatibus componuntur, ex Strophé, " Antiſtrophé, & Epodo, ut Græci appellant, ordinata " ſubſiſtunt. Quorum ratio talis eſt. Antiqui Deo- " rum laudes carminibus comprehenſas, circum aras " eorum euntes canebant. Cujus primum ambitum, " quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ, Strophen " vocabant; reverſionem autem ſiniſtroſum factam, " completo priore orbe, Antiſtrophen appellabant. " Deinde in conſpectu Deorum ſoliti conſiſtere cantici, " reliqua conſequebantur, appellantes id Epodon.

" The Writers I have quoted ſpeak only of Odes, " ſung in the temples: but Demetrius Triclinius, " upon the meaſures of Sophocles, ſays the ſame " thing upon the Odes of the Tragick Chorus.

" What the Scholiaſt upon Hephæſtion, cited above, " adds about the Heavenly Motions, &c. is alſo ſaid

" by

" by Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and " likewiſe by the Scholiaſt on Pindar. Yet I conſider " this in no other light, than I do the fantaſtical con- " ceits with which the Writers on Muſic abound. " Ptolemy, out of his three Books of Harmonics, " employs one almoſt entirely upon comparing the " principles of Muſic with the motions of the Planets, " the faculties of the mind, and other ſuch ridiculous " imaginations. And Ariſtides Quintilianus, ſup- " poſed an older Author, is full of the ſame fooleries. " Marius Victorinus has another ſcheme alſo, viz. " that the dancing forwards and backwards was in- " vented by Theſeus, in memory of the labyrinth " out of which he eſcaped. But all this is taking " much unneceſſary pains to account why, when " Dancers have gone as far as they can one way, " they ſhould return back again; or at leaſt not dance " in the ſame circle till they are giddy."

Such was the ſtructure of the Greek Ode, in which the Strophé and the Antiſtrophé, i. e. the firſt and ſecond ſtanzas, contained always the ſame number and the ſame kind of verſes. The Epode was of a different length and meaſure; and if the Ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into Triplets of ſtanzas, the two firſt being conſtantly of the ſame length and meaſure, and all the Epodes in like manner correſponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of compoſitions is ſufficiently evident. There are indeed ſome Odes, which conſiſt of Strophés, and Antiſtrophés without any Epode;

[illegible] greatest number [illegible]

[illegible] names of [illegible] the more [illegible] the English [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] *[illegible]* [illegible] furnish out matter sufficient for an One of any length, to would it have been an indecency unknown to the civil

* See p. 122.

civil equality and freedom, as well as to the ſimplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be ſung in public, and even at the altars of the gods, with the praiſes of one man only; who, beſides, was often no otherwiſe conſiderable, but as the victory which gave occaſion to the Ode had made him. For theſe reaſons, the Poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourſe to other circumſtances, ariſing either from the family or country of the Conqueror, from the Games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occaſion, or in whoſe temples the Ode was intended to be ſung. All theſe, and many other particulars, which the reading the Odes of Pindar may ſuggeſt to an attentive obſerver, gave hints to the Poet, and led him into thoſe frequent digreſſions, and quick tranſitions; which it is no wonder ſhould appear to us at this diſtance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am perſuaded that whoever will conſider the Odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and cuſtoms of the age in which they were written, the occaſions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reaſon to cenſure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compoſitions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raiſing ſo many beauties from ſuch trivial hints, and for kindling, as he ſometimes does, ſo great a flame from a ſingle ſpark, and with ſo little fuel.

There

There is ſtill another prejudice againſt Pindar, which may ariſe in the minds of thoſe people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient Hiſtory, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of Odes, inſcribed to a ſet of Conquerors, whom poſſibly they may look upon only as ſo many Prize-fighters and Jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my tranſlation of Pindar's Odes a Diſſertation * on the Olympick Games: in which the reader will ſee what kind of perſons theſe Conquerors were, and what was the nature of thoſe famous Games; of which every one, who has but juſt looked into the hiſtory of Greece, muſt know enough to deſire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, aſſiſted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre du Faur, who, in his Book intituled Agoniſticon, hath gathered almoſt every thing that is mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin Writers relating to the Grecian Games, which he has thrown together in no very clear order; as is obſerved by his Countryman Monſ. Burette, who hath written ſeveral pieces on the ſubject of the Gymnaſtick Exerciſes, inſerted in the Second Volume of "Memoires de l'Aca-"demie Royale, &c." printed at Amſterdam, 1719. In this Diſſertation I have endeavoured to give a complete Hiſtory of the Olympick Games: of which kind there

* For this Diſſertation, and the learned Author's copious notes in the following Odes, we muſt refer the curious reader to the work at large, N.

there is not, that I know of, any treatiſe now extant; thoſe written upon this ſubject by ſome of the Ancients being all loſt, and not being ſupplied by any learned Modern, at leaſt not ſo fully as might have been done, and as ſo conſiderable an article of the Grecian Antiquities ſeemed to demand. As I flatter myſelf that even the learned Reader will in this Diſſertation meet with many points which have hitherto eſcaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the Odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many paſſages in other Greek Writers, I ſhall rather deſire him to excuſe thoſe errors and defects which he may happen to diſcover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained againſt the Writings of Pindar, I need ſay but little of his real character, as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the exceſſes of great and acknowledged beauties, ſuch as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthuſiaſtic genius, a bold and figurative expreſſion, and a conciſe and ſententious ſtile. Theſe are the characteriſtical beauties of Pindar; and to theſe his greateſt blemiſhes, generally ſpeaking, are ſo near allied, that they have ſometimes been miſtaken for each other. I cannot however help obſerving, that he is ſo entirely free from any thing like the far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances, and

and puerile *conceits* of Mr. Cowley and the reſt of his imitators, that I cannot recollect ſo much as even a ſingle *antithesis* in all his Odes.

Longinus indeed confeſſes, that Pindar's flame is ſometimes extinguiſhed, and that he now and then ſinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a Poet who keeps on in one conſtant tenour of mediocrity, and who, though he ſeldom falls very low, yet never riſes to thoſe aſtoniſhing heights, which ſometimes make the head even of a great Poet giddy, and occaſion thoſe ſlips which they at the ſame time excuſe.

But, notwithſtanding all that has or can be ſaid in favour of Pindar, he muſt ſtill appear, as I before obſerved, under great diſadvantages, eſpecially to the Engliſh Reader. Much of this fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, muſt neceſſarily be loſt even in the beſt Tranſlation. Beſides, to ſay nothing of many Beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expreſſed in Engliſh, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in theſe Odes ſo many references to ſecret hiſtory, ſo many alluſions to perſons, things, and places, now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little intereſt or affect the Reader, and withal ſuch a mixture of Mythology and Antiquity, that I almoſt deſpair of their being reliſhed by any, but thoſe who have, if not a great deal of *claſſical learning*, yet ſomewhat at leaſt of an *antique* and *claſſical taſte*.

Every

Every Reader, however, may ſtill find in Pindar ſomething to make amends for the loſs of thoſe beauties, which have been ſet at too great a diſtance, and in ſome places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good ſenſe, many wiſe reflections, and many moral ſentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himſelf ſome idea of Pindar as a Man, though he ſhould be obliged to take his character as a Poet from others.

But that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I ſhall here produce the teſtimonies of two great Poets, whoſe excellent writings are ſufficient evidences both of their taſte and judgment. The firſt was long and univerſally admired, and is ſtill as much regretted, by the preſent age: the latter, who wrote about ſeventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and ornament of the politeſt and moſt learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived ſome centuries before him, muſt have appeared under ſome of the diſadvantages above-mentioned, yet *he* had the opportunity of ſeeing all his works which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a ſort of catalogue, together with their ſeveral characters: an advantage which the *former* wanted, who muſt therefore be underſtood to ſpeak only of thoſe Odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to thoſe only, in the following paſſage of his "Temple of Fame." *Pope*'s Works, ſmall Edit. Vol. III. p. 17. ver. 210.

"Four Swans* [illegible] of [illegible] origin,
"With [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for sight:
"Here, like some furious [illegible], Pindar [illegible],
"And seem [illegible] with the [illegible] God.
"[illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible],
"And [illegible] [illegible] into the [illegible] [illegible].
"The [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible],
"Neptune and Jove [illegible] the rapid [illegible]:
"The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
"The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] from the [illegible].
"The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];
"And all appear [illegible] [illegible] great."

The other Passage is from Horace, lib. IV. Ode [illegible] [illegible].

"Pindarum [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] &c."

which, for the benefit of the English Reader, I have [illegible] translated:

He, who [illegible] to reach the towering height
Of [illegible] Pindar's heaven-[illegible] [illegible],
Shall [illegible], [illegible] to the [illegible] flight,
Like him, who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible];

Pre-

* *Four Swans [illegible], &c.*] Pindar, being seated in a Chariot, alludes to the Horse-races he celebrated in the Grecian Games. The swans are emblems of poetry; their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games. This note is of the same Author.

Preſumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden ſkies!
And hope above the clouds on *waxen* plumes to riſe!

Pindar, like ſome fierce torrent ſwoln with ſhowers,
Or ſudden cataracts of melting ſnow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With deſultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vaſt, unfathomable ſong.

The Delphick laurel ever ſure to gain;
Whether with lawleſs Dithyrambick rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the ſounding ſtrain;
Or in more order'd verſe ſublimely ſage
To Gods and Sons of Gods his lyre he ſtrings,
And of fierce Centaurs ſlain, and dire Chimæra ſings.

Or whether Piſa's Victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid ſteed;
Who from the banks of Alpheus, ſacred ſtream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed;
And from their Bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than ſculptur'd braſs, or imitating ſtone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles ſoft his Elegiac ſong;
With Dorian ſtrains to deck th' untimely bier
Of ſome diſaſtrous bridegroom fair and young;
Whoſe virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with ſtar-like radiance blaze.

When

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The remainder of this Ode has no relation to the present subject, and is therefore omitted.

The following Collection of Poems (to borrow the words once made use of by Horace) consists wholly of *flowers*, drawn from the rich and flowery fields of *Greece*. And if in these Translations any of the native spirit and fragrancy of the Originals shall appear to be transfused, I shall content myself with the humble merit of the little laborious insect above-mentioned. But I must not here omit acquainting the Reader, that among these, immediately after the Odes of Pindar, is inserted a translation of an Ode * of Horace, done by a Gen-

* This Ode, in full conformity to Mr. West's intention, is still (though restored to its proper writer) preserved in the present volume. See above p. 75. N.

a Gentleman, the peculiar excellence of whoſe genius hath often revealed what his modeſty would have kept a ſecret. And to this I might have truſted to inform the world, that the Tranſlation I am now ſpeaking of, though inſerted amongſt mine, was not done by me, were I not deſirous of teſtifying the pride and pleaſure I take in ſeeing, in this and ſome other inſtances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with mine; an evidence and emblem at the ſame time of that friendſhip, which hath long ſubſiſted between us, and which I ſhall always eſteem a ſingular felicity and honour to myſelf.

The Authors, from whom the other pieces are tranſlated, are ſo well known, that I need ſay nothing of them in this place; neither ſhall I detain the Reader with any farther account of the tranſlations themſelves, than only to acquaint him, that I tranſlated the Dramatic Poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myſelf under an attack of that incurable diſtemper, which I mention by way of excuſe; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like moſt other people, for amuſement only. If the Reader finds they give any to him, I ſhall be very glad of it; for it is doing ſome ſervice to human ſociety, *to amuſe innocently*; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exerciſe of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

[illegible]

[illegible]

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

[illegible] MR. JOSEPH WARTON.

[illegible]

[illegible], [illegible] have [illegible]

[illegible] appear'd

[illegible] fire,

[illegible] British lyre,

[illegible] Rapturous strains

[illegible] delighted ear of listening Thames.

[illegible] swift [illegible] the dusty plain

[illegible] foaming [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of nervous [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] of cold and [illegible] heart;

[illegible] transport [illegible] heart;

Pindar, [illegible] bosom piercing, warms

With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms.

When freedom speaks in his majestic strain,

The patriot passions beat in every vein:

We long to sit with heroes old,

And groves of vegetable gold,

* Where Cadmus and Achilles dwell,

Still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3. Away

* See 2 Olymp. Od.

I. 3.

Away, enervate Bards, away,
Who ſpin the courtly, ſilken lay,
* As wreaths for ſome vain Louis' head,
Or mourn ſome ſoft Adonis dead:
No more your poliſh'd Lyricks boaſt,
In Britiſh Pindar's ſtrength o'erwhelm'd and loſt:
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame
(Emblem of Verſe correctly tame)
† To his own Ætna's ſulphur-ſpouting caves,
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring Cataracts down Andes' channel'd ſteeps
Mark how enormous Orellana ſweeps!
Monarch of mighty Floods! ſupremely ſtrong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with an hundred hills' collected ſnows:
Thence over nameleſs regions widely flows,
Round fragrant iſles, and citron-groves,
Where ſtill the naked Indian roves,
And ſafely builds his leafy bower,
From ſlavery far, and curſt Iberian power;

* Alluding to the French and Italian Lyrick Poets.
† See 1 Pyth. Od.

Who melts in uſeful Woes the bleeding br
And him, who paints th' inceſtuous kin
Whoſe ſoul amaze and horror wring;
Teach me to taſte their charms refin'd,
The richeſt banquet of th' enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the bleſt man, the Muſe's child *,
On whoſe auſpicious birth ſhe ſmil'd,
Whoſe ſoul ſhe form'd of purer fire,
For whom ſhe tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widows' midnight ſhrieks, nor burning t
The peaceful Poet pleaſe:
Nor ceaſeleſs toils for ſordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor flat
ſchemes,

ODES OF PINDAR.

" Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ."
VIRG. Georg. l. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Hiero of Syracuſe, who, in the Seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the Victory in the Race of Single Horſes.

ARGUMENT.

THE ſubject of this Ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympick Games, Pindar ſet out with ſhewing the ſuperiority and pre-eminence of thoſe Games over all others; among which, he ſays, they hold the ſame rank, as Water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other Philoſophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and Gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to ſing of Games, it would be as abſurd to think of any other but the Olympick

Games, as to look for ſtars in the ſky when the ſun is ſhining in his meridian glory; eſpecially as all the Gueſts at Hiero's table (among which number it is not improbable that Pindar was one at this time) are ſinging Odes upon that ſubject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a ſhort panegyrick upon his virtues, and then paſſes to what gave occaſion to this Ode, *viz.* his Olympick victory; under which head he makes honourable mention of his horſe Phœnicus (for that was his name), who gained the victory, and ſpread his maſter's glory as far as Piſa, or Olympia, the ancient reſidence of Pelops the ſon of Tantalus; into a long account of whom he digreſſes; and ridiculing, as abſurd and impious, the ſtory of his having been cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and ſerved up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another ſtory, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the Gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquiſhing Oenomaus, king of Piſa, in the chariot-race, and by that victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, ſettling at Piſa, and being there honoured as a God. From this relation the Poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympick Games, and, after a ſhort reflection upon the felicity of thoſe who gained the Olympick crown, returns to the praiſes of Hiero; with which, and ſome occaſional reflections on the proſperity of Hiero, to whom he wiſhes a continuance of his good fortune in a long reign, he cloſes his Ode.

STRO-

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
Water claims the higheſt praiſe:
Richeſt offſpring of the mine,
Gold, like fire, whoſe flaſhing rays
From afar conſpicuous gleam
Through the night's involving cloud,
Firſt in luſtre and eſteem,
Decks the treaſures of the proud:
So among the liſts of fame
Piſa's honour'd games excell;
Then to Piſa's glorious name
Tune, O Muſe, thy ſounding ſhell.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the deſert air
Seeks the faded ſtarry train,
When the ſun's meridian car
Round illumes th' æthereal plain?
Who a nobler theme can chuſe
Than Olympia's ſacred Games?
What more apt to fire the Muſe,
When her various ſongs ſhe frames?
Songs in ſtrains of wiſdom dreſt
Great Saturnius to record,
And by each rejoicing gueſt
Sung at Hiero's feaſtful board.

EPODE I.

In pastoral Sicilia's fruitful soil
The righteous sceptre of imperial power
Great Hiero wielding, with illustrious toil
Tends every blooming virtue's fairest flower,
His royal munificence to adore:
Nor doth his skilful hand refuse
Acquaintance with the tuneful Muse,
When round the mirthful board the harp is borne.

STROPHE II.

Down then from the glittering nail
Take, O Muse, thy Dorian lyre;
If the love of Pisa's vale
Pleasing transports can inspire;
Or the rapid-footed steed
Could with joy thy bosom move,
When, unwhipp'd, with native speed
O'er the dusty course he drove;
And where deck'd with olives flows,
Alpheus, thy immortal flood,
On his lord's triumphant brows
The Olympick wreath bestow'd:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
Tends the courser's noble breed;
Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.

Now

Now on that heroic land
His far-beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band
Pelops fix'd his honour'd ſeat:
Pelops, by the god belov'd,
Whoſe ſtrong arms the globe embrace;
When by Jove's high orders mov'd
Clotho bleſs'd the healing vaſe.

EPODE II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life reſtor'd,
Pleas'd with the luſtre of his ivory arm
Young Pelops roſe; ſo ancient tales record,
And oft theſe tales unheeding mortals charm;
While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
And dreſs'd in every winning grace,
To Truth's unornamented face
Preferr'd, ſeduces oft the human heart.

STROPHE III.

Add to theſe ſweet Poeſy,
Smooth inchantreſs of mankind,
Clad in whoſe falſe majeſty
Fables eaſy credit find.
But ere long the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes:
Then, O man, with holy fear
Touch the characters of Gods.
Of their heavenly natures ſay
Nought unſeemly, nought profane,
So ſhalt thou due honour pay,
So be free from guilty ſtain.

ANTI-

In his turn the holy feaſt
When on Sipylus he ſpread;
To the tables of the bleſt
In his turn with honour led.
Neptune then thy lovely face,
Son of Tantalus, ſurvey'd,
And with amorous embrace
Far away the prize convey'd.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all-honour'd Jove
With Pelops ſwift the golden chariot rolls.
There, like more ancient Ganymede, above
For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.
But for her vanquiſh'd ſon in vain
When long his tender mother ſought,
And tidings of his fate were brought
By none of all her much-inquiring train;

In a cauldron's ſeething flood
That thy mangled limbs were caſt,
Thence by each voracious God
On the board in meſſes plac'd.
But ſhall I the bleſt abuſe?
With ſuch tales to ſtain her ſong
Far, far be it from my Muſe!
Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er to man befel
Honour from the powers divine,
Who on high Olympus dwell,
Tantalus, the lot was thine.
But, alas! his mortal ſenſe
All too feeble to digeſt
The delights of bliſs immenſe,
Sicken'd at the heavenly feaſt.
Whence, his folly to chaſtiſe,
O'er his head with pride elate,
Jove, great father of the ſkies,
Hung a rock's enormous weight.

EPODE IV.

Now vainly labouring with inceſſant pains
Th' impending rock's expected fall to ſhun,
The fourth diſtreſsful inſtance he remains
Of wretched man by impious pride undone;
Who to his mortal gueſts convey'd
Th' incorruptible food of Gods,
On which in their divine abodes
Himſelf erſt feaſting was immortal made.

STRO-

STROPHE V.

Vain is he, who hopes to cheat
The all-ſeeing eyes of Heaven:
From Olympus' bliſsful ſeat,
For his father's theft, was driven
Pelops, to reſide once more
With frail man's ſwift-paſſing race.
Where (for now youth's blowing flower
Deck'd with opening pride his face;
And with manly beauty ſprung
On each cheek the downy ſhade)
Ever burning for the young,
Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
From her royal ſire to gain,
Near the billow-beaten ſide
Of the foam-beſilver'd main,
Darkling and alone he ſtood,
Invocating oft the name
Of the Trident-bearing god
Strait the Trident-bearer came:
"If the ſweet delights of love,
"Which from Beauty's Queen deſcend,
"Can thy yielding boſom move,
"Mighty God, my cauſe befriend.

EPODE

EPODE V.

" With ſtrong prevention let thy hand control
" The brazen lance of Piſa's furious king;
" And to the honours of th' Elean goal
" Me with unrival'd ſpeed in triumph bring.
" Transfix'd by his unerring ſpear,
" Already thirteen youths have dy'd,
" Yet he perſiſts with cruel pride,
Hippodamia's nuptials to defer.

STROPHE VI.

" In the paths of dangerous fame
" Trembling cowards never tread:
" Yet ſince all of mortal frame
" Muſt be number'd with the dead,
" Who in dark inglorious ſhade
" Would his uſeleſs life conſume,
" And, with deedleſs years decay'd,
" Sink unhonour'd to the tomb?
" I that ſhameful lot diſdain;
" I this doubtful liſt will prove;
" May my vows from thee obtain
" Conqueſt, and the prize of love!"

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the God;
Who, his bold attempt to grace,
On the favour'd youth beſtow'd
Steeds unwearied in the race;

Steeds,

Steeds, with winged speed endued,
Harness'd to a golden carr.
So was Pisa's king subdued;
Pelops so obtain'd the fair;
From whose womb a noble brood,
Six illustrious brothers came,
All with virtuous minds endow'd,
Leaders all of mighty fame.

EPODE VI.

Now in the solemn service of the dead,
Rank'd with immortal Gods, great Pelops [illegible];
While to his altar, on the watery bed
Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime repair
The wondering stranger, to behold
The glories of th' Olympick plain;
Where, the resplendent wreath to gain,
Contend the swift, the active, and the bold.

STROPHE VII.

Happy he, whose glorious brow
Pisa's honour'd chaplets crown!
Calm his stream of life shall flow,
Shelter'd by his high renown.
That alone is bliss supreme,
Which, unknowing to decay,
Still with ever-shining beam
Gladdens each succeeding day.
Then for happy Hiero weave
Garlands of Æolian strains;
Him these honours to receive
The Olympick law ordains.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay
Can the Muſe a mortal find;
Greater in imperial ſway,
Richer in a virtuous mind;
Heaven, O king, with tender care
Waits thy wiſhes to fulfil.
Then ere long will I prepare,
Plac'd on Chronium's ſunny hill,
Thee in ſweeter verſe to praiſe,
Following thy victorious ſteeds;
If to proſper all thy ways
Still thy Guardian God proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various ſtations rank'd mankind:
In royal power the long gradations end.
By that horizon prudently confin'd,
Let not thy hopes to farther views extend.
Long may'ſt thou wear the regal crown!
And may thy Bard his wiſh receive,
With thee, and ſuch as thee to live,
Around his native Greece for wiſdom known!

THE

THE SECOND OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, who came off Conqueror in the Race of Chariots drawn by four Horſes, in the Seventy-ſeventh Olympiad.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet, in anſwer to the queſtion, What God, what Hero, and what Mortal he ſhould ſing (with which words this Ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the firſt of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his ſubject; the one being the Protector, and the other the Founder of the Olympick Games; falls directly into the praiſes of Theron: by this method artfully inſinuating, that Theron held the ſame rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellencies of Theron, the Poet having made mention of the nobility of his family (a topick ſeldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occaſion to lay before him the various accidents and viciſſitudes of human life, by inſtances drawn from the hiſtory of his own anceſtors, the founders of Agrigentum; who, it ſeems, underwent many difficulties, before they could build, and ſettle themſelves in that city; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very conſiderable figure, and were rewarded for their paſt ſuffering;

ſufferings with wealth and honour; according to which method of proceeding, the Poet (alluding to ſome misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beſeeches Jupiter to deal with their poſterity, by recompenſing their former afflictions with a ſeries of peace and happineſs for the future; in the enjoyment of which they would ſoon loſe the memory of whatever they had ſuffered in times paſt: the conſtant effect of proſperity being to make men forget their paſt adverſity; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miſeries they have undergone. The truth of this poſition he makes appear from the hiſtory of the ſame family; by the farther inſtances of Semele, Ino, and Therſander; and laſtly, of Theron himſelf, whoſe former cares and troubles, he inſinuates, are repaid by his preſent happineſs and victory in the Olympick Games: for his ſucceſs in which, the Poet however intimates, that Theron was no leſs indebted to his riches than to his virtue, ſince he was enabled by the one, as well as diſpoſed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expence that was neceſſary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympick crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occaſion to tell him, that the man who poſſeſſes theſe treaſures, viz. Riches and Virtue, that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions, has the farther ſatisfaction of knowing, that he ſhall be rewarded for it hereafter; and ſo

among the heroes into the Fortunate Iſlands (the Paradiſe of the Ancients), which he here deſcribes; ſome of whoſe inhabitants are likewiſe mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the Poet, finding himſelf, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his ſubject, recalls his Muſe, and returns to the praiſe of Theron; whoſe beneficence and generoſity, he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with ſome reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

YE choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the Lyrick ſtring,
What god? what hero's god-like praiſe?
What mortal ſhall we ſing?
With Jove, with Piſa's Guardian God,
Begin, O Muſe, th' Olympick Ode.
Alcides, Jove's heroick ſon,
The ſecond honours claims;
Who, offering up the ſpoils from Augeas won,
Eſtabliſh'd to his ſire th' Olympick Games;
Where bright in wreaths of Conqueſt Theron ſhone.
Then of victorious Theron ſing!
Of Theron hoſpitable, juſt, and great!
Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering ſtate;

A righteous prince! whoſe flowering virtues grace
The venerable ſtem of his illuſtrious race:

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercis'd in woes,
Ere, ſmiling o'er her kindred flood,
The manſion of their wiſh'd repoſe,
Their ſacred city ſtood;
And through amaz'd Sicilia ſhone
The luſtre of their fair renown.
Thence, as the milder Fates decreed,
In deſtin'd order born,
Auſpicious hours with ſmoother pace ſucceed;
While Power and Wealth the noble line adorn,
And Public Favour, Virtue's richeſt meed.
O Son of Rhea, God ſupreme!
Whoſe kingly hands th' Olympian ſceptre wield!
Rever'd on Alpheus' ſacred ſtream!
And honour'd moſt in Piſa's liſted field!
Propitious liſten to my ſoothing ſtrain!
And to the worthy ſons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life, and wealth beſtow;
And bid their preſent moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great Sire of all Things, Time, nor Fate.
But ſweet oblivion of diſaſtrous care,
And good ſucceeding, may the wrong repair.

Left in the brightness of returning day,
The gloomy terrors of the night decay;
When Jove commands the Sun of Joy to rise,
And opens into smiles the cloud-involv'd skies.

STROPHE II.

The hapless daughters' various fate
Thus moral truth, O Cadmus, shows;
Who rashly now with god-like state
On heavenly thrones repose;
And yet Affliction's thorny road
In bitter anguish once they trod.
But bliss superior hath eras'd
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
To heavenly nephews bids her tresses flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd.
There, with immortal charms improv'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven's fairest abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Lov'd by her youthful son, whose brows divine,
In twining ivy bound, with joy eternal shine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To Ino, Goddess of the Main,
The Fates an equal lot decree,
Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
Bright daughters of the sea.

Deep

Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happineſs to know.
But here our day's appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether diſtreſs our period ſhall attend,
And in tumultuous ſtorms our ſun go down,
Or to the ſhades in peaceful calms deſcend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious ſtill to Fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguiſh, care, and ſtrife,
O'erwhelming waves the ſhatter'd bark aſſail:
Now glide ſerene and ſmooth the limpid ſtreams;
And on the ſurface play Apollo's golden beams.

EPODE II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliſs divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reverſing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched ſires and ſhame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckleſs Oedipus was Laius ſlain.
To parricide by Fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero ſhed;
Doom'd to fulfill the oracles of heaven,
To Thebes' ill-deſtin'd king by Pythian Phœbus given.

STROPHE III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage ſubdued.

Pierc'd by his brother's hateful steel
Thus haughty Polynices fell.
Thersander, born to calmer days,
Surviv'd his falling sire,
In youthful games to win immortal praise;
Renown in martial combats to acquire,
And high in power th' Adrastian house to raise.
Forth from this venerable root
Æneidamus and his Theron spring;
For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
For whom triumphant strike my sounding string.
Due to his glory is th' Aonian strain,
Whose virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's plain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd Olympia's sand
The victor's chaplet Theron wore;
But with him on the Isthmian strand,
On sweet Castalia's shore,
The verdant crowns, the proud reward
Of victory, his brother shar'd,
Copartner in immortal praise,
As warm'd with equal zeal
The light-foot courser's generous breed to raise,
And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.
The painful strife Olympia's wreath repays:
But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
The means and fair occasions must procure;
In glory's chace must aid the mind,
Expence, and toil, and danger to endure;

With

With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And ſhine the brighteſt lamp in all the ſphere of fame.

EPODE III.

The happy mortal, who theſe treaſures ſhares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares;
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the ſad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churliſh mind
Avenging gods and penal woes ſhall find;
Where ſtrict inquiring juſtice ſhall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
Th' impartial Judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

STROPHE IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudleſs day,
In peaceful, unmoleſted joy,
The good their ſmiling hours employ.
Them no uneaſy wants conſtrain
To vex th' ungrateful ſoil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their ſtrength with unabating toil,
A frail diſaſtrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of juſtice they receive;
And in the fellowſhip of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.

There, in the number of the bleſt enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
And young Achilles, to thoſe iſles remov'd,
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd:

STROPHE V.

Achilles, whoſe reſiſtleſs might
Troy's ſtable pillar overthrew,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardy Cygnus ſlew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born—
Yet in my well-ſtor'd breaſt remain
Materials to ſupply
With copious argument my moral ſtrain,
Whoſe myſtic ſenſe the wiſe alone deſcry,
Still to the vulgar ſounding harſh and vain.
He only, in whoſe ample breaſt
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praiſe of wiſdom may conteſt;
Not they who, with loquacious learning ſtor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries
Purſue the bird of Jove, that ſails along the ſkies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brighteſt ſhafts prepare,
And bend, O Muſe, thy ſounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows ſhall we throw?

On

To heaven's vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I swear.
Swear, that no ſtate, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can ſhew in all her boaſted ſtore
A name to parallel thy Theron's praiſe;
One to the acts of friendſhip ſo inclin'd,
So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of hum

EPODE V.

Yet hath obſtreperous envy ſought to dro
The goodly muſick of his ſweet renown
While, by ſome frantic ſpirits borne alon
To mad attempts of violence and wrong,
She turn'd againſt him faction's raging fl
And ſtrove with evil deeds to conquer go
But who can number every ſandy grain
Waſh'd by Sicilia's hoarſe-reſounding ma
Or who can Theron's generous works ex
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtu

THE THIRD OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is likewiſe inſcribed to Theron King of Agrigentum, upon the Occaſion of another Victory obtained by him in the Chariot-Race at Olympia; the Date of which is unknown.

ARGUMENT.

THE Scholiaſt acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a feſtival inſtituted by Caſtor and Pollux in honour of all the gods) he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olymick Games: from this circumſtance the Poet takes occaſion to addreſs this Ode to thoſe two deities and their ſiſter Helena, in whoſe temple, the ſame Scholiaſt informs us, ſome people with greateſt probability conjectured, it was ſung, at a ſolemn ſacrifice there offered by Theron to thoſe deities, and to Hercules alſo, as may be inferred from a paſſage in the third Strophe of the Tranſlation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking theſe divinities, that is ſuggeſted in the Ode itſelf: for, after mentioning the occaſion of his compoſing it, namely, the Olympick victory of Theron, and ſaying that a triumphal ſong was a tribute due to that perſon upon whom the Hellanodick, or Judge of the Games, beſtowed the ſacred Olive, according

cording to the inſtitution of their firſt founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary ſtory, of that Hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in thoſe games ſhould, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this ſacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Caſtor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympick Games, and execute the office of beſtowing the Olive-crown upon thoſe who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious gueſt to this ſacrifice of Theron, in company with the two ſons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them ſucceſs and glory; to the utmoſt limits of which he inſinuates that Theron is arrived, and ſo concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wiſe or unwiſe, to attempt to ſurpaſs him.

TO

TO

THERON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

STROPHE I.

WHILE to the fame of Agragas I ſing,
For Theron wake th' Olympick ſtring,
And with Aonian garlands grace
His ſteeds unweary'd in the race,
O may the hoſpitable twins of Jove,
And bright-hair'd Helena, the ſong approve!
For this the Muſe beſtow'd her aid,
As in new meaſures I eſſay'd
To harmonize the tuneful words,
And ſet to Dorian airs my ſounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conquering ſteeds, whoſe toſſing heads
Olympia's verdant wreath beſpreads,
The Muſe-imparted tribute claim,
Due, Theron, to thy glorious name;
And bid me temper in their maſter's praiſe
The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
Lo! Piſa too the ſong requires!
Elean Piſa, that inſpires
The glowing Bard with eager care
His heaven-directed preſent to prepare:

EPODE I.

The preſent offer'd to his virtuous fame,
On whoſe ennobled brows
The righteous umpire of the ſacred game,
Th' Ætolian judge, beſtows
The darkſome olive, ſtudious to fulfill
The mighty founder's will,
Who this fair enſign of Olympick toil
From diſtant Scythia's fruitful ſoil,
And Hyperboræan Iſter's woody ſhore,
With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis bore.

STROPHE II.

The blameleſs ſervants of the Delphick God
With joy the valued gifts beſtow'd;
Mov'd by the friendly thief to grant,
On terms of peace, the ſacred plant,
Deſtin'd at once to ſhade Jove's honour'd ſhrine
And crown heroick worth with wreaths divine.
For now full-orb'd the wandering moon
In plenitude of brightneſs ſhone,
And on the ſpacious eye of night
Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd flames,
And now were fix'd the mighty games,
Again, when e'er the circling ſun
Four times his annual courſe had run,
Their period to renew, and ſhine again
On Alpheus' craggy ſhores and Piſa's plain:

But ſubject all the region lay
To the fierce ſun's inſulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
No ſhade aroſe his fury to repell.

EPODE II.

Then traverſing the hills, whoſe jutting baſe
Indents Arcadia's meads,
To where the virgin goddeſs of the chace
Impells her foaming ſteeds,
To Scythian Iſter he directs his way,
Doom'd by his father to obey
The rigid pleaſures of Mycenæ's king,
And thence the rapid hind to bring,
Whom, ſacred preſent for the Orthian maid,
With horns of branching gold, Täygeta array'd.

STROPHE III.

There as the longſome chace the chief purſued,
The ſpacious Scythian plains he view'd;
A land beyond the chilling blaſt
And northern caves of Boreas caſt:
There too the groves of olive he ſurvey'd,
And gaz'd with rapture on the pleaſing ſhade,
Thence by the wondering hero borne
The goals of Elis to adorn.
And now to Theron's ſacred feaſt
With Leda's twins he comes, propitious gueſt!

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when heaven's divine abodes
He sought, and mingled with the gods)
He gave th' illustrious Games to hold,
And crown the swift, the strong, and bold.
Then, Muse, to Theron and his house proclaim
The joyous tidings of success and fame,
By Leda's twins bestow'd to grace,
Eumenides, thy pious race,
Who, mindful of heaven's high behests,
With strictest zeal observe their holy feasts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital streams all things surpass,
As gold's all-worship'd ore
Holds amid fortune's stores the highest class;
So to that distant shore,
To where the pillars of Alcides rise,
Fame's utmost boundaries,
Theron, pursuing his successful way,
Hath deck'd with glory's brightest ray
His lineal virtues.—Farther to attain,
Wise, and unwise, with me despair: th' attempt were vain.

THE

THE FIFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

THIS Ode is inſcribed to Pſaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily), who, in the eighty-ſecond Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horſes; a ſecond in the race of the Apené, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of ſingle horſes.

Some people (it ſeems) have doubted, whether this Ode be Pindar's, for certain reaſons, which, together with the arguments on the other ſide, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this Author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, beſides the reaſons there given for doubting if this Ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to biaſs people in their judgment upon this queſtion. I ſhall therefore beg leave to conſider it a little, becauſe what I ſhall ſay upon that head, will tend to illuſtrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this Ode. In the Greek editions of this Author there are two Odes (of which this is the ſecond) inſcribed to the ſame Pſaumis, and dated both in the ſame Olympiad. But they differ from each other in ſeveral particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the ſecond Ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Pſaumis; in the firſt, of only one, viz. that ob-

him in the race of chariots drawn by four
the ſecond, not only the city of Cama-
the lake of the ſame name, many rivers
to it, and ſome circumſtances relating to the
te, and the rebuilding of that city (which
deſtroyed by the Syracuſians ſome years
e mentioned; whereas in the firſt, Cama-
ely [illegible] as the country of the conque-
as it [illegible] out of form: from all which I
hat theſe two Odes were compoſed to be
erent times, and in different places; the
ympia, immediately upon Pſaumis's being
conqueror in the chariot-race, and be-
ined his other two victories. This may
at probability be inferred, as well from no
me being there made of thoſe two victories,
as from the prayer which the poet ſubjoins imme-
diately to his account of the firſt, viz. that heaven
would in like manner be favourable to the reſt of
the victor's wiſhes; which prayer, though it be in
general words, and one frequently uſed by Pindar
in other of his Odes, yet has a peculiar beauty and
propriety, if taken to relate to the other two exer-
ciſes, in which Pſaumis was ſtill to contend; and
in which he afterwards came off victorious. That
it was the cuſtom for a conqueror, at the time of
his being proclaimed, to be attended by a chorus,
who ſung a ſong of triumph in honour of his vic-
tory, I have obſerved in the Diſſertation prefixed to
theſe

theſe Odes *. In the ſecond, there are ſo many marks of its having been made to be ſung at the triumphal entry of Pſaumis into his own country, and thoſe ſo evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help obſerving them as he goes through the Ode. I ſhall therefore ſay nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by ſhewing for what occaſion this Ode was calculated, to confirm what I ſaid relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reaſon to conclude from there being two Odes inſcribed to the ſame perſon, and dated in the ſame Olympiad, that the latter is not Pindar's, eſpecially as it appears, both in the ſtyle and ſpirit, altogether worthy of him.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet begins with addreſſing himſelf to Camarina, a ſea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to beſpeak a favourable reception of his Ode, a preſent which he tells her was made to her by Pſaumis, who rendered her city illuſtrious at the Olympick Games; where having obtained three victories, he conſecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to ſtyle him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inſerts in

* *See Mr.* Weſt's Preface, p. 122.

his triumphal ſong the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the Poet takes occaſion to ſpeak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the ſtate of glory, to which, out of her low and miſerable condition, ſhe was now brought by the means of Pſaumis, and by the luſtre caſt on her by his victories; victories (ſays he) not to be obtained without much labour and expence, the uſual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who ſucceeded in ſuch-like undertakings, was ſure to be rewarded with the love and approbation of his country. The Poet then addreſſes himſelf to Jupiter in a prayer, beſeeching him to adorn the city and ſtate of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant to the victor Pſaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happineſs of dying before his children: after which he concludes with an exhortation to Pſaumis, to be contented with his condition; which he inſinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpoſe for him to wiſh to be a god.

STROPHE.

FAIR Camarina, daughter of the main,
With gracious ſmiles this choral ſong receive,
Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whoſe noble ſtrain
Shall to th' Olympick wreath new luſtre give:

This

This Pſaumis, whom on Alpheus' ſhore
With unabating ſpeed
The harneſs'd mules to conqueſt bore,
This gift to thee decreed;
Thee, Camarina, whoſe well-peopled towers
Thy Pſaumis render'd great in fame,
When to the twelve Olympian powers
He fed with victims the triumphal flame.
When, the double altars round,
Slaughter'd Bulls beſtrew'd the ground;
When, on five ſelected days,
Jove ſurvey'd the liſt of praiſe;
While along the duſty courſe
Pſaumis urg'd his ſtraining horſe,
Or beneath the ſocial yoke
Made the well-match'd courſers ſmoke;
Or around th' Elean goal
Taught his mule-drawn car to roll.
Then did the victor dedicate his fame
To thee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
Thy new-eſtabliſh'd walls, and Acron's honour'd name.

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleaſant ſeat
Once of Oenomaus and Pelops ſtood,
Thee, Civick Pallas, and thy chaſte retreat,
He bids me ſing, and fair Oanus' flood,

And Camarina's ſleeping wave,
And thoſe ſequeſter'd ſhores,
Through which the thirſty town to lave
Smooth flow the watery ſtores
Of ſilky Hipparis, profoundeſt ſtream,
Adown whoſe wood-envelop'd tide
The ſolid pile and lofty beam,
Materials for the future palace, glide.
Thus, by war's rude tempeſts torn,
Plung'd in miſery and ſcorn,
Once again, with power array'd,
Camarina lifts her head,
Gayly brightening in the blaze,
Pſaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praiſe.
Trouble, care, expence, attend
Him who labours to aſcend
Where, approaching to the ſkies,
Virtue holds the ſacred prize,
That tempts him to atchieve the dangerous deed:
But, if his well-concerted toils ſucceed,
His country's juſt applauſe ſhall be his glorious meed.

EPODE.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
O cloud-enthroned king of gods!
Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
With honour crown'ſt the wide-ſtream'd flood
Of Alpheus, and the ſolemn gloom
Of Ida's cave! to thee I come

Thy ſuppliant, to ſoft Lydian reeds,
Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
That, grac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
This ſtate may prove thy guardian care;
And thou, on whoſe victorious brow
Olympia bound the ſacred bough,
Thou whom Neptunian ſteeds delight,
With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
Calm may'ſt thou ſink to endleſs night,
Thy children, Pſaumis, weeping round.
And ſince the gods have given thee fame and wealth,
Join'd with that prime of earthly treaſures, health,
Enjoy the bleſſings they to man aſſign,
Nor fondly ſigh for happineſs divine.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Diagoras, the ſon of Damagetus of Rhodes, who in the Seventy-ninth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exerciſe of the cæſtus.

This Ode was in ſuch eſteem among the ancients, that it was depoſited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet begins this noble ſong of triumph with a ſimile, by which he endeavours to ſhew his great eſteem for thoſe who obtain the victory in the Olympick and other games; as alſo the value of the preſent, that he makes them upon that occaſion; a preſent always acceptable, becauſe fame and praiſe is that which delights all mortals; wherefore the Muſe, ſays he, is perpetually looking about for proper objects to beſtow it upon; and ſeeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a reſolution of celebrating him, the Iſle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus (according to the form obſerved by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors); Damagetus, and conſequently Diagoras, being deſcended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he ſettled, and obtained the dominion of that iſland. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his ſong; which he addreſſes to all the Rhodians in com-

mon

mon with Diagoras, who were deſcended from Tlepolemus, or from thoſe Grecians that came over with him; that is, almoſt all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) intereſted in the greateſt part of this Ode, as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occaſion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to ſeek out that iſland; which, inſtead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it ſome legendary ſtories (if I may ſo ſpeak) that were peculiar to the Iſle of Rhodes; ſuch as the Golden Shower, and the occaſion of Apollo's chuſing that iſland for himſelf; both which ſtories he relates at large with ſuch a flame of Poetry, as ſhews his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his ſubjects. Neither does he ſeem to cool in the ſhort account that he gives, in the next place, of the paſſion of Apollo for the Nymph Rhodos, from whom the iſland received its name, and from whom were deſcended its original inhabitants (whom juſt before the Poet therefore called the ſons of Apollo): and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalyſus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities which retained their names. In this iſland Tlepolemus (ſays the Poet, returning to the ſtory of that hero) found reſt, and a period to all his misfortunes, and at length grew into ſuch eſteem with the Rhodians, that they worſhiped him as a God, appointing

ſacri-

ſacrifices to him, and inſtituting games in his honour. The mention of thoſe games naturally brings back the Poet to Diagoras; and gives him occaſion, from the two victories obtained by Diagoras in thoſe games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a ſolemn prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country, and the admiration of all the world, as a reward for the many virtues for which he and his family had always been diſtinguiſhed, and for which their country had ſo often triumphed: and then, as if he had been a witneſs of the extravagant tranſports of the Rhodians (to which, not the feſtival only occaſioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman, and the glory reflected upon them by his victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary eulogiums beſtowed upon the whole nation in this Ode, might have given birth), the Poet on a ſudden changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral reflection on the viciſſitude of fortune, with which he exhorts them to moderation, and ſo concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

I.

AS when a father in the golden vaſe,
The pride and glory of his wealthy ſtores,
Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace,
The vineyard's purple dews profuſely pours;

II. Then

II.

Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
With bleſſings hallow'd, and auſpicious vows,
And, mingling with the draught tranſporting tears,
On the young bridegroom the rich gift beſtows;

III.

The precious earneſt of eſteem ſincere,
Of friendly union and connubial love:
The bridal train the ſacred pledge revere,
And round the youth in ſprightly meaſures move.

IV.

He to his home the valued preſent bears,
The grace and ornament of future feaſts;
Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
Wonder ſhall ſeize the gratulating gueſts.

V.

Thus on the valiant, on the ſwift, and ſtrong,
Caſtalia's genuine nectar I beſtow;
And, pouring forth the Muſe-deſcended ſong,
Bid to their praiſes the rich numbers flow.

VI.

Grateful to them reſounds th' harmonick Ode,
The gift of friendſhip and the pledge of fame.
Happy the mortal, whom th' Aonian God
Chears with the muſick of a glorious name!

VII.

The Muſe her piercing glances throws around,
And quick diſcovers every worthy deed:
And now ſhe wakes the lyre's inchanting ſound,
Now fills with various ſtrains the vocal reed;

VIII.

But here each inſtrument of ſong divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting ſtring,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine
Thee, and thy Rhodes, Diagoras, to ſing;

IX.

Thee and thy country, native of the flood,
Which from bright Rhodos draws her honour'd name,
Fair nymph, whoſe charms ſubdued the Delphic God,
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:

X.

To ſing thy triumphs in th' Olympick ſand,
Where Alpheus ſaw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering hand,
Where ſweet Caſtalia's myſtic currents ſound.

XI.

Nor Damagetus will I paſs unſung,
Thy ſire, the friend of Juſtice and of Truth;
From noble anceſtors whoſe lineage ſprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth.

XII.

There near to Aſia's wide-extended ſtrand,
Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
In three diviſions they they poſſeſs'd the land,
Enthron'd amid the hoarſe-reſounding tides.

XIII.

To their deſcendants will I tune my lyre,
The offspring of Alcides bold and ſtrong;
And from Tlepolemus, their common ſire,
Deduce the national hiſtorick ſong.

XIV. Tlepole-

XIV.

Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
The fruits of fair Aſtydameïa's love,
Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
So either lineage is deriv'd from Jove.

XV.

But wrapt in error is the human mind,
And human bliſs is ever inſecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the preſent ſhall endure?

XVI.

For lo! the * founder of the Rhodian ſtate,
Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
While his fell boſom ſwell'd with vengeful hate,
The baſtard-brother of Alcmena ſlew.

XVII.

With his rude mace, in fair Tiryntha's walls,
Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
Ev'n at his mother's door Licymnius falls,
Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the ground.

XVIII.

Paſſion may oft the wiſeſt heart ſurprize:
Conſcious and trembling for the murderous deed,
To Delphi's Oracle the hero flies,
Solicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.

XIX. Him

* Tlepolemus.

XIX.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fane,
Bade set his flying sails from Lerna's shore,
And, in the bosom of the Eastern Main,
That sea-girt region hasten to explore;

XX.

That blissful island, where a wonderous cloud
Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden shower;
What time, assisted by the Lemnian God,
The King of Heaven brought forth the Virgin Powe

XXI.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
And shouted fierce and loud, the Warrior Maid:
Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung.

XXII.

Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the strange tale reveal:
He warn'd them strait the sacrifice to slay,
And worship the young Power with earliest zeal.

XXIII.

So would they sooth the mighty father's mind,
Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid;
And so propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike, formidable maid.

XXIV.

On staid precaution, vigilant and wise,
True virtue and true happiness depend;
But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds arise,
And from the destin'd scope our purpose bend.

XXV. T

XXV.

The Rhodians, mindful of their ſire's beheſt,
Strait in the citadel an altar rear'd;
But with imperfect rites the power addreſs'd,
And without fire their ſacrifice prepar'd.

XXVI.

Yet Jove approving o'er th' aſſembly ſpread
A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
Whiſe in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
Deign'd her celeſtial ſcience to infuſe.

XXVII.

Thence in all arts the ſons of Rhodes excel,
Though beſt their forming hands the chiſſel guide;
This in each ſtreet the breathing marbles tell,
The ſtranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

XXVIII.

Great praiſe the works of Rhodian artiſts find,
Yet to their heavenly miſtreſs much they owe;
Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
And make the ſeeds of genius quicker grow.

XXIX.

Some ſay, that when by lot th' immortal gods
With Jove theſe earthly regions did divide,
All undiſcover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
Whelm'd deep beneath the ſalt Carpathian tide;

XXX.

That, abſent on his courſe, the God of Day
By all the heavenly ſynod was forgot,
Who, his inceſſant labours to repay,
Nor land nor ſea to Phœbus did allot;

XXXI.

That Jove reminded would again renew
Th' unjuſt partition, but the God deny'd;
And ſaid, beneath yon hoary ſurge I view
An iſle emerging through the briny tide:

XXXII.

A region pregnant with the fertile ſeed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful grain;
Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks ſhall feed;
Unnumber'd men poſſeſs each flowery plain.

XXXIII.

Then ſtrait to Lacheſis he gave command,
Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair;
He bade the fatal ſiſter ſtretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her ſwear;

XXXIV.

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
Which to his rule that fruitful iſland gave,
When from the ouzy bottom of the ſea
Her head ſhe rear'd above the Lycian wave.

XXXV.

The fatal ſiſter ſwore, nor ſwore in vain;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's Prophet err;
Up-ſprung the blooming iſland through the main;
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

XXXVI.

In this fam'd iſle, the radiant fire of light,
The god whoſe reins the fiery ſteeds obey,
Fair Rhodos ſaw, and, kindling at the ſight,
Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey:

XXXVII. From

XXXVII.

From whoſe divine embraces ſprung a race
Of mortals, wiſeſt of all human-kind;
Seven ſons, endow'd with every noble grace;
The noble graces of a ſapient mind.

XXXVIII.

Of theſe Ialyſus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus ſhar'd the Rhodian lands;
Apart they reign'd, and ſacred to his name
Apart each brother's royal city ſtands.

XXXIX.

Here a ſecure retreat from all his woes
Aſtydameia's hapleſs offspring found;
Here, like a God in undiſturb'd repoſe,
And like a God with heavenly honours crown'd,

XL.

His prieſts and blazing altars he ſurveys,
And hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame;
With games, memorial of his deathleſs praiſe;
Where twice, Diagoras, unmatch'd in fame,

XLI.

Twice on thy head the livid poplar ſhone,
Mix'd with the darkſome pine, that binds the brows
Of Iſthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
And every palm that Attica beſtows.

XLII.

Diagoras th' Arcadian vaſe obtain'd;
Argos to him adjudg'd her brazen ſhield;
His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
And bore the prize from each Bœotian field.

XLIII.

Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd;
As oft Pellene's robe of honour won;
And ſtill at Megara in vain aſſail'd,
He with his name hath fill'd the victor's ſtone.

XLIV.

O thou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
Seeſt from his ſummits all this happy iſle,
By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
Vouchſafe, Saturnius, on my verſe to ſmile!

XLV.

And grant to him, whoſe virtue is my theme,
Whoſe valiant heart th' Olympick wreaths proclaim,
At home his country's favour and eſteem,
Abroad, eternal, univerſal fame.

XLVI.

For well to thee Diagoras is known;
Ne'er to injuſtice have his paths declin'd:
Nor from his ſires degenerates the ſon;
Whoſe precepts and examples fire his mind.

XLVII.

Then from obſcurity preſerve a race,
Who to their country joy and glory give;
Their country, that in them views every grace,
Which from their great forefathers they receive.

XLVIII.

Yet as the gales of Fortune various blow,
To-day tempeſtuous, and to-morrow fair,
Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your tranſports know;
Perhaps to-morrow comes a ſtorm of care.

THE

THE ELEVENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Ageſidamus of Locris, who, in the Seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exerciſe of the Cæſtus, and in the claſs of boys.

The preceding Ode in the original is inſcribed to the ſame perſon; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promiſed Ageſidamus an Ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him, acknowledging himſelf to blame for having been ſo long in his debt. To make him ſome amends for having delayed payment ſo long, he ſent him by way of intereſt together with the preceding Ode, which is of ſome length, the ſhort one that is here tranſlated, and which in the Greek title is for that reaſon ſtyled τόκος or intereſt.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet, by two compariſons, with which he begins his Ode, inſinuates how acceptable to ſucceſsful merit thoſe ſongs of triumph are, which give ſtability and duration to their fame: then declaring that theſe ſongs are due to the Olympick Conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Ageſidamus, and the praiſes of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commmends for their having been always reputed a brave, wiſe, and hoſpitable nation; from whence he inſinuates, that their virtues being hereditary

ditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

STROPHE.

TO wind-bound mariners moſt welcome blow
The breezy zephyrs through the whiſtling ſhrouds:
Moſt welcome to the thirſty mountains flow
Soft ſhowers, the pearly daughters of the clouds;
And when on virtuous toils the gods beſtow
Succeſs, moſt welcome ſound melliſluous odes,
Whoſe numbers ratify the voice of Fame,
And to illuſtrious worth inſure a laſting name.

ANTISTROPHE.

Such fame, ſuperior to the hoſtile dart
Of canker'd envy, Piſa's Chiefs attends.
Fain would my Muſe th' immortal boon impart,
Th' immortal boon which from high Heaven deſcends.
And now inſpir'd by Heaven thy valiant heart,
Ageſidamus, ſhe to Fame commends:
Now adds the ornament of tuneful praiſe,
And decks thy olive-crown with ſweetly-ſounding lays.

EPODE.

But while thy bold atchievements I rehearſe,
Thy youthful victory in Piſa's ſand,
With thee partaking in the friendly verſe
Not unregarded ſhall thy Locris ſtand.

Thus

Then haſte, ye Muſes, join the choral band
Of feſtive youths upon the Locrian plain;
To an unciviliz'd and ſavage land
Think not I now invite your virgin train,
Where barbarous ignorance and foul diſdain
Of ſocial Virtue's hoſpitable lore
Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman ſwain
To drive the ſtranger from his churliſh door.
A nation ſhall ye find, renown'd of yore
For martial valour and for worthy deeds;
Rich in a vaſt and unexhauſted ſtore
Of innate wiſdom, whoſe prolific ſeeds
Spring in each age. So Nature's laws require:
And the great laws of Nature ne'er expire.
Unchang'd the lion's valiant race remains,
And all his father's wiles the youthful fox retains.

THE TWELFTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Ergoteles the Son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the Seventy-ſeventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the Foot-Race called Dolichos or the Long-Courſe.

ARGUMENT.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happineſs to obtain, what the Greeks eſteemed the higheſt pitch of glory, the Olympick Crown. Pauſanias ſays he gained two Olympick Crowns; and the ſame number in each of the other three ſacred Games, the Pythian, Iſthmian, and Nemean. From theſe remarkable viciſſitudes of Fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occaſion to addreſs himſelf to that powerful directreſs of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after deſcribing in general terms the univerſal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of Hope, ever fluctuating in igno-

ignorance and error, he aſſigns a reaſon for that vanity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverſe both of their hopes and fears. Thus, ſays he, it happened to Ergoteles, whoſe very misfortunes were to him the occaſion of happineſs and glory; ſince, had he not been baniſhed from his country, he had probably paſſed his life in obſcurity, and waſted in domeſtick broils and quarrels that ſtrength and activity, which his more peaceful ſituation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympick crown.

This Ode, one of the ſhorteſt, is, at the ſame time, in its order and connection, the cleareſt and moſt compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

DAUGHTER of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my ſupplications I prefer!
For potent Himera my ſuit I move;
Protectreſs fortune, hear!
Thy deity along the pathleſs main
In her wild courſe the rapid veſſel guides;
Rules the fierce conflict on th' embattled plain,
And in deliberating ſtates preſides.
Toſs'd by thy uncertain gale
On the ſeas of error ſail

Human hopes, now mounting high
On the ſwelling ſurge of joy;
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For ſure preſage of things to come
None yet on mortals have the gods beſtow'd;
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
Can wiſdom pierce the cloud.
Oft our moſt ſanguine views th' event deceives,
And veils in ſudden grief the ſmiling ray:
Oft, when with woe the mournful boſom heaves,
Caught in a ſtorm of anguiſh and diſmay,
Paſs ſome fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempeſts fly:
Inſtant ſhifts the clouded ſcene;
Heaven renews its ſmiles ſerene;
And on Joy's untroubled tides
Smooth to port the veſſel glides.

EPODE.

* Son of Philanor! in the ſecret ſhade
Thus had thy ſpeed unknown to fame decay'd;
Thus, like the † creſted bird of Mars, at home
Engag'd in foul domeſtick jars,
And waſted with inteſtine wars,

Inglorious

* Ergoteles. † The cock.

Inglorious hadſt thou ſpent thy vigorous bloom;
Had not ſedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driven thee with more glorious toils
Th' Olympiack crown in Piſa's plain to meet.
With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
And the dark chaplets of the Iſthmian pine,
In Himera's adopted city plac'd,
To all, Ergoteles, thy honours ſhine,
And raiſe her luſtre by imparting thine.

THE

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPICK ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Aſophicus, the Son of Cleodemus of Orchomenus; who, in the Seventy-ſixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the ſimple Foot-Race, and in the Claſs of Boys.

ARGUMENT.

ORCHOMENUS, a city of Bœotia, and the country of the victor Aſophicus, being under the protection of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addreſſes this Ode; which was probably ſung in the very temple of thoſe goddeſſes, at a ſacrifice offered by Aſophicus on occaſion of his victory. The Poet begins this invocation with ſtiling the Graces queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the firſt king of that city; whoſe fertile territories, he ſays, were by lot aſſigned to their protection. Then, after deſcribing in general the properties and operations of theſe deities, both in earth and hea[illegible] proceeds to call upon each of them by nam[illegible]it at the ſinging of this Ode; which w[illegible] he tells them, [illegible] to celebrate the victory of [illegible] which Orchomenus ha[illegible] ſi[illegible]nſelf to Echo, ſi[illegible] the banks

country, he charges her to repair to the manſion of Proſerpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Aſophicus (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time) the happy news of his ſon's victory; and ſo concludes.

MONOSTROPHAICK.

STROHPE I.

YE powers, o'er all the flowery meads,
Where deep Cephiſus rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preſide,
And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous ſteeds,
Queens of Orchomenus the fair,
And ſacred guardians of the ancient line
Of Minyas divine,
Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!
All that 's ſweet and pleaſing here
Mortals from your hands receive:
Splendor ye and fame confer,
Genius, wit, and beauty give.
Nor, without your ſhining train,
Ever on th' æthereal plain
In harmonious meaſures move
[illegible] celeſtial choirs above;
[illegible] the figur'd dance they lead,
[illegible] banquet ſpread.
[illegible] mortal grac'd,
[illegible] us plac'd,

Ordering

Ordering through the bleſt abodes
All the ſplendid works of gods,
Sit the ſiſters in a ring,
Round the golden-ſhafted king,
And with reverential love
Worſhiping th' Olympian throne,
The majeſtick brow of Jove
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
And thou, Euphroſyna, whoſe ear
Delighted liſtens to the warbled ſtrain!
Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
The beſt, the greateſt power above;
With your illuſtrious preſence deign
To grace our choral ſong!
Whoſe notes to victory's glad ſound
In wanton meaſures lightly bound.
Thalia, come along!
Come, tuneful maid! for, lo! my ſtring
With meditated ſkill prepares
In ſoftly ſoothing Lydian airs
Aſopichus to ſing;
Aſopichus, whoſe ſpeed by thee ſuſtain'd
The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
Go then, ſportive Echo, go,
To the ſable dome below,

Proſerpin

Proſerpine's black dome, repair,
There to Cleodémus bear
Tidings of immortal fame:
Tell, how in the rapid game
O'er Piſa's vale his ſon victorious fled;
Tell, for thou ſaw'ſt him bear away
The winged honours of the day;
And deck'd with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

THE

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

This Ode is inſcribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuſe, who, in the Twenty-ninth Pythiad, (which anſwers to the ſeventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the victory in the Chariot-Race.

ARGUMENT.

THE Poet, addreſſing himſelf in the firſt place to his harp, launches out immediately into a deſcription of the wonderful effects produced in heaven by the inchanting harmony of that divine inſtrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muſes: theſe effects, ſays he, are to celeſtial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horror, this heavenly muſick. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the puniſhment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having preſumed to defy Jupiter, was by him caſt into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whoſe fiery eruptions he aſcribes to this giant, whom he therefore ſtiles Vulcanian Monſter. The deſcription of theſe eruptions of Mount Ætna, he cloſes with a ſhort prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain, and from thence paſſes to, what indeed is more properly the ſubject of this Ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the Poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and

and named after the mountain in whoſe neighbourhood it ſtood. Hiero had ordered himſelf to be ſtyled of Ætna by the herald who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian Games; from which glorious beginning, ſays Pindar, the happy city preſages to herſelf all kinds of glory and felicity for the future. Then addreſſing himſelf to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian Games, he beſeeches him to make the citizens of Ætna great and happy; all human excellencies being the gifts of heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wiſhes felicity and proſperity for the future, not to be diſturbed by the return or remembrance of any paſt afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his brother Gelo obtained the ſovereignty of Syracuſe, having been crowned with ſucceſs, will doubtleſs, ſays Pindar, recur often to his memory with great delight: and then taking notice of the condition of Hiero, who, it ſeems, being at that time troubled with the ſtone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: this hero, having been wounded in the foot by one of Hercules's arrows, ſtaid in Lemnos to get cured of his wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy ſhould not be taken without thoſe arrows, of which Philoctetes had the poſſeſſion, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the ſiege. As Hiero reſembled Philoctetes in one point, may he alſo, adds the Poet, reſemble him in another, and recover

cover his health by the assistance of a [illegible]. Then addressing himself to Diomenes, the son of Hiero, whom that prince intended to make king of Ætna, he enters into an account of the colony, which Hiero had settled in that city: the people of this colony being originally descended from Sparta, were, at their own request, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account Pindar subjoins a prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of Ætna may, by an [illegible] [illegible], maintain the glory and splendor of their race; and that Hiero, and his son Diomenes, taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to dispose their minds to peace and unity. For this purpose, continues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuscans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their minds the great losses they had lately sustained from the valour of Hiero and his brothers; into a more particular detail of whose courage and virtue, Pindar insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a fault which is apt to breed in the reader satiety and disgust; and though, continues he, excessive fame produces often the same effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that consideration, omit doing any great or good action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some precepts useful to all kings in general, and others more peculiarly adapted to the temple of Hiero, whom, as

he was somewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generosity and munificence, from the consideration of the fame accruing to the princes of that character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants, he concludes; winding up all with observing, that the first of all human blessings consists in being virtuous; the second in being praised; and that he, who has the happiness to enjoy both these at the same time, is arrived at the highest point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I.

HAIL, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.
The dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
Till thou, great leader of the heavenly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'st the sign —
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the musick of thy Numbers charm'd,
The birds' fierce monarch * drops his vengeful ire;

* The eagle.

Perch'd on the ſceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle ſleep his cloſing eyelid ſeals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in looſe array
To every balmy gale the ruffling feathers play.

DECADE III.

Ev'n Mars, ſtern god of violence and war,
Soothes with thy lulling ſtrains his furious breaſt,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance conſigns to peaceful reſt.
Nor leſs enraptur'd each immortal mind
Owns the ſoft influence of inchanting ſong,
When, in melodious ſymphony combin'd,
Thy ſon, Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muſes, ſkill'd in wiſdom's deepeſt lore,
The ſubtle powers of verſe and harmony explore.

DECADE IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with deteſtation views,
With envious horror hear the heavenly ſtrain,
Exil'd from praiſe, from virtue, and the Muſe.
Such is Typhœus, impious foe of gods,
Whoſe hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
Once foſter'd in her infamous abodes;
Till daring with preſumptuous arms to brave
The might of thundering Jove, ſubdued he fell,
Plung'd in the horrid dungeons of profoundeſt hell.

DE ADE

DECADE V.

Now under ſulphurous Cuma's ſea-bound coaſt,
And vaſt Sicilia lies his ſhaggy breaſt;
By ſnowy Ætna, nurſe of endleſs froſt,
The pillar'd prop of heaven, for ever preſs'd:
Forth from whoſe nitrous caverns iſſuing riſe
Pure liquid fountains of tempeſtuous fire,
And veil in ruddy miſts the noon-day ſkies,
While wrapt in ſmoke the eddying flames aſpire,
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian Monſter, to the clouds
The fierceſt, hotteſt inundations throws,
While, with the burthen of incumbent woods
And Ætna's gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd, he glows.
There on his flinty bed out-ſtretch'd he lies,
Whoſe pointed rock his toſſing carcaſe wounds:
There with diſmay he ſtrikes beholding eyes,
Or frights the diſtant ear with horrid ſounds.
O ſave us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
Thou, that here reign'ſt, ador'd in Ætna's ſacred grove!

DECADE VII.

Ætna, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
Whoſe borrow'd name adorns the royal town,
Rais'd by illuſtrious Hiero's generous hand,
And render'd glorious with his high renown.

By Pythian heralds were her praiſes ſung,
When Hiero triumph'd in the duſty courſe,
When ſweet Caſtalia with applauſes rung,
And glorious laurels crown'd the conquering horſe.
The happy city for her future days
Preſages hence increaſe of victory and praiſe.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the mariners to proſperous winds,
The port forſaking, ſpread their ſwelling ſails;
The fair departure chears their jocund minds
With pleaſing hopes of favourable gales,
While o'er the dangerous deſarts of the main,
To their lov'd country they purſue their way.
Ev'n ſo, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
Whom Delus, and Caſtalia's ſprings obey,
Theſe hopes regard, and Ætna's glory raiſe
With valiant ſons, triumphant ſteeds, and heavenly lays!

DECADE IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
They the wiſe mind beſtow'd, and ſmooth'd the tongue
With elocution, and for mighty deeds
The nervous arm with manly vigour ſtrung.
All theſe are Hiero's: theſe to rival lays
Call forth the Bard: ariſe then, Muſe, and ſpeed
To this contention; ſtrive in Hiero's praiſe,
Nor fear thy efforts ſhall his worth exceed;
Within the lines of truth ſecure to throw,
Thy dart ſhall ſtill ſurpaſs each vain attempting foe.

DECADE

DECADE X.

So may ſucceeding ages, as they roll,
Great Hiero ſtill in wealth and bliſs maintain,
And, joyous health recalling, on his ſoul
Oblivion pour of life-conſuming pain.
Yet may thy memory with ſweet delight
The various dangers and the toils recount,
Which in inteſtine wars and bloody fight
Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did ſurmount;
What time, by heaven above all Grecians crown'd,
The prize of ſovereign ſway with thee thy * brother found.

DECADE XI.

Then like the ſon of Pæan didſt thou war,
Smit with the arrows of a ſore diſeaſe;
While, as along ſlow rolls thy ſickly car,
Love and amaze the haughtieſt boſoms ſeize.
In Lemnos pining with th' envenom'd wound
The ſon of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
There, after tedious queſt, the heroes found,
And bore the limping archer thence away;
By whom fell Priam's towers (ſo fate ordain'd)
And the long harraſs'd Greeks their wiſh'd repoſe obtain'd.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's ſon, receive
Recover'd vigour from celeſtial hands!
And may the healing god proceed to give
The power to gain whate'er his wiſh demands.

* Gelo.

But now, O Muse, address thy sounding lays
To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir;
Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praise;
His father's praise shall glad his filial ear.
For him hereafter shalt thou touch the string,
And chant in friendly strains fair Ætna's future king.

DECADE XIII.

Hiero for him th' illustrious city rear'd,
And fill'd with sons of Greece her stately towers,
Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
For by the statutes, which their fathers gave,
Still must the restive Dorian youth be led;
Who dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
Where proud Tāygetus exalts his head,
From the great stock of Hercules divine
And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

DECADE XIV.

These, from Thessalian Pindus rushing down,
The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once possess'd,
And, rich in fortune's gifts and high renown,
Dwelt near the twins of Leda, while they press'd
Their milky coursers, and the pastures o'er
Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms supreme.
To king and people on the flowery shore
Of lucid Amena, Sicilian stream,
Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like desert
The splendor of their race and glory to assert.

DECADE XV.

And lo thou aid Sicilia's hoary Lord
To form and rule his ſon's obedient mind;
And ſtill in golden chains of ſweet accord,
And mutual peace the friendly people bind,
Then grant, O Son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
The bold Phœnician on his ſhore detain;
And may the hardy Tuſcan never dare
To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;
Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coaſt
Wreck'd by his ſtormy arms their groaning fleets were loſt.

DECADE XVI.

What terrors! what deſtruction them aſſail'd!
Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers dy'd!
When o'er their might Sicilia's Chief prevail'd,
Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy tide;
Greece from impending ſervitude to ſave.
Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,
Would I record the Salaminian wave
Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
To Sparta's ſons with ſweeteſt praiſe ſhould tell,
Beneath Cithæron's ſhade what Mediſh archers fell.

DECADE XVII.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd ſhores
Thy ſons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
To grace their virtues with the various ſtores
Of ſacred verſe, and ſing th' illuſtrious band

Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won
The glorious meed of conqueſt, deathleſs praiſe.
A pleaſing theme! but cenſure's dreaded frown
Compels me to contract my ſpreading lays.
In verſe conciſeneſs pleaſes every gueſt,
While each impatient blames and loaths a tedious feaſt.

DECADE XVIII.

Nor leſs diſtaſteful is exceſſive fame
To the ſour palate of the envious mind:
Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly name,
And hates the fortune that he ne'er ſhall find.
Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, perſevere!
Since to be envied is a nobler fate
Than to be pitied: Let ſtrict Juſtice ſteer
With equitable hand the helm of ſtate,
And arm thy tongue with truth: O King, beware
Of every ſtep! a Prince can never lightly err.

DECADE XIX.

O'er many nations art thou ſet, to deal
The goods of Fortune with impartial hand;
And, ever watchful of the public weal,
Unnumber'd witneſſes around thee ſtand.
Then, would thy virtuous ear for ever feaſt
On the ſweet melody of well-earn'd fame,
In generous purpoſes confirm thy breaſt,
Nor dread expences that will grace thy name;
But, ſcorning ſordid and unprinceely gain,
Spread all thy bounteous ſails, and launch into the Main.

DECADE XX.

When in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,
His fame in lively characters remains,
Or grav'd in monumental hiſtories,
Or deck'd and painted in Aonian ſtrains.
Thus freſh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
The virtue, Cræſus, of thy gentle mind:
While fate to infamy and hatred dooms
Sicilia's tyrant, ſcorn of human kind;
Whoſe ruthleſs boſom ſwell'd with cruel pride,
When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches dy'd.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in ſweet ſociety
The generous youth converſing ever names;
Nor with the harp's delightful melody
Mingle his odious inharmonious fame.
The firſt, the greateſt bliſs on man conferr'd
Is, in the acts of virtue to excel;
The ſecond, to obtain their high reward,
The ſoul-exalting praiſe of doing well.
Who both theſe lots attains, is bleſs'd indeed,
Since Fortune here below can give no richer meed.

THE

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

This Ode is inscribed to Chromius of Ætna (a city of Sicily) who gained the victory in the Chariot-Race, in the Nemean Games.

ARGUMENT.

FROM the praises of Ortygia (an island near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar passes to the subject or occasion of this Ode, viz. the Victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean Games; which, as it was the first of that kind gained by him, the Poet lays the basis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the Gods, who assisted and seconded his divine virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest summit of glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more prizes in the Great or Sacred Games (particularly the Olympick), where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the Conquerors. From thence, after a short digression to the general praise of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius, viz. his hospitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then, returning to the Nemean Victory, he takes occasion from so auspicious a beginning, to promise Chromius a large increase of glory, in like manner

as

as Tireſias, the famous Poet and Prophet of Thebes (the country of Pindar) upon viewing the firſt exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two ſerpents ſent by Juno to devour him, foretold the ſubſequent atchievements of that hero; and the great reward he ſhould receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the Gods, and married to Hebe; with which ſtory he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

SISTER of Delos! pure abode
Of Virgin Cynthia, Goddeſs of the Chace!
In whoſe receſſes reſts th' emerging flood
Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous race!
Divine Ortygia! to thy name
The Muſe preluding tunes her ſtrings,
Pleas'd with the ſweet preamble of thy fame,
To uſher in the verſe, that ſings
Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
Hears with delight through Ætna's ſounding grove
The gratulations of the hymning choir,
Whom thy victorious carr and Nemea's palms inſpire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The baſis of his future praiſe
Aſſiſted by the Gods hath Chromius laid;
And to its height the towering pile may raiſe,
If Fortune lends her favourable aid:

Aſſur'd

Assur'd that all th' Aonian train
Their wonted friendship will afford,
Who with delight frequent the lifted plain,
The toils of Virtue to record.
Mean time around this isle, harmonious Muse,
The brightest beams of shining verse diffuse.
This fruitful island, with whose flowery pride
Heaven's awful King endow'd great Pluto's sceptred bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia with transcendent plenty crown'd
Jove to Proserpina consign'd;
Then with a nod his solemn promise bound,
Still farther to enrich her fertile shores
With peopled cities, stately towers,
And sons in arts and arms refin'd;
Skill'd to the dreadful works of war
The thundering steed to train;
Or mounted on the whirling carr
Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
The fair occasion with a flattering song.

STROPHE II.

To Chromius no unwelcome guest
I come, high sounding my Dircæan chord;
Who for his Poet hath prepar'd the feast,
And spread with luxury his friendly board,

For never from his generous gate
Unentertain'd the ſtranger flies.
While Envy's ſcorching flame, that blaſts the great,
Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
But Envy ill becomes the human mind;
Since various parts to various men aſſign'd
All to perfection and to praiſe will lead,
Would each thoſe paths purſue, which Nature bids him tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroick might,
In council ſhines the mind ſagacious, wiſe,
Which to the future caſts her piercing ſight,
And ſees the train of conſequences riſe.
With either talent Chromius bleſt
Suppreſſes not his active powers.
I hate the miſer, whoſe unſocial breaſt
Locks from the world his uſeleſs ſtores.
Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
Whoſe treaſures in diffuſive good employ'd
The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
And 'gainſt a ſad reverſe, a ſafe retreat inſure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praiſe,
And theſe firſt-fruits of Fame inſpire
The Muſe to promiſe for thy future days
A large increaſe of merit and renown.
So when of old Jove's mighty ſon,
Worthy his great immortal ſire,

Earth

Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
With his twin-brother came,
Safe through life's painful entrance led
To view the dazzling Sun's reviving flame,
Th' imperial cradle Juno quick ſurvey'd,
Where ſlept the twins in ſaffron bands array'd.

STROPHE III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthroned Empreſs of the Gods
Her eager thirſt of vengeance to aſſuage,
Strait to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
Bade her vindictive ſerpents haſte.
They through the opening valves with ſpeed
On to the chamber's deep receſſes paſt,
To perpetrate their murderous deed:
And now in knotty mazes to infold
Their deſtin'd prey, on curling ſpires they roll'd,
His dauntleſs brow when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their firſt attempt his infant arms prepar'd.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Faſt by the azure necks he held
And grip'd in either hand his ſcaly foes;
Till from their horrid carcaſſes expell'd,
At length the poiſonous ſoul unwilling flows.
Mean time intolerable dread
Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
All who, attendant on the genial bed,
Around the languid mother ſtood,

She with diſtracting fear and anguiſh ſtung,
Forth from her ſickly couch impatient ſprung;
Her cumberous robe regardleſs off ſhe threw,
And to protect her child with fondeſt ardour flew.

EPODE III.

But, with her ſhrill, diſtreſsful cries alarm'd,
In ruſh'd each bold Cadmean Lord,
In braſs refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
With them Amphitryon, whoſe tumultuous breaſt
A croud of various cares infeſt:
High brandiſhing his gleaming ſword
With eager, anxious ſtep he came;
A wound ſo near his heart
Shook with diſmay his inmoſt frame,
And rouz'd the active ſpirits in every part.
To our own ſorrows ſerious heed we give;
But for another's woe ſoon ceaſe to grieve.

STROPHE IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father ſtood,
While doubtful pleaſure, mix'd with wild ſurprize,
Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood:
His ſon's ſtupendous deed with wondering eyes
He view'd, and how the gracious will
Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
And falſify'd the meſſengers of ill.
Then ſtrait he calls th' unerring ſeer,
Divine Tireſias, whoſe prophetick tongue
Jove's ſacred mandates from the Tripod ſung;
Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
What fate th' immortal Gods for Hercules ordain'd.

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell deſpoilers of the land
The Prophet told, what monſters of the Main
Should feel the vengeance of his righteous hand;
What ſavage, proud, pernicious tyrant ſtain
To Hercules ſhould bow his head,
Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
Whoſe glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
And made indignant nations groan.
Laſt, when the giant ſons of earth ſhall dare
To wage againſt the gods rebellious war,
Pierc'd by his rapid ſhafts on Phlegra's plain
With duſt their radiant locks the haughty foe ſhall ſtain.

EPODE IV.

Then ſhall his generous toils for ever ceaſe,
With fame, with endleſs life repaid;
With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
Then led in triumph to his ſtarry dome,
To grace his ſpouſal bed ſhall come,
In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
Immortal Hebe, ever young.
In Jove's auguſt abodes
Then ſhall he hear the bridal ſong;
Then, in the bleſt ſociety of Gods,
The nuptial banquet ſhare, and, rapt in praiſe
And wonder, round the glittering manſion gaze.

THE

THE ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

This ode is inſcribed to Ariſtagoras, upon occaſion of his entering on his office of Preſident or Governor of the iſland of Tenedos; ſo that, although it is placed among the Nemean Odes, it has no ſort of relation to thoſe games, and is indeed properly an Inauguration-Ode, compoſed to be ſung by a Chorus at the Sacrifices and the Feaſt made by Ariſtagoras and his collegues, in the Town-hall, at the time of their being inveſted with the Magiſtracy, as is evident from many expreſſions in the firſt Strophe and Antiſtrophe.

ARGUMENT.

Pindar opens this Ode with an invocation to Veſta (the Goddeſs who preſided over the Courts of Juſtice, and whoſe ſtatue and altar were for that reaſon placed in the Town-halls, or Prytanæums, as the Greeks called them); beſeeching her to receive favourably Ariſtagoras and his collegues, who were then coming to offer ſacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of Prytans or Magiſtrates of Tenedos; which office continuing for a year, he begs the Goddeſs to take Ariſtagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or diſgrace. From Ariſtagoras Pindar turns himſelf, in the next place, to his father Arceſilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon

account of his ſon's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; ſuch as beauty, ſtrength, courage, riches, and glory reſulting from his many victories in the games. But, leſt he ſhould be too much puffed-up with theſe praiſes, he reminds him at the ſame time of his mortality, and tells him that his cloathing of fleſh is periſhable, and that he muſt ere long be cloathed with earth, the end of all things; and yet, continues he, it is but juſtice to praiſe and celebrate the worthy and deſerving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Ariſtagoras, for inſtance, who hath rendered both himſelf and his country illuſtrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of ſixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, ſays the Poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympick games, had he not been reſtrained from engaging in thoſe famous liſts by the too timid and cautious love of his parents; upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of mens hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their ſtrength, which accordingly iſſue in their diſgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently reſtrained by unreaſonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprizes, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Ariſtagoras, by ſaying it was very

eaſy to foreſee what ſucceſs he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was deſcended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arceſilas, whom he had before repreſented as ſtrong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he obſerves, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illuſtrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue ſhould ſucceed; whence it comes to paſs that men, out of ſelf-conceit and preſumption, are perpetually laying ſchemes, and forming enterprizes, without previouſly conſulting Prudence or Wiſdom, whoſe ſtreams, ſays he, lye remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our deſires, and ſet bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the Ode.

STROPHE I.

DAUGHTER of Rhea! thou, whoſe holy fire
Before the awful ſeat of Juſtice flames!
Siſter of Heaven's Almighty Sire!
Siſter of Juno, who co-equal claims
With Jove to ſhare the empire of the gods!
O Virgin Veſta! To thy dread abodes,
Lo! Ariſtagoras directs his pace!
Receive, and near thy ſacred ſcepter place

Him, and his collegues, who with honeſt zeal
O'er Tenedos preſide, and guard the publick weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent offerings they adore
Thee, firſt invok'd in every ſolemn prayer!
To thee unmix'd libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air.
Around in feſtive ſongs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and ſounding lyre.
While ſtill, prolong'd with hoſpitable love,
Are ſolemniz'd the rites of Genial Jove:
Then guard him, Veſta, through his long career,
And let him cloſe in joy his miniſterial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arceſilas! all hail
To thee! bleſs'd father of a ſon ſo great!
Thou, whom on Fortune's higheſt ſcale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath ſet,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much preſume,
Though grac'd with Beauty's faireſt bloom;
Though for ſuperior ſtrength renown'd;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd:
Let him remember, that in fleſh array'd
Soon ſhall he ſee that mortal veſtment fade;
Till laſt impriſon'd in the mouldering urn
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STRO-

STROPHE II.

Yet ſhould the worthy from the publick tongue
Receive their recompence of virtuous praiſe;
By every-zealous patriot ſung,
And deck'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
Such retribution in return for fame,
Such, Ariſtagoras, thy virtues claim;
Claim from thy country, on whoſe glorious brows
The wreſtler's chaplet ſtill unfaded blows;
Mix'd with the great Pancratiaſtick crown,
Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love,
Diſtruſting ever his too forward hand,
Forbade their tender ſon to prove
The toils of Pythia' or Olympia's ſand)
Now by the gods I ſwear, his valorous might
Had 'ſcap'd victorious in each bloody fight:
And from Caſtalia, or where dark with ſhade
The Mount of Saturn rears its olive-head,
Great and illuſtrious home had he return'd;
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquiſh'd foes had mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal treſſes bound
With the dark verdure of th' Olympick grove,
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great Quinquennial Feſtival of Jove;

And chear'd the ſolemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute, which the Muſe to Virtue pays.
But, ſuch is man's prepoſterous fate!
Now with o'er-weening pride elate
Too far he aims his ſhaft to throw,
And ſtraining burſts his feeble bow.
Now puſillanimous, depreſs'd with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career;
And of his ſtrength diſtruſtful coward flies
The conteſt, though impower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophecying good
Of him, whoſe undegenerating breaſt
Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,
From ſire to ſire in long ſucceſſion trac'd
Up to Piſander; who in days of yore
From old Amyclæ to the Leſbian ſhore
And Tenedos, collegued in high command
With great Oreſtes, led th' Æolian band?
Nor was his mother's race leſs ſtrong and brave,
Sprung from a ſtock that grew on fair Iſmenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obſcur'd, again
Oft-times the ſeeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harveſts yield with each returning year:
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Inveſt the ſmiling tree with rich perfume.

So,

So, barren often and inglorious paſs
The generations of a noble race;
While Nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages ſwells, and bloſſoms into fruit.

EPODE III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue ſhall ſucceed;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving ſchemes of many a mighty deed.
While Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And ſelf-opinion, active, raſh, and blind,
Hold up a falſe illuſive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet aſtray
Far from the ſprings, where calm and ſlow
The ſecret ſtreams of wiſdom flow.
Hence ſhould we learn our ardour to reſtrain:
And limit to due bounds the thirſt of gain.
To rage and madneſs oft that paſſion turns,
Which with forbidden flames deſpairing burns.

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This Ode was written upon occaſion of a victory obtained in the Chariot-Race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Iſthmian games; it is however addreſſed not to Xenocrates himſelf, but to his ſon Thraſybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always ſpeaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tenſe, it is moſt probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reaſon it has by ſome been reckoned among the Paeans or Elegies of Pindar.

ARGUMENT.

THE introduction contains a ſort of an apology for a Poet's taking money for his compoſitions; a thing, ſays Pindar, not practiſed formerly by the ſervants of the Muſes, who drew their inſpiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown intereſted, ſo are the Poets become mercenary; obſerving the truth of that famous ſaying of Ariſtodemus the Spartan, "Money makes "the man:" a truth, he ſays, which he himſelf experienced, having with his riches loſt all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thraſybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wiſe man: I ſhall therefore ſay no more about

about it, but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates: after an enumeration of which, he paſſes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praiſes for his benevolence, his public ſpirit, his devotion to the gods, and his conſtant uninterrupted courſe of hoſpitality in all changes of fortune. Theſe virtues of his father he encourages Thraſybulus not to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind, and bids Nicaſippus (by whom this Ode was ſent to Thraſybulus) to tell him to publiſh it; concluding with obſerving, that a Poem is not made to continue always, like a mute and motionleſs ſtatue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

THEY, Thraſybulus, who in ancient days
Triumphant mounted in the Muſe's car,
Tuning their harps to ſoft and tender lays,
Aim'd their ſweet numbers at the young and fair;
Whoſe beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
Their wanton hearts inflam'd, and waken'd ſtrong deſires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muſe, deſpiſing ſordid gain,
Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
Nor did Terpſichore adorn her ſtrain
In gilded courteſy and gay attire,
With fair appearances to move the heart,
And recommend to ſale her proſtituted art.

EPODE

EPODE I.

But now ſhe ſuffers all her tuneful train
Far other principles to hold;
And with the Spartan Stage maintain,
That Man is worthleſs without Gold.
This truth himſelf by ſad experience prov'd,
Deſerted in his need by thoſe he lov'd.
Nor to thy wiſdom is this truth unknown,
No longer therefore ſhall the Muſe delay
To ſing the rapid ſteeds, and Iſthmian crown,
Which the great monarch of the briny flood
On lov'd Xenocrates beſtow'd,
His generous cares with honour to repay.

STROPHE II.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brighteſt ſtar,
Latona's ſon with favourable eyes
At Criſa view'd, and bleſs'd his conquering car;
Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
Nicomachus, on Athens' craggy plain,
With dextrous art control'd the chariot-ſteering rein.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's ſkilful hand;
But with Athenian palms his maſter grac'd:
His maſter, greeted in th' Olympick ſand;
And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
By the great prieſts, whoſe herald voice proclaims
Th' Elean feaſts of Jove, and Piſa's ſacred games.

EPODE

EPODE II.

Him, on the golden lap of victory
Reclining his illuſtrious head,
They hail'd with ſweeteſt melody;
And through the land his glory ſpread,
Through the fam'd Altis of Olympick Jove;
Where in the honours of the ſacred grove
The children of Æneſidamus ſhar'd;
For not unknown to victory and praiſe
Oft, Thraſibulus, hath thy manſion heard
The pleaſing concerts of the youthful choir,
Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
And the ſweet mixture of triumphal lays.

STROPHE III.

In ſmooth and flowery paths th' encomiaſt treads,
When to the manſions of the good and great
In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads;
Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
Thy all-ſurpaſſing gentleneſs to ſing
In equal ſtrains, requires an all-ſurpaſſing ſtring.

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, revered, belov'd,
In every ſocial virtue he excell'd;
And with his conquering ſteeds at Corinth prov'd,
How ſacred the decrees of Greece he held;
With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
And ſpread with frequent feaſts his conſecrated board.

EPODE

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er when roſe a ſtormy gale
Relax his hoſpitable courſe,
Or gather in his ſwelling ſail:
But, finding ever ſome reſource
The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his conſtant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious tongues,
Thy father's worth to be in ſilence loſt;
Nor from the publick keep theſe choral ſongs.
Not in one corner is the Poet's ſtrain
Form'd, like a ſtatue, to remain,
This, Nicaſippus, tell my honour'd hoſt.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE

ARGONAUTICKS

OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS, AND THE SETTING OUT OF THE ARGO.

THEN too the jarring heroes to compoſe
Th' inchanting Bard, Oeagrian Orpheus roſe,
And thus, attuning to the trembling ſtrings:
His ſoothing voice, of harmony he ſings.
In the beginning how heaven, earth, and ſea,
In one tumultuous chaos blended lay;
Till nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous order from diſorder roſe:
How roll'd inceſſant o'er th' ethereal plain
Move in eternal dance the ſtarry train;
How the pale orb of night, and golden ſun,
Through months and years their radiant journeys run;
Whence roſe the mountains clad with waving woods,
The ruſhing rivers, and reſounding floods,

With

With all their nymphs; from what celeſtial ſeed
The various tribes of animals proceed.
Next how Ophion held his ancient ſeigt,
With his fam'd conſort, daughter of the main:
On high Olympus' ſnowy head enthron'd,
The new-created world their empire own'd:
Till force ſuperior, and ſucceſsleſs war,
Diveſted of their crowns the regal pair;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his conſort's glories Rhea grac'd.
Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd
Thus they reſign'd the ſceptre of the world:
And Saturn rul'd the bleſs'd Titanian gods,
While infant Jove poſſeſs'd the dark abodes
Of Dicte's cave; his mind yet unconform'd
With heavenly wiſdom, and his hand unarm'd:
Forg'd by the Cyclops, earth's gigantic race,
Flam'd not as yet the lightning's ſcorching blaze,
Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms above,
The ſtrength and glory of almighty Jove.

This ſaid, the tuneful Bard his lyre unſtrung,
And ceas'd th' inchanting muſic of his tongue.
But, with the ſound entranc'd, th' attentive ear
Thought him ſtill ſinging, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear.
In ſilent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling ſtrains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with roſy wine,
And pay due honours to the power divine.
The pure libations on the fire they pour,
While riſing flames the myſtick tongues devour.

Now

Now ſable night aſcends her ſtarry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowſy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd morning rear'd her head,
And look'd o'er Pelion's ſummits ting'd with red;
Light ſkimm'd the breezes o'er the watery plain,
And gently ſwell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys roſe, and, ſummon'd by his care,
Embark'd the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding ſhores
Hoarſe-ſounding Pagaſæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo the glad ſignal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke;
Her keel of ſacred oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from Dodona brought.
On their allotted poſts now rang'd along
In ſeemly order ſate the princely throng:
Faſt by each chief his glittering armour flames;
The midmoſt ſtation bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides, whoſe enormous might
Arm'd with a maſſy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beſide him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-ſinking feels the demi-god.
Their hauſers now they looſe, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the conſecrated wine.
Then from his native ſhores ſad Jaſon turns
His oft-reverted eye, and ſilent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphick Fane,
Or where Iſmenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's Altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the ſounding lyre,

The

The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in meaſure their harmonious feet:
Together ſo Theſſalia's princes ſweep
With well-tim'd oars the ſilver-curling deep,
While, raiſing high the Thracian harp, preſides
Melodious Orpheus and the movement guides.
On either ſide the daſhing ſurges broke,
And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty ſtroke;
Thick flaſh'd the brazen arms with ſtreaming light,
While the ſwift bark purſues her rapid flight,
And ever as the ſea-green tide ſhe cleaves,
Foams the long tract behind, and whitens all the waves.
So ſhines the path, across ſome verdant plain
Trac'd by the footſteps of the village ſwain.

Jove on that day from his celeſtial throne,
And all th' immortal powers of heaven look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to ſurvey
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-top'd ſummit ſtood
The nymphs and fauns and ſiſters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That ſhaded once the mountain's ſhaggy brow,
Now fram'd by Pallas o'er the ſounding ſea
Theſſalia's mighty heroes to convey.
But, lo! from Pelion's higheſt cliff deſcends,
And downward to the ſea his footſteps bends
The Centaur Chiron; on the beach he ſtood
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.

Then

Then waving his broad hand, the bark he hales,
And ſpeeds with proſperous vows the parting ſails.
With him advanc'd his conſort to the ſhore;
The young Achilles in her arms ſhe bore:
Then, raiſing high in air the pleaſing load,
To his fond ſire the ſmiling infant ſhew'd.

THE STORY OF PHINEUS.

THE following day Bithynia's coaſt they reach,
And fix their hauſers to the ſheltering beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood
The mournful manſions of ſad Phineus ſtood,
Agenor's ſon; whom heaven ordain'd to bear
The grievous burden of unequal'd care.
For taught by wiſe Apollo to deſcry
Th' unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his ſcience, the preſumptuous ſeer
Deign'd not Jove's awful ſecrets to revere;
But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The ſacred purpoſe of th' omnifcient mind.
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But quench'd in endleſs ſhade his viſual rays.
Nor would the vengeful God permit him taſte
The chearful bleſſings of the genial feaſt;
Though the large tribute of the nations round
Their prophet's board with wealth and plenty crown'd.
For, lo! deſcending ſudden from the ſky,
Round the pil'd banquet ſhrieking harpies fly,

Who with rapacious claws incoſſant tear
Forth from his famiſh'd lips th' untaſted fare.
Yet would ſome ſlender pittance oft remain,
What might ſuffice to keep up life and pain.
But then ſuch odours the foul ſcraps exhal'd,
That with the ſtench the loathing ſtomach fail'd,
Aloof the hungry gueſts and wondering ſtood
While their ſick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.
But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome ſound invades the prophet's ear.
Taught by th' inſpiring God that now was come
The long-wiſh'd period of heaven's vengeful doom,
That by theſe heroes deſtin'd aid reſtor'd,
Peace ſhould thenceforward bleſs his feaſtful board.
Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
Like ſome pale, lifeleſs, viſionary ſhade,
And leaning on his ſtaff with faltering ſteps,
Along the walls his way exploring creeps.
Diſeas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Trembled his tottering limbs as forth he paſs'd.
Shrunk was his form, aduſt with want and care,
And burſting through his hide the pointed bones appear.
But faint and breathleſs as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threſhold over-toil'd he ſate.
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And ſwims beneath his feet the ſolid ground.
No more their functions the frail ſenſes keep,
And ſpeechleſs ſinks the ſeer in death-like ſleep.
This ſaw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow ſound,

With

With breath and utterance ſcarce recover'd broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd ſeer prophetic ſpoke:
"Princes of Greece, attend; if ye be they
Whom o'er the main Theſſalia's pines convey,
And Jaſon leads to Colchos' magic land,
Such is your cruel tyrant's ſtern command.
Yes, ye be they; for yet my mental eye
Undimm'd paſt, preſent, future, can deſcry.
Thanks to thy ſon, Latona, who beſtows
This grace, this only ſolace of my woes.
By Jove, to whom the ſuppliant's cauſe belongs,
Who hates the mercileſs, who avenges wrongs,
By Phœbus, by Saturnia wife of Jove,
By all the bleſs'd immortal powers above,
Who lead you o'er the main with watchful care,
O help! O ſave from famine and deſpair
A wretch ill-fated, to affliction born,
Nor leave me here unpitied and forlorn.
For not theſe orbs alone depriv'd of ſight
Vindictive heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
But to extreme old age his cruel law
Dooms me th' unwaſting thread of life to draw,
Nor end my ſorrows here; a heavy chain
Of woes ſucceeds, and pain ſtill link'd to pain.
From ſecret haunts aërial, unexplor'd,
Flights of devouring harpies vex my board.
Swift, inſtantaneous, ſudden they deſcend,
And from my mouth the taſteful morſel rend.
Mean while my troubled ſoul, with woes oppreſs'd,
No means of aid, no comfort can ſuggeſt.

For when the feaſt I purpoſe to prepare,
They ſee that purpoſe, and prevent my care.
But cloy'd and glutted with the luſcious ſpoil
With noiſome ordure parting they defile
Whate'er remains, if ought perchance remains,
That none approaching may the ſtench ſuſtain,
Though his ſtrong heart were wrapt in plated mail,
The filthy fragments ſuch dire ſtreams exhales
Yet me fell-hunger's all ſubduing pain
Compells, reluctant, loathing, to remain;
Compells the deadly odours to endure,
And gorge the craving maw with food impure.
From theſe invaders (ſo hath fate decreed)
By Boreas' offspring ſhall my board be freed.
Nor on a ſtranger to your houſe and blood,
O ſons of Boreas, is your aid beſtow'd.
Phineus behold, Agenor's hapleſs ſon,
Once for prophetic ſkill and riches known;
Who, while I ſway'd the Thracian ſceptre, led
Your dower'd ſiſter to my ſpouſal bed.
Here Phineus ceas'd, each pitying hero groans,
But chief, O Boreas, thy relenting ſons
Feel kind compaſſion ſwelling in their ſouls,
While down their cheeks the generous torrent rowls.
Then Zetes near approaching, cloſely preſs'd
His hand, and thus the laboring ſeer addreſs'd:
O moſt diſaſtrous of all human kind,
Whence ſprung the evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
Haſt thou, intruſted with the book of fate,
By folly merited celeſtial hate?

Hence

Hence falls this indignation on thy head?
Fain would the ſons of Boreas grant thee aid;
Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
But awful dread their willing hands reſtrains.
To frighted mortals well thy ſufferings prove,
How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
Then ſwear, or never ſhall this righteous ſword,
Though drawn for thy deliverance, aid afford;
Swear, that th' aſſiſtance which our arms ſhall lend,
Shall no immortal angry God offend.
He ſpoke; when ſtraight tow'rd heaven diſcloſing wide
His ſightleſs balls, the ſenior thus reply'd:
My ſon, th' injuſtice of thy tongue reſtrain,
Nor let ſuch thoughts thy pious ſoul profane:
By Phœbus, heavenly Augur, who inſpires
My conſcious boſom with prophetic fires;
By this my wretched lot of woe and care
Theſe eyes involv'd in darkening clouds, I ſwear,
By the fell dæmons of the realms below,
Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
From their reſentments not in death ſecure,
If falſely their dread godheads I adjure:
That your aſſiſting hands ſhall never move
Wrath or diſpleaſure in the powers above.
Then acquieſcing in the ſolemn prayer,
To aid the prophet Boreas' ſons prepare.
The ready youth a banquet ſpread, the laſt
That thoſe fell harpies were decreed to taſte:
Nigh ſtand the brothers, ardent to oppoſe
With glittering faulchions their invading foes.

The watchful heroes ſhouting ruſh'd betwe
But they with ſpeedieſt rage the cates devo
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
Upſpringing ſwift with threatening blades
The feather'd chiefs. That day Saturniu
Their vigorous nerves with force untaught
And did not Jove their wearying ſtrength
Their flitting pinions had they ſpread in va
For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus ſeek the fields of air,
The light-wing'd monſters, fleeter than th
Leave the impetuous zephyrs far behind.
As when the hound experienc'd in the cha
Through ſome wide foreſt o'er the ſcented
A bounding hind or horned goat purſues,
And near his panting prey, and nearer vie

Their ſore diſtreſs had Iris not ſurvey'd,
And darting from the ſkies the heroes ſtaid.
O ſons of Boreas, the dread laws above
Permit ye not to wound the Dogs of Jove.
And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
Shall thoſe fell Dogs approach Bithynia's ſhore.
This ſaid, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Moſt fear'd, moſt honour'd by th' immortal gods:
By the ſlow-dripping urn of Styx ſhe ſwore,
The prophet's peaceful manſions evermore
From thoſe rapacious ſpoilers ſhould be free;
Such was the fatal ſiſter's fixt decree.
The goddeſs ſware, the brothers ſtraight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way.
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian iſlands ſtyl'd by antient fame.
Then part the harpies and Thaumantian maid;
In thouſand various mingling dyes array'd.
Theſe to the grots retir'd and dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete.
While the gay goddeſs of the watery bow
Gain'd in a moment high Olympus' brow.
Mean while the princes in the cleanſing wave
With purifying rites the ſenior lave.
Next from the ſpoil, which on Bybricia's ſhore
From vanquiſh'd Amycus ſtern Pollux tore,
A victim they ſelect with pious care;
And ſoothe the gods with ſacrifice and prayer.
Then in the palace each heroic gueſt
Partakes the pleaſures of the ſumptuous feaſt.

With them fate Phineus, and refresh'd his soul
With savory viands and the chearing bowl.
Unsatiated he feeds, and bathes in streams
Of extasy beyond the bliss of dreams.

THE HYMN OF *CLEANTHES.

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd!
Divinity supreme! all potent lord!
Author of nature! whose unbounded sway
And legislative power all things obey!
Majestic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
The suppliant prayer, and tributary song:
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great fire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the soul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,

Through

* Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a Stoick philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. This hymn was translated at the request of a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who was pleased to find such just sentiments of the Deity in a Heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

Through all this boundleſs world admit thy ſway,
And roll ſpontaneous where thou point'ſt the way.
Such is the awe impreſt on nature round
When through the void thy dreadful thunders ſound,
Thoſe flaming agents of thy matchleſs power:
Aſtoniſh'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reaſon which through all convey'd
Informs this general maſs, thou reign'ſt ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, univerſal lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
Nor yon æthereal pole, the ſeat of gods,
Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wiſdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by paſſion toſt,
And in the ſhoreleſs ſea of folly loſt.
But thou, what vice diſorders, canſt compoſe;
And profit by the malice of thy foes;
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As hence to model one harmonious whole:
One univerſal law of truth and right;
But wretched mortals ſhun the heavenly light;
And, though to bliſs directing ſtill their choice,
Hear not, or heed not, reaſon's ſacred voice,
That common guide ordain'd to point the road
That leads obedient man to ſolid good.
Thence quitting Virtue's lovely paths they rove,
As various objects various paſſions move.
Some through oppoſing crowds and threatening war
Seek power's bright throne, and fame's triumphal car.

Some,

Some, bent on wealth, purſue with endleſs pain:
Oppreſſive, fordid, and diſcreteſs gain:
While others, to ſoft indolence reſign'd,
Drown in corporeal ſenſes th' immortal mind.
But, O great father, thunder-ruling god!
Who in thick darkneſs mak'ſt thy dread abode!
Thou, from whoſe bounty all good gifts deſcend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of vice and folly, O control;
And ſhed the beams of wiſdom on the ſoul!
Thoſe radiant beams, by whoſe all-piercing flame
Thy juſtice rules this univerſal frame.
That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
We may eſſay thy goodneſs to requite
With honorary ſongs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaſeleſs praiſe,
The proper taſk of man: and ſure to ſing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king,
Is bliſs ſupreme. Let gods with mortals join!
The ſubject may tranſport a breaſt divine.

THE

THE

TRIUMPHS

OF THE

GOUT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF

LUCIAN.

"Tollere nodoſam neſcit medicina podagram." OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOUT.

OCYPUS.

PHYSICIAN.

NURSE.

MESSENGER.

MOUNTEBANKS.

CHORUS.

SPIRITS.

SCENE LIES IN THEBES.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

Enter OCYPUS* lame, and leaning on the Nurſe.

Ocyp. WHENCE, without wound, proceeds this horrid pain,
That robs me of the aſſiſtance of my feet?
While, like a bow-ſtring by the forceful arm
Of ſome bold archer ſtrain'd, the cracking ſinews
Labour and ſtretch; and force me to complain,
That length of time but ſtrengthens the diſeaſe.

Nur.

* Ocypus, the ſon of Podalirius and Aſtaſia, was eminent for his ſtrength and beauty, a great lover of hunting, and all gymnaſtick exerciſes. This young man, having been accuſtomed to inſult and deride whomſoever he ſaw grievouſly afflicted with the gout, telling them at the ſame time that their pains were nothing, brought upon himſelf the indignation of the goddeſs who preſides over that diſtemper, and was at laſt, by the violence of the diſeaſe, driven to a recantation. Lucian had compoſed an entire drama upon this ſubject; but as only the beginning of this piece remains, I have tranſlated it, and, with very little alteration in either, have made it a part of his other drama, whoſe ſubject is the triumph of the gout over phyſic.

Oct. Hey! ho!

Nur. Phyſician, what doſt thou intend?
Would'ſt thou with ſharp inciſions vex him more?
And, without knowing why, his fleſh endanger?
He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
For neither in the ſtriving race, nor while
His gymnick exerciſes he perform'd,
From his companions did he hurt receive.
Then liſten to my tale. Healthful he came,
And all unwounded home; and greedily
The evening feaſt devour'd, and drain'd the bowl;
Then falling on the couch ſecurely ſlept.
But at midnight awaking, loud he roar'd,
As ſmitten by ſome god: fear ſeiz'd us all.
And, Oh! he cried, whence came this dire miſchance?
Some torturing dæmon ſeizes on my foot.
Thus on his couch up-ſitting all night long
His foot in ſad ſolemnity he moan'd.
But when the cock's ſhrill-ſounding trump proclaim
The dawning day, lamenting forth he comes,
And on my ſhoulder leans his feveriſh hand,
While his diſabled footſteps I upheld.
All that he told thee is a forg'd device
To veil the ſecret of his dire diſeaſe,
Which now in every limb begins to rack him,
Nor yet is able to extort the truth.

Oct. Old age is ever arm'd with mighty words;
Vaunting in ſpeech, but impotent in action.
He, who when ſick his nurſing friends deceives,

Like

Like the ſtarv'd wretch that hungry maſtick * chews,
But cheats himſelf, and foſters his diſeaſe.

Phy. Thou cheateſt all; now that, now ſaying this,
Confeſſing pain, but not explaining what.

Ocyp. And how ſhall I explain it? I indeed
Know that I ſuffer pain; and that is all.

Phy. When pain, without apparent cauſe, invades
The ſwelling foot, a man may pleaſe himſelf
In hunting after this and that ſolution,
But can't miſtake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleaſing truth,
At length, with vengeance due, 'tis come upon thee.

Ocyp. It? what? alas! what terrible diſeaſe,
That needs ſuch preface to its horrid name?

Nur. The gout, O wretched Ocypus, whoſe pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didſt once deride.

Ocyp. But what, O ſkilful artiſt, what ſay'ſt thou?

Phy. Farewell, to ſerve thee I neglect myſelf.

Ocyp. What accident or buſineſs calls thee hence?

Phy. Into a cureleſs evil thou art fall'n.

Ocyp. Muſt I then, ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlaſting woe?

* Maſtick is a great ſtrengthener of the ſtomach, and conſequently promotes appetite; which to a man dying of hunger is ſo far from being a relief, that it rather increaſes his complaint; this I take to be the meaning of this paſſage.

Phy. Fear not: thou shalt not be for ever haunt
Ocyp. What worse have I to fear?
Phy. On either leg
Her galling fetters will the goddess bind.
Ocyp. Alas! in t'other sympathising foot
Methinks I feel a new unusual pain.
Or am I motionless? Or wherefore dread I [crying?
To place these once so nimble feet on earth?
Seiz'd like a child with vain and sudden fear:
Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,
If aught thy art suggest of aid or comfort,
Thy friendly help impart, and heal my pain,
Or surely I shall die: within I feel
The secret venom, and the thrilling arrow
That pierces through my feet, and tears my sinews.
Phy. Not to amuse thee with unmeaning words,
Like some of those who call themselves physicians,
But of the healing science nothing know,
I'll briefly shew the state of thy complaint:
An unsurmountable and strong disease
Is fall'n upon thee: bonds more hard and stubborn
Than those steel-temper'd shackles, which the hand
Of justice fixes on the bold offender:
A dreadful, undiscover'd, secret ill,
Whose burden human nature scarce can bear.
Ocyp. Alas! oh! oh! what inward smart is this,
That penetrates my foot? oh! on thy arm
Support me, ere I fall, and lead me on
As the young Satyrs reeling Bacchus lead.
[*falls on the couch.*

Phy.

Phy. There leave him on the couch; refreshing sleep
His much-exhausted spirits will recruit.
Exeunt Nurse and Physician.

OCYPUS *solus.*

Ocyp. O horrid name! detested by the gods!
Gout, rueful gout! of sad Cocytus born!
Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus
The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,
And nourish'd at her breast: Alecto too
With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.
But oh! what god brought thy disastrous power
To taint this light, and harrass human-kind?
If punishment condign pursue the dead,
For crimes committed in their days of nature,
What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms
With streams forbidden Tantalus to vex?
To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel?
And weary Sisyphus with fruitless toil?
It sure had been sufficient punishment
Had each offender the sharp pains endur'd,
That tear this meagre miserable carcase:
While through th' obstructed pores the struggling vapour
And bitter distillation force their way.
Ev'n through the bowels runs the scalding plague,
And wastes the flesh with floods of eddying fire.
So rage the flames in Ætna's sulphurous womb:
So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Scylla rave
The imprison'd tides, and in wild whirlpools toss'd

'gainſt the mouldering rocks the foaming
ſurge.
O evil unexplor'd! how oft in vain
We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,
And find no comfort, by falſe hopes abus'd. [*Sleeps.*

SCENE *changes, and diſcovers the* Chorus, *conſiſting of Gouty Men and Women, marching in Proceſſion to the Te* , *with Muſic and Dancing.*

O U S.

rdleſs boy,
gian throng
untain chant
ng.

On yellow [illegible] flowery top
The Lydian youth around
For Comus mix the warbling voice
And flute's melodious ſound.

With claſhing arms, in frantick mood,
The mad Idæan train
Attemper to the Cretan dance
Their holy ritual ſtrain.

To Mars, the furious god of war,
The ſwelling trumpets breathe,
Preluding to contentious ſtrife,
To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power!
We thy ſad votaries,
In ſighs and groans to thee perform
Our annual ſacrifice;

What

When uſher'd by the bluſhing hours
The genial ſpring appears;
And every flower-embroider'd vale
Its verdant mantle wears:

When zephyr on each pregnant tree
Calls forth the tender leaves;
And her ſad neſt the ſwallow builds
Beneath the friendly eaves:

When in the grove, at midnight hour,
Diſconſolate, alone,
For Itys loſt th' Athenian bird
Renews her plaintive moan.

[*Exit Chorus.*

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

OCYPUS *ſolus.*

cyp. Come, O my comfort, my ſupporter, come,
My ſtaff, my third beſt leg, O! now uphold
My tottering footſteps, and direct my way,
That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.
Wretch, from thy pallet raiſe thy heavy limbs,
And quit the cover'd cloſeneſs of the room.
Diſpel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids down,
In open day, and in the golden ſun
On purer air thy enliven'd ſpirit feaſt.
For now my willing mind invites me forth;
But the weak fleſh refuſes to comply.
Be reſolute, my ſoul; for well thou know'ſt,

The gouty wretch, that would but cannot move,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.
Come on.

Exit OCYPUS.

SCENE *changes.*

Enter OCYPUS, *who discovers the* CHORUS *before a Temple offering Sacrifices to the Gout, with Musick and Dancing. Dance.*

Ocyp. —But who are they, whose hands with crutches fill'd,
Whose tossing heads with eldern garlands bound,
Seem in wild dance some feast to celebrate?
Do they to thee, Apollo, Paeans sing?
Then would the Delphick laurel shade their brows.
Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns?
Then would their temples be with ivy wreath'd.
Whence are ye, strangers? speak: the truth declare.
Declare, O friends, what deity ye worship.

Chor. But who art thou, that mak'st us this demand?
Thou too, as from thy crutch may be inferr'd,
And hobbling pace, thou art a votary
Of the invincible divinity.

Ocyp. I am; nor am unworthy of the name.

Chorus. When Cyprian Venus, queen of love,
In pearly dews fell from above,
Nereus amaz'd her scatter'd frame,
And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

Faſt by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ouze the ſurges ſleep,
On her broad boſom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virgin bold and wiſe,
From the great Monarch of the Skies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddeſs firſt embrac'd;
Firſt in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primæval Chaos ceas'd,
And Night eternal fled;
Bright roſe the morning, and the ſun
His new-born radiance ſhed.

Then from the womb of Fate ſprung forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal hour.

Clotho receiv'd and ſwath'd the babe,
Thence at the ſtreaming breaſt
Of Wealth by foſtering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

Cyp. Say by what rites myſterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit?

Cho. Nor * with the biting ſteel ourſelves we wound,
Or ſprinkle with our blood the hallow'd ground:
Nor are our necks with galling collars worn;
Or livid backs with ſounding ſcourges torn:
Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
Gorge we the raw and bleeding ſacrifice:
But when the Spring the riſing ſap impells,
And the young elm with genial moiſture ſwells,
When in the hedges on the budding ſpray
The black-bird modulates her various lay:
Then unperceiv'd ſhe drives her piercing dart,
And wounds the inmoſt ſenſe with ſecret ſmart;
The hip, the nervous thigh, the ankles ſwell,
The bending knee, and firm-ſupporting heel:
The ſtrong-knit ſhoulder and the ſinewy arm,
And hand mechanick, feel th' inteſtine harm,
Through every joint the thrilling anguiſh pours,
And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours;
Till length of ſuffering the dire power appeaſe,
And the fierce torments at her bidding ceaſe.

Cyp. Unweeting then her votary am I.
Thou, goddeſs, gentle and benign, approach!
And I, with theſe thy votaries, will begin
Thy ſacred, ſolemn, cuſtomary ſong.

[*Dance.*

* The Chorus here allude to ſeveral religious ceremonies performed by ſeveral Prieſts to their Gods. The Scripture mentions the Prieſts of Baal cutting and laſhing themſelves with knives, &c.

Chorus.

vrus. Thou air, be ſtill; thou ſky, ſerene;
Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
Propt on her ſtaff, behold the Queen
Deigns at our altars to appear!
[*The Goddeſs of the Gout deſcends or enters.*
Hail! gentleſt of the heavenly powers!
Propitious on thy ſervants ſmile;
And grant in Spring's fermenting hours
A quick deliverance from our toil.

dd. Lives there on earth to whom I am unknown,
Unconquerable queen of mighty woes?
Whom nor the fuming cenſer can appeaſe,
Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.
Me not Apollo's ſelf with all his drugs,
High Heaven's divine Phyſician, can ſubdue;
Nor his learn'd ſon, wiſe Æſculapius.
Yet, ever ſince the race of man begun,
All have eſſay'd my fury to repel,
Racking th' invention of ſtill-baffled phyſick.
Some this receipt 'gainſt me, ſome that explore.
Plantane they bruiſe, the parſley's odorous herb,
The lenient lettuce, and the purſlain wild.
Theſe bitter horehound, and the watery plant
That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;
Thoſe nettles cruſh, and comfrey's viſcid root,
And pluck the lentils in the ſtanding pools.
Some parſnips, ſome the gloſſy leaf apply
That ſhades the downy peach, benumming henbane,
The poppies ſoothing gum, th' emollient bulb,
Rind of the Punick apple, ſleawort hot,

costly frankincense, and searching root
potent hellebore, soft fenugreek
ape'd with rosy wine, collamphacum,
Nitre and spawn of frogs, the Cypress-cone,
al of bearded barley, and the leaf
orts unprepar'd, and ointments made
Of led garus, and (O vain conceit!)
The nts, and human ordure,
Th hot sarcophagus.
ome, and shrew-mouse,

he frog, the lizard green,
fell hyæna, and the wily fox,
branching stone-buck † bearded like a goat.
What kind of metals have ye left untry'd?
What juice? what weeping tree's medicinal tear?
What beasts, what animals, have not bestow'd
Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or marrow?
Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine?
The draught of four ingredients some compose,
Some eight, but more from seven expect relief;
Some from the purging hiera seek their cure,
On mystick verses vainly some depend;
The tricking Jew gulls other fools with charms;
While to the cooling fountains others fly,
And in the crystal current seek for health.

But

* A kind of red land-toad.
† A beast with shaggy hair and a beard like a goat, but otherwise like a stag.

But to all theſe fell anguiſh I denounce,
To all who tempt me ever more ſevere,
But they who patiently my viſit take,
Nor ſeek to combat me with anodynes,
Still find me gentle and benevolent.
For in my rites whoe'er participates,
His tongue with eloquence I ſtrait endow,
And teach him with facetious wit to pleaſe,
A merry, gay, jocoſe companion boon:
Round whom the noiſy croud inceſſant laugh,
As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.
For that dire Até, of whom Homer ſings,
That dreaded powerful deity am I:
Who on the heads of men inſulting tread,
And ſilent, ſoft, and unobſerv'd, approach.
But as from me the acid drop deſcends,
The drop of anguiſh, I the Gout am call'd.
Now then, my votaries all, my orgies ſing,
And praiſe with hymns th' unconquerable goddeſs.

Chorus. Hear, ſtubborn virgin, fierce and ſtrong,
Impracticable maid!
O liſten to our holy ſong!
And grant thy ſervants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, diſmays
The Monarch of the Dead,
And ſtrikes the Ruler of the ſeas
And thundering Jove with dread.

Thee

Thee ſoft repoſing beds delight
And flannels warm embrace,
And bandag'd legs nor ſwift in flight,
Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ankles feel,
The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
And toe that dreads the ground.
Thy pains unclos'd our eye-lids keep,
Or grant at beſt tumultuous ſleep
And ſlumbers never ſound.

Thy cramps our limbs diſtort,
Thy knots our joints invade:
Such is thy cruel ſport!
Inexorable maid!

Enter Meſſenger, with two Mountebanks bound.

Meſ. O! Miſtreſs, opportunely art thou met.
Attend; no vain or idle tale I bring,
But well ſupported by authentick facts.
As through the town (for ſo thou didſt enjoin)
With ſlow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
Searching if haply I might chance to find
A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
There quiet all, and patient, I beheld,
Subdued, O goddeſs, by thy mighty arm.
All but theſe two preſumptuous daring wretches
Who to the gaping crowd with oaths deny'd
To pay due reverence to thy deity,
Boaſting that they would baniſh thee from earth

Where

Wherefore with fetters ſtrong their legs I bound
And after five days march have brought them hither,
A weary march of twice five hundred feet.
odd. Swift haſt thou come, my winged meſſenger.
Say, from what regions, through what rugged paths,
Haſt thou thy tedious longſome way purſued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy ſpeed?
ef. Five ſtairs, whoſe weak and diſlocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, deſcending down,
Firſt to the level pavement I arriv'd,
That 'gainſt my feet its jarring ſurface turn'd;
Which having with uneaſy footſteps croſs'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty ſtreet,
Whoſe pointed ſtones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a ſmooth, though ſlippery path,
I hurried on, but with back-ſliding haſte,
The trodden ſlime my tottering ankle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every ſide
The ſtreaming ſweat deſcended, and my legs
Faint and relax'd no longer firmly trod.
Thence laboring in each limb, and overtoil'd,
A broad, but dangerous way receiv'd me next:
For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd, and preſs'd, and drove me faſter on:
But I with nimble action ply'd my feet,
And quick into an alley ſtept aſide,
Till every rattling haſty wheel was paſs'd.
For, as to thee, O goddeſs, I belong'd,
Thy votary, I ought not, could not run.

God-

Gadd. Servant, thou haſt not well perform'd thy vow,
Nor ſhall thy prompt obedience want reward.
In recompence this pleaſing boon receive,
Three years of light and gentle pains to bear.
But ye, moſt impious heaven-diſdain'd villains,
What and whence are ye, that ſo proudly dare
The liſts to enter with the mighty Gout,
Whoſe power not Jove himſelf can overcome?
Speak, wretches—many a hero have I tam'd,
As all the wiſe and learn'd can teſtify.
Priam * was gouty, as old Poets ſing,
And by the Gout the ſwift Achilles fell.
Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy Lord,
The mighty Oedipus, my proweſs own'd,
And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Pliſthenes.
He too, who led to Troy his warrior bands,
The halting ſon of Pæas, felt my dart,
And by my dart the † Lord of Ithaca,

Not

* *Priam was gouty*, &c.] Lucian had this circumſtance from ſome ſecret hiſtories that are not come down to us; or poſſibly there may be ſome conceit which we do not underſtand, ſince one cannot help thinking that he alludes to the lameneſs of Philoctetes, which he got by the fall of one of Hercules's arrows on his foot; and to the wound which Achilles received in his heel from Paris, which wound was the occaſion of his death.

† Telegonus, the ſon of Ulyſſes by Circe, coming to Ithaca to ſee his father, was denied entrance by the ſervants; upon which a quarrel enſued, in which he unfortunately ſlew his father Ulyſſes with a ſpear or arrow, pointed with the bone of a tryggon, a poiſonous fiſh.

Not by the poiſonous trygon's bone expir'd.
Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be aſſur'd,
Your wicked deeds ſhall meet their due reward.

Io. Syrians we are, in fair Damaſcus born.
But, urg'd by want and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and ſea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father gave,
We comfort and relieve the ſick and lame.

dd. What is your ointment, ſay, and how prepar'd?

Io. We dare not tell, to ſecrecy oblig'd
Both by the ſolemn oath of our profeſſion,
And laſt injunctions of a dying father;
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful virtue
Of this our medicine, whoſe ſtrong efficacy,
O Gout, can ev'n thy madding fires allay.

dd. Ha! miſerable wretches, ſay ye ſo?
Is there on earth a medicine, whoſe effect
My power is not ſufficient to control?
Come on, upon this iſſue let us join.
Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your ſtrong medicine or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting ſpirits, who preſide
O'er my diſtracting ſorrows, hither come.

Spirits deſcend.

Thou from the tender ſole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguiſh ſpread.
Thou in the heel ſhalt ſettle, from the thigh
Thou on the knee ſhalt pour the bitter drop.
And each of you a finger

Spir. Behold, O Queen, thy orders are perform'd.
See! where the wretches maim'd and roaring lie,
Their limbs diſtorted with our fierce attack.
Godd. Now, friends, inform us of the truth; declare
If aught your boaſted ointment now avail.
For if my forces it indeed ſubdue,
Far, to the dark receſſes of the earth,
The depths profound of Tartarus, I 'll fly,
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and unſeen.
Mo. Behold the ointment is apply'd! but, oh!
The flames relent not. Oh! I faint, I die!
A ſecret poiſon all my leg conſumes.
Not ſo pernicious is the bolt of Jove:
Nor rages ſo the wild tempeſtuous ſea:
Nor more reſiſtleſs is the lightning's blaſt.
Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my ſinews gnaws:
Or on my fleſh ſome poiſonous viper preys;
Or to my limbs th' envenom'd * mantle clings,
Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant gore!
O Queen, have mercy! freely we acknowledge
That, nor our ointment, nor aught elſe on earth,
Thy

* The mantle of the Centaur Neſſus, who having profered Hercules his ſervice to carry his wife over the river Evenus, when he had her on the other ſide would have forced her. Whereupon Hercules ſhot him with an arrow. Neſſus, ſeeing he muſt die, in revenge preſents Deianira with his mantle ſtained with his own blood, telling her it was a charm for love. She believing this, when Hercules was ſacrificing in Mount Oeta, ſent him this mantle to put on; which he no ſooner did, but the poiſon worked ſo ſtrongly that he grew mad, and threw himſelf into the fire.

Thy unreſiſted fury can reſtrain,
O mighty conquereſs of human kind!

Typ. "I too, O potent goddeſs, grace implore.
"Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
"Vain of my beauteous limbs, and active ſtrength,
"I mock'd thy dolors, and thy power defy'd.
"But now chaſtis'd by thy afflictive arm,
"And by thy nearer influence ſubdued,
"My impious vaunts, O goddeſs, I retract,
"Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath."

Add. Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See they repent them of the dire contention.
Now let the world confeſs my ſtubborn power,
Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs ſubdued.
Goddeſs and Spirits re-aſcend.]

Bo. In vain with mimic flames Salmoneus ſtrove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;
To deepeſt hell with ſcorching lightning driven,
Too late he own'd the ſtronger power of Heaven.

The ſatyr Marſyas blew his boaſtful reed,
And, Phœbus, ſtrike, he cry'd, thy rival ſtrings.
Stript of his ſkin, he mourns the impious deed,
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius ſings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In ſtreams eternal while her ſorrows flow,
Sad Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

Thee, Pallas, skill'd in every work divine,
Foolish Arachne at the loom defy'd;
Incessant thence she draws the silvy twine,
Memorial of her fond presumptuous pride.

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
To mortals be this sage instruction given,
"That man, though bold, is not a match for
"Heaven." [*Dance.*

Cho. O-awful Gout, whose universal sway
The trembling nations of the earth obey,
Our torments, gracious sovereign, O assuage!
Be short our pangs, be moderate thy rage!

Many, various, are the woes
That this scene of life compose.
Use with reconciling balm
Can our throbbing sorrows calm;
Can our sharpest pains beguile,
And bid gouty wretches smile.
Hence, companions of my care,
Learn with patient hearts to bear,
To expect with souls unmov'd
Ills ye have already prov'd.
If severer woes invade,
Heaven will grant you strength and aid.
Who, impatient of his pain,
Bites, and gnaws, and shakes the chain,
Laughter he, and scorn shall move,
Such is the decree of Jove.

ON

ON THE

ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

A CANTO,

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Archimage tempts the Red-Croſs Knight
From love of Fairy-land,
With ſhew of foreign pleaſures all,
The which he doth withſtand.

I.

WISE was that Spartan Law-giver of old,
Who rais'd on Virtue's baſe his well-built ſtate,
Exiling from her walls barbaric gold,
With all the miſchiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate;
And the diſtinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach Ambition, that to fame would ſoar,
To the falſe lure of wealth her ſtooping wing to lower.

II.

Yet would Corruption ſoon have entrance found,
And all his boaſted ſchemes eftſoon decay'd,
Had not he caſt a powerful circle round,
Which to a diſtance the arch felon fray'd,

And ineffectual his foul engines made:
This was, to wont, that politic command,
Which from vain travel the young Spartan staid,
Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land,
To learn deceitful arts, and science unprofound.

III.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and schools;
Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd;
Great rabbins, deeply read in Wisdom's rules,
And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
Embellish life, and polish human-kind.
Such, Asia, birth-place of proud monarchy,
Such, elder Ægypt, in thy kingdoms shin'd,
Mysterious Ægypt, the rank nursery
Of superstitions fond, and learned vanity.

IV.

But what accomplishments, what arts polite,
Did the young Spartan want, his deeds to grace,
Whose manly virtues, and heroic spright,
Check'd by no thought impure, no falsehood base,
With natural dignity might well outface
The glare of manners false, and mimic pride?
And wherefore should they range from place to place,
Who to their country's love so firm were ty'd,
All homely as she was, that for her oft they dy'd?

V.

And * sooth it is (with reverence may ye hear,
And honour due to passion so refin'd)
The strong affection which true patriots bear
To their dear country, zealous is and blind,

* Truth.

And

And fond as is the love of womankind,
So that they may not her defects eſpy,
Ne other * paragone may ever find,
But gazing on her with an awful eye
And ſuperſtitious zeal, her learn to deify.

VI.

And, like as is the faith unſound, untrue,
Of him who, wandering aye from fair to fair,
Conceiveth from each object paſſion new,
Or from his heart quite drives the troublous care;
So with the patriot-lover doth it fare,
Who through the world delighting aye to rove,
His country changeth with each change of air,
Or weening the delights of all to prove,
On none, or all alike, beſtows his vagrant love.

VII.

† Als doth corruption in a diſtant ſoil,
With double force ‡ aſſay the youthful heart;
Expos'd ſuſpectleſs to the traitor's wile,
Expos'd unwarn'd to Pleaſure's poiſon'd dart,
Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
Where each one lies, impoſes, and betrays,
Without a friend due counſel to impart,
Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
Without the check of ſhame, or ſpur of public praiſe.

* Rival, or one to compare with her.
† Moreover, beſides. ‡ Aſſault.

VIII.

* Forthy, false Archimago, traytor vile,
Who burnt 'gainst Fairy-land with ceaseless ire,
'Gan cast with foreign pleasures to beguile
Her faithful knight, and quench the heavenly fire
That did his virtuous bosom aye inspire
With zeal unfeigned for her service true,
And send him forth in chivalrous attire,
Arm'd at all points adventures to pursue,
And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

IX.

So as he journeyed upon the way,
Him soon the sly enchaunter † over-hent,
Clad like a fairy knight in armour gay,
With painted shield, and spear right forward bent,
In knightly ‡ guise and shew of § hardiment,
That aye prepared was for bloody fight.
Whereat the ‖ Elfin knight with speeches gent
Him first saluted, who, well as he might,
Him fair salutes again, as ** seemeth courteous knight.

X.

Then 'gan he †† purpose frame of valiant deeds
Atchiev'd by foreign knights of ‡‡ prowess great,
And mighty fame, which emulation breeds
In virtuous breast, and kindleth martial heat;

Of

* Therefore. † Overtook. ‡ Fashion. § Courage. ‖ Fairy. ** Beseemeth. †† Discourse, or argument. ‡‡ Might, valour.

Of arts and ſciences for warriour * meet,
And knight that would in feats of arms excel,
Or him, who † liefer chooſing calm retreat,
With Peace and gentle Virtue aye would dwell,
Who have their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

XI.

Theſe, as he ſaid, beſeemed knight to know,
And all be they in Fairy-lond y-taught,
Where every art and all fair virtues grow;
Yet various climes with various fruits are fraught,
And ſuch in one hath full perfection ‡ raught
The which no ſkill may in another rear.
So gloz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
To a huge rock, that clomb ſo high in air,
That from it he § uneath the murmuring ſurge mote hear.

XII.

Thence the ſalt wave beyond in proſpect wide
A ſpacious plain the falſe enchaunter ſhow'd,
With goodly caſtles deck'd on every ſide,
And ſilver ſtreams, that down the champain flow'd,
And waſh'd the vineyards that beſide them ſtood,
And groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
His orient beams diſplay'd withouten cloud,
Which lightly on the gliſtening waters play,
And tinge the caſtles, woods, and hills, with purple ray.

* Proper, fit. † Rather. ‡ Reach'd. § Hardly.

XIII.

So fair a landſkipe charm'd the wandering knight;
And eke the breath of morning frefh and ſweet
Inſpir'd his jocund ſpirit with delight,
And eaſt of heart for ſoft perfuaſion meet.
Then him the traytor baſe 'gan fair entreat,
And from the rock as downward they deſcend,
Of that bleſt land his praiſes 'gan repeat,
Till he him moved hath with him to * wend;
So to the billowy ſhore their haſty march they bend.

XIV.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,
Whoſe ſhils full glad embrac'd the wanton wind,
There ſat a ſtranger † wight in quaint array,
That ſeem'd of various garbs ‡ attone combin'd,
Of Europe, Afric, eaſt and weſtern Inde.
Als round about him many creatures ſtood,
Of ſeveral nations and of divers kind,
Apes, ſerpents, birds with human ſpeech endow'd,
And monſters of the land, and wonders of the flood.

XV.

He was to weet a mighty traveller,
Who curioſity thereafter § hight
And well he knew each coaſt and harbour fair,
And every nation's latitude and ſite,

And

* To go. † Man or woman. ‡ Together.
§ Was called.

And how to steer the wandering bark aright.
So to him strait the false encounter bore,
And with him likewise brought the red-cross knight:
Then fairly him besought to waft them o'er;
Swift flew the daunting bark, and reach'd the adverse shore.

XVI.

There when they landed were, them ran to greet
A bevy bright of damsels gent and gay,
Who with soft smiles, and salutation sweet,
And courteous violence would force them stay,
And rest them in their bower not far away;
Their bower that most luxuriously was * dight
With all the dainties of air, earth, and sea,
All that mote please the taste, and charm the sight,
The pleasure of the board, and charm of beauty bright.

XVII.

Als might he therein hear a mingled sound
Of feast and song and laughing jollity,
That in the noise was all distinction drown'd
Of graver sense, or music's harmony.
Yet were there some in that blithe company
That aptly could discourse of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wisdom, and sound policy;
Yet † nould they often ope their sacred store,
Ne might their voice be heard 'mid riot and uproar.

XVIII. Thereto

* Adorned, set forth. † Would not.

XVIII.

Thereto the joys of idleneſs and love,
And luxury, that beſots the nobleſt mind,
And cuſtom prevalent at diſtance drove
All ſenſe and reliſh of a higher kind,
Whereby the ſoul to virtue is refin'd.
Inſtead whereof the arts of ſlavery
Were taught, of ſlavery perverſe and blind,
That vainly boaſts her native liberty,
Yet wears the chains of pride, of luſt, and gluttony.

XIX.

Of which the red-croſs knight right well aware,
Would in no wiſe agree with them to go,
Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,
* Hight Politeſſa, him did kindly woo.
But all was falſe pretence, and hollow ſhow,
Falſe as the flowers which to their breaſts they ty'd
Or thoſe which ſeemed in their cheeks to glow,
For both were falſe, and not by Nature dy'd,
Falſe rivals of the ſpring, and beauty's roſy pride.

XX.

Then from behind them ſtraightway 'gan advaunce
An uncouth ſtripling quaintly habited,
As for ſome revel maſk, or antic daunce,
All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red;
Als in a vizor black he ſhrouds his head,

The

* Called.

The which he toſſed to and fro amain,
And † eft his lathy falchion brandiſhed,
As if he meant fierce battle to ‡ darrain,
And like a wanton ape eft ſkip'd he on the plain.

XXI.

And eft about him ſkip'd a gaudy throng
Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,
Chanting in careleſs notes their amorous ſong,
Match'd with like careleſs gueſts, like amorous play.
Als were they gorgeous, dreſs'd in rich array,
And well accepted of that female train,
Whoſe hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,
Each proffer'd love receive without diſdain,
And part without regret from each late favour'd ſwain.

XXII.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
To join their hands upon the flowery plain;
The whiles with amorous leer and eyes aſkaunce
Each damſel fires with love her glowing ſwain;
Till, all impatient of the tickling pain,
In ſudden laughter forth at once they break,
And ending ſo their daunce, each tender twain
To ſhady bowers forthwith themſelves betake,
Deep hid in myrtle groves, beſide a ſilver lake.

XXIII.

Thereat the red-croſs knight was much enmov'd,
And 'gan his heart with indignation ſwell,
To view in forms ſo made to be belov'd,
Ne faith, ne truth, ne heavenly virtue dwell;

Brit.

† Often. ‡ Attempt.

But luſt inſtead, and falſehood, child of hell;
And glutton ſloth, and love of gay attire:
And ſooth to ſay, them well could parallel
Their luſty * paramours in vain deſire;
Well fitted to each dame was every gallant ſquire.

XXIV.

Yet when their ſovereign calls them forth to arms,
Their ſovereign, whoſe † beheſts they moſt revere,
Right wiſely can they menage war's alarms,
And wield with valour great the martial ſpear,
So that their name is dreaded far and near.
Oh! that for liberty they ſo did fight!
Then need not fairy-land their proweſs fear,
Ne give in charge to her adventurous knight
Their friendſhip to beware, and ſenſe-deluding ſleight.

XXV.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
But ſolely to ‡ aggrate their mighty lord,
For whom their deareſt blood they ‖ nillen ſpare,
When ſo him liſteth draw the conquering ſword;
So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
Who ne with might beyond his meaneſt thrall
Endued, ne with ſuperior wiſdom ſtor'd,
Sees at his feet proſtrated millions fall,
And with religious dread obey his princely call.

XXVI.

Thereto ſo high and ſtately was his port,
That all the petty kings him ſore envy'd,
And would him imitate in any ſort,
With all the mimic pageantry of pride, And

* Lovers. † Commands. ‡ Please. ‖ Will not.

And worſhip'd be like him, and deify'd,
Of courtly ſycophants and * caitifs vile,
Who to thoſe ſervices themſelves apply'd,
And in that ſchool of ſervitude erewhile
Had learn'd to bow and grin, and flatter, and beguile.

XXVII.

For to that ſeminary of faſhions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,
Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
And, courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They caſt to imitate ſuch ſemblaunce fair;
And, deeming meanly of their native lond,
Their own rough virtues they diſdain to wear,
And back returning dreſt by foreign hond,
Ne other matter care, ne other underſtond.

XXVIII.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who ſore was griev'd
To ſee the knight reject thoſe damſels gay,
Wherewith he thought him ſure to have deceiv'd,
Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majeſty's bright ray:
So to a ſtately caſtle he him brought,
Which in the midſt of a great garden lay,
And wiſely was by cunning craftsmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd ſurpaſſing human thought.

XXIX.

There underneath a ſumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sate the ſwoln form of royal † ſurquedry,
And deem'd itſelf ‡ allgates ſome creature rare,

While

* *Scoundrels.* † Pride. ‡ By all means, omnino.

While its own haughty state it mote compare
With the base countenance of the vassal fry,
That seem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor ear
Ne any sense, ne any faculty,
That did not to his throne owe servile ministry.

XXX.

Yet wist he not that half that homage low
Was at a wizard's shrine in private pay'd,
The which conducted all that goodly show,
And as he list th' imperial puppet play'd,
By secret springs and wheels right wisely made,
That he the subtle wires mote not * avize,
But deem in sooth that all he did or said,
From his own motion and free grace did rise,
And that he justly hight immortal, great, and wise.

XXXI.

And eke to each of that same gilded train,
That meekly round that lordly throne did stand,
Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,
Whereby their actions all he mote command,
And rule with hidden influence the land.
Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
And those same magic chains within his hand
Did seem to place, albeit by the end
He held them fast, that none them from his gripe mo
rend.

XXXII

* Discover, perceive.

XXXII.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
Deep read in all the arts of policy,
And from experience grown so crafty sage,
That none his secret counsels more descry,
Ne search the mines of his deep subtlety.
Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cherished;
And traffic did promote and industry,
Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
And the proud lords in ease and plenty wallowed.

XXXIII.

Thence all the gorgeous splendour of the court,
* Sith the sole business of the sire and great,
Was to that hope-built temple to resort,
And round their earthly god in glory wait,
Who, with their pride to swell his royal state,
Did pour large sums of gold on every one,
Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,
And torn from peasants vile, beneath the throne
Who lay deep sunk in earth, and inwardly did groan.

XXXIV.

Behold, says Archimage, the envy'd height
Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd!
Behold yon sun of power, whose glorious light,
O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,
Calls up those princely flowers on every side;
Which like the painted daughters of the plain
Ne toil, ne spin, ne stain their silken pride
With care, or sorrow, sith withouten pain,
Them in eternal joy those heavenly beams maintain.

XXXV. Them

XXXV.

Them morn and evening joy eternal greets,
And for them thousands and ten thousands * swell,
Gathering from land and ocean honied sweets
For them, who in soft indolence the while
And slumbering peace enjoy the luscious spoil;
And as they view around the careful bees
† Forespent with labour and incessant toil,
With the sweet contrast learn themselves to please,
And heighten by compare the luxury of ease.

XXXVI.

Ungenerous man, quoth then the fairy knight,
That can rejoice to see another's woe!
And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,
Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow,
That doth on sloth and gluttony bestow
The hard-earn'd fruits of industry and pain,
And to the dogs the labourer's morsel throw,
Unmindful of the hand that sow'd the grain,
The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatness vain.

XXXVII.

Oh foul abuse of sacred majesty,
That boasteth her fair self from heaven y-sprong!
Where are the marks of thy divinity?
Truth, mercy, justice steady, bold and strong,
To aid the meek, and curb oppressive wrong?
Where is the care and love of public good,
That to the people's father doth belong?
Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,
Who bids dispense to all, what he for all bestow'd?

XXXVIII. Dwe

* Work hard. † Quite spent.

XXXVIII.

Dwell'ſt thou not rather, like the prince of hell,
In Pandemonium full of ugly fiends?
Diſſimulation, diſcord, malice fell,
Reckleſs ambition, that right onward * wends,
Though his wild march o'erthrow both fame and friends,
And virtue and his country; crooked guile,
Obliquely creeping to his treacherous ends,
And flattery, curs'd aſſaſſin, who the while
He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kiſs, and ſmile.

XXXIX.

Then 'gan he ſtrait unvail the mirrour bright,
The which fair † Una gave him heretofore,
Ere he as yet, with ‡ Paynim foe to fight,
For foreign land had left his native ſhore.
This in his careful breaſt he always bore,
And on it oft would caſt his wary eye;
For it by magic framed was of yore,
So that no falſhood mote it well abye,
But it was plainly ſeen, or fearfully did fly.

XL.

This on that gay aſſembly did he turn,
And ſaw confounded quite the gaudy ſcene;
Saw the cloſe fire that inwardly did burn,
And waſte the throbbing heart with ſecret || teen;

T Saw

* Goes.

† Una in Spenſer repreſents Truth, ſee B. 1. Fairy Queen.

‡ Heathen, the uſual enemy of knight-errants Spenſer. || Pain, anguiſh.

Saw baſe dependence in the haughty mien
Of lords and princes; ſaw the magic chain
That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unſeen,
The whiles with count'naunce glad he hid his pain,
And homage did require from each poor lowly ſwain.

XLI.

And though to that old mage they louted down,
Yet did they dearly wiſh for his decay:
Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
Of his great lord his tottering ſteps did ſtay,
And oft behind him ſkulk'd for great diſmay;
Als ſhook the throne, when ſo the villain crew,
That underneath oppreſs'd and groveling lay,
Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
And loudly for redreſs and liberty did ſue.

XLII.

There mote he likewiſe ſee a ribbald train
Of dancers, broiderers, ſlaves of luxury,
Who caſt o'er all thoſe lords and ladies vain
A veil of ſemblaunce fair, and richeſt dye,
That none their inward baſeneſs mote deſcry.
But nought was hidden from that mirrour bright.
Which when falſe Archimago 'gan eſpy,
He feared for himſelf, and warn'd the knight
From ſo deteſted place to maken ſpeedy flight.

XLIII.

So on he paſſed, till he comen hath
To a ſmall river, that full ſlow did glide,
As it uneath mote find its watry path
For ſtones and rubbiſh, that did choak its tide,

So

So lay the mouldering piles on every ſide,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her auncient greatneſs ſtill be ſeen,
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

XLIV.

For the rich ſpoil of all the continents,
The boaſt of art and nature there was brought,
Corinthian braſs, Ægyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic ſculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artiſts taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And ſet before the eye of ſober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold.
All theſe and many more that may not here be told.

XLV.

There in the middeſt of a ruin'd pile,
That ſeem'd a theatre of circuit vaſt,
Where thouſands might be ſeated, he erewhile
Diſcover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
Seem'd a huge heap of ſtone together caſt
In nice diſorder and wild ſymmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, ſtatues half defac'd,
And pedeſtals with antique imagery
Emboſs'd, and pillars huge of coſtly porphyry.

XLVI.

Aloft on this ſtrange baſis was * ypight
With girlonds gay adorn'd a golden chair,
In which aye ſmiling with ſelf-bred delight,
In careleſs pride reclin'd a lady fair,

* Placed.

And to ſoft muſic lent her idle ear;
The which with pleaſure ſo did her enthrall,
That for aught elſe ſhe had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour ſeminal,
Or gentle love, ſole king of pleaſures natural.

XLVII.

Als by her ſide, in richeſt robes array'd,
An eunuch ſate, of viſage pale and dead,
Unſeemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him ſhe courted oft and honoured,
And oft would by her place in princely * ſtead,
Though from the dregs of earth he ſpringen were,
And oft with regal crowns ſhe deck'd his head,
And oft, to ſooth her vain and fooliſh ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty † Keſars bear.

XLVIII.

Thereto herſelf a pompous title bore,
For ſhe was vain of her great aunceſtry,
But vainer ſtill of that prodigious ſtore
Of arts and learning, which ſhe vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treaſury.
Theſe ſhe to ſtrangers oftentimes would ſhew,
With grave demean and ſolemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praiſe and title of Vertù.

XLIX.

Vertù ſhe was ‡ yclept, and held her court
With outward ſhews of pomp and majeſty,
To which natheleſs few others did reſort,
But men of baſe and vulgar induſtry.

Or

* Seat or place. † Emperors. ‡ Called or named.

Or ſuch perdy as of them cozen'd be,
Mimes, fidlers, pipers, eunuchs ſqueaking fine,
Painters and builders, ſons of maſonry,
Who well could meaſure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

L.

But other ſkill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the houſe for dwelling beſt,
With ſelf-ſufficient ſcorn they wont neglect,
As correſponding with their purpoſe leaſt;
And herein be they copied of the reſt,
Who aye pretending love of ſcience fair,
And generous purpoſe to adorn the breaſt
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away do bear.

LI.

For long, to viſit her once-honour'd ſeat
The ſtudious ſons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
Her venerable reliques to adore
And load their boſom with the ſacred ſtore,
Whereof the world large treaſure yet enjoys.
But * ſithence ſhe declin'd from wiſdom's lore,
They left her to diſplay her pompous toys
To virtuoſi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

LII.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth † long
Of uſhers in her court well practiſed,
Who aye about the monied ſtranger
Offering with ſhew

* *Since.* † *By*

Him through the rich apartments all to lead,
And ſhew him all the wonders of her ſtate,
Whoſe names and price they wiſely can * areed,
And tell of coins of old and modern date,
And pictures falſe and true right well diſcriminate.

LIII.

Als are they named after him, whoſe tongue
Shook the dictator in his curule chair,
And thundering through the Roman ſenate, rung
His bold Philippicks in Antonius' ear;
Which when the Fairy heard, he ſigh'd full dear,
And, caſting round his quick diſcerning eye,
At every † deal he drope a manly tear,
As he the ſtately buildings mote deſcry,
Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mouldering fragments lie.

LIV.

And, oh! imperial city! then he ſaid,
How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne!
Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,
Thou ſittedſt erſt unequal'd and alone,
And madeſt through the world thy greatneſs known:
While from the weſtern iſles, to Indus' ſhore,
From ſeven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,
Thy dradded bolts the ſtrong-pounc'd eagle bore,
And taught the nations round thy faſces to adore.

LV. And

* Relate or declare. Theſe under ſort of antiquaries, who go about with ſtrangers to ſhew them the antiquities, &c. of Rome, are called Ciceroni.

† At every turn, every now and then.

LV.

And doth among thy reliques nought remain,
No little portion of that haughty ſpright,
Which made thee whilom ſcorn ſoft Pleaſure's chain,
And in free Virtue place thy chief delight,
Whereby through ages ſhone thy glory bright?
And is there nought remaining to confound
Thoſe who, regardleſs of thy woeful plight,
With idle wonder view thy ruins round,
And without thought ſurvey thy memorable wound?

LVI.

Ariſe, thou genuine Cicero, and declare
That all theſe mighty ruins ſcatter'd wide
The ſepulchres of Roman virtue were,
And trophies vaſt of luxury and pride,
Thoſe fell diſeaſes whereof Rome erſt dy'd.
And do you then with vile mechanic thought
Your courſe, ye ſons of Fairy, hither guide,
That ye thoſe gay refinements may be taught,
Which liberty's fair lond to ſhame and thraldom brought?

LVII.

Let Rome thoſe vaſſal arts now meanly boaſt,
Which to her vanquiſh'd thralls ſhe erſt reſign'd;
Ye who enjoy that freedom ſhe has loſt,
That great prerogative of human-kind,
Cloſe to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
And learn the rich poſſeſſion to maintain,
Learn virtue, juſtice, conſtancy of mind,
Not to be mov'd by fear or pleaſure's train;
Be theſe your arts, ye brave; theſe only are humane.

Through practice old of villainy and vi
So to his former wiles he turns him foo
As in another place hereafter ſhall be ſhov

EDUCATION.

A POEM:

Written in Imitation of the Style and Manner of

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM,
Widow of Sir JOHN LANGHAM, Baronet.

" Unum ſtudium verè liberale eſt, quod liberum facit.
" Hoc ſapientiæ ſtudium eſt, ſublime, forte, mag-
" nanimum: cætera puſilla & puerilia ſunt. — Plus
" ſcire velle quàm ſit ſatis intemperantiæ genus eſt.
" Quid, quòd iſta liberalium artium conſectatio
" moleſtos, verboſos, intempeſtivos, ſibi placentes
" facit, & ideo non dicentes neceſſaria, quia ſu-
" pervacua didicerunt." SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY diſcipline! from heaven y-ſprong!
Parent of Science, queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces, and the Nine belong:
O! bid thoſe Graces, in fair chorus join'd

With

With each bright Virtue that adorns the mind!
O bid the Muſes, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erſt humaniz'd mankind,
Inſpire, direct, and moralize the ſtrain,
That doth eſſay to teach thy treaſures how to gain!

And thou, whoſe pious and maternal care,
The ſubſtitute of heavenly Providence,
With tendereſt love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly ſtrength and ſenſe;
With mildeſt awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the ſmooth walks of Truth and Innocence;
Where Happineſs heart-felt, Contentment ſweet,
Philoſophy divine, aye hold their bleſt retreat.

Thou, moſt belov'd, moſt honour'd, moſt rever'd!
Accept this verſe, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tye endear'd,
Of nature, gratitude, and friendſhip true,
The whiles this moral theſis I purſue,
And trace the plan of goodly * Nurture o'er,
I bring thy modeſt virtues into view;
And proudly boaſt that from thy precious ſtore,
Which erſt enrich'd my heart, I drew this ſacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus ſhall I beſt repay
The valued gifts, thy careful love beſtow'd;
If, imitating thee, well as I may,
I labour to diffuſe th' important good,

Till

* Nurture, Education.

Till this great truth by all be underſtood,
" That all the pious duties which we owe,
" Our parents, friends, our country and our God;
" The ſeeds of every virtue here below,
" From diſcipline alone, and early culture, grow."

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Knight, as to * Pædîa's houſe
He his young ſon conveys,
Is ſtaid by Cuſtom; with him fights,
And his vain pride diſdays.

I.

A Gentle Knight there was, whoſe noble deeds
O'er Fairy land by Fame were blazon'd round:
For warlike enterprize, and ſage † areeds
Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
Whence with the marks of higheſt honours crown'd
By Gloriana, in domeſtic peace,
That port, to which the wiſe are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the toſſing ſeas
Of buſtling buſy life, for calm ſequeſter'd eaſe.

II. There

* Pædîa is a Greek word, ſignifying education.
† Areeds, counſels.

II.

There in domeſtic virtue rich and great
As erſt in public, 'mid his wide domain,
Long in primæval patriarchal ſtate,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
Of wedded faith y-link'd, a matron ſage
Aye dwelt; ſweet partner of his joy and pain,
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliſs, his ſorrows to aſſuage.

III.

From this fair union, not of ſordid gain,
But merit ſimilar and mutual love,
True ſource of lineal virtue, ſprung a train
Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
Which round the temple of Olympick Jove,
Begirt with youthful bloom the * parent tree,
The ſacred olive; whence old Elis wove
Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The † guerdons of bold ſtrength and ſwift activity.

IV.

So round their noble parents goodly roſe
Theſe generous ſcyons: they with watchful care
Still, as the ſwelling paſſions 'gan diſcloſe
The buds of future virtues, did prepare

With

* *Parent tree, the ſacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Altis, or ſacred grove of Olympick Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was eſteemed ſacred, and from that were taken the Olympick crowns.

† Guerdons, rewards.

With prudent culture the young ſhoots to rear:
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a * palmer ſage inſtructed were,
Who from deep thought and ſtudious ſearch erewhile
Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human ſoil.

V.

For by celeſtial Wiſdom whilom led
Through all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the ſecret ſtores, and mark'd the † ſted
To judgment, wit, and memory aſſign'd;
And how ſenſation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darkſome grotte,
Where, variouſly disjointed or combin'd,
As reaſon, fancy, or opinion wrought,
Their various maſks they play'd, and fed her penſive thought.

VI.

‡ Alſe through the fields of Science had he ſtray'd
With eager ſearch, and ſent his piercing eye
Through each learn'd ſchool, each philoſophic ſhade,
Where Truth and Virtue erſt were deem'd to lie;
If haply the fair vagrants he § mote ſpy,
Or hear the muſic of their charming lore:
But all unable there to ſatisfy
His curious ſoul, he turn'd him to explore
The ſacred writ of Faith; to learn, believe, adore.

VII. Thence

* Palmer, pilgrim. The perſon here ſignified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his works.
† Sted, place, ſtation. ‡ Alſe, alſo, further.
§ Mote, might.

VII.

Thence foe profeſs'd of Falſhood and Deceit,
Thoſe fly artificers of tyranny,
* Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to Knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led, to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law;
That, fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
The perſecuting ſword forbids to draw,
And free-created ſouls with penal terrours awe.

VIII.

† Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wiſdom up in churliſh pride;
But, ſtooping from his height, would even deig
The feeble ſteps of Infancy to guide.
Eternal glory him therefore betide,
Let every generous youth his praiſe proclaim;
Who, wandering through the world's rude fo
wide,
By him hath been y-taught his courſe to frame
To Virtue's ſweet abodes, and heaven-aſpiring Fa

IX.

For this the Fairy Knight with anxious thought,
And fond paternal care, his counſel pray'd;
And him of gentleſt courteſy beſought
His guidance to vouchſafe and friendly aid;

T

* Aye, ever. † Ne, nor.

The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
Through devious paths to that ſecure retreat;
Where ſage Pædîa, with each tuneful maid,
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural ſeat,
Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that ſame virtuous palmer them to guide,
Arm'd all to point, and on a courſer fair
Y-mounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he ſlow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle ſquire * enſues,
With his young lord aye marching ſide by ſide,
His counſellour and guard, in goodly † thews,
Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every Muſe.

XI.

Thus as their pleaſing journey they purſued,
With chearful argument beguiling pain:
Ere long deſcending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes out-ſtretch'd a ſpacious plain,
That fruitful ſhew'd, and apt for every grain,
For paſtures, vines, and flowers; while Nature fair
Sweet-ſmiling all around with countenance ‡ fain
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
Her wildneſs to correct, her laviſh waſte repair.

XII. Right

* Enſues, follows. † Thews, manners.
‡ Fain, earneſt, eager.

VII.

Thence foe profeſs'd of Falſhood and Deceit,
[illegible]y artificers of tyranny,
[illegible]olding up before uncertain feet
[illegible]hful light to Knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led, to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law;
That, fram'd by Mercy and Benignity
The perſecuting ſword forbids to draw,
And free-created ſouls with penal terrours awe.

VIII.

† Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wiſdom up in churliſh pride;
But, ſtooping from his height, would even deign
The feeble ſteps of Infancy to guide.
Eternal glory him therefore betide,
Let every generous youth his praiſe proclaim;
Who, wandering through the world's rude forest wide,
By him hath been y-taught his courſe to frame
To Virtue's ſweet abodes, and heaven-aſpiring Fame!

IX.

For this the Fairy Knight with anxious thought,
And fond paternal care, his counſel pray'd;
And him of gentleſt courteſy beſought
His guidance to vouchſafe and friendly aid;

The

* Aye, ever. † Ne, nor.

The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
Through devious paths to that secure retreat;
Where sage Prodis, with each tuneful maid,
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

X.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that same virtuous palmer them to guide;
Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
Y-mounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he slow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle squire * ensues,
With his young lord aye marching side by side,
His counsellour and guard, in goodly † thews,
Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every
Muse.

XI.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursued,
With chearful argument beguiling pain;
Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain,
That fruitful shew'd, and apt for every grain,
For pastures, vines, and flowers; while [illegible]
Sweet-smiling all around with countenance ‡ fain
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair

[illegible]

* Ensues, follows. † Thews, manners.
‡ Fain, earnest, eager.

XVII.

In figur'd plots with leafy walls inclos'd,
By meaſure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
With ſymmetry ſo regular diſpos'd,
That plot to plot ſtill anſwer'd, ſhade to ſhade;
Each correſpondent twain alike array'd
With like embelliſhments of plants and flowers,
Of ſtatues, vaſes, ſpouting founts, that play'd
Through ſhells of Tritons their aſcending ſhowers,
And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven bowers.

XVIII.

There likewiſe mote be ſeen on every ſide
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And ſhapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently ſhorne, and with prepoſterous ſkill
To various beaſts and birds of ſundry quill
Transform'd, and human ſhapes of monſtrous ſize;
Huge as that giant-race, who, hill on hill
High-heaping, fought with impious vain * emprize,
Deſpite of thundering Jove, to ſcale the ſteepy ſkies.

XIX.

Alſe other wonders of the ſportive ſhears
Fair Nature miſ-adorning there were found:
Globes, ſpiral columns, pyramids and piers
With ſprouting urns and budding ſtatues crown'd;
And

* Emprize, enterprize, attempt.

And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artiſts trac'd;
And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd faſt,
All were their bellying ſails out-ſpread to every blaſt.

XX.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terraſſes on terraſſes up-thrown;
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
And viſto's broad, the velvet ſlopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne ſhone.
But, aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
They ſhrunk and languiſh'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful Summers ſtarv'd, and pinch'd by Winter's cold.

XXI.

Amid this verdant grove with ſolemn ſtate,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majeſty Nine Virgins ſate,
In features various, as unlike in mind:
Alſe boaſted they themſelves of heavenly kind,
And to the ſweet Parnaſſian Nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twin'd,
And matching with high names their apiſh pride,
O'er every learned ſchool aye claim'd they to preſide.

* All, uſed frequently by the old Engliſh Poets for although.

XXII.

In antique garbs (for modern they diſdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artiſts * whilom made,
Of various woofs, and variouſly diſtain'd
With tints of every hue, were they array'd;
And here and there ambitiouſly diſplay'd
A purple ſhred of ſome rich robe, prepar'd
Erſt by the Muſes or th' Aonian Maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan Bard;
Which o'er each motley veſt with uncouth ſplendor glar'd.

XXIII.

And well their outward veſture did expreſs
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wiſdom's antiquated dreſs,
And uſages by time caſt far behind.
Thence, to the charms of younger ſcience blind,
The cuſtoms, laws, the learning, arts and phraſe
Of their own countries they with ſcorn declin'd;
Ne ſacred truth herſelf would they embrace,
Unwarranted, unknown in their fore-fathers' days.

XXIV.

Thus ever backward caſting their ſurvey;
To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in proſpect lay
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they turn
Their

* Whilom, formerly.

Their buſy ſearch, and o'er the rubbiſh mourn.
Then, gathering up with ſuperſtitious care
Each little ſcrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro; This the Stagirite did wear.

XXV.

Yet, under names of venerable ſound,
While o'er the world they ſtretch'd their awful rod;
Through all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wiſe and good.
Alſe from each region to their * drad abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taſte
The ſtreams of Science; which united flow'd
Adown the mount, from nine rich ſources caſt;
And to the vale below in one rude torrent paſs'd.

XXVI.

O'er every ſource, protectreſs of the ſtream,
One of thoſe Virgin Sifters did preſide;
Who, dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of ſcholaſtic pride
Deſpotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
Vain love of praiſe, with adulation join'd,
And diſingenuous ſcorn, and impotence of mind.

* Drad, dreadful.

XXVII.

Extending from the hill on every ſide,
In circuit vaſt a verdant valley ſpread;
Acroſs whoſe uniform flat boſom glide
Ten thouſand ſtreams, in winding mazes led;
By various ſluices from one common head;
A turbid maſs of waters, vaſt, profound,
Hight of Philology the lake; and fed
By that rude torrent, which with roaring ſound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

XXVIII.

And every where this ſpacious valley o'er,
Faſt by each ſtream was ſeen a numerous throng
Of beardleſs ſtriplings to the birch-crown'd ſhore,
By nurſes, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along:
Who, helpleſs, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender ſide
Of their fond mothers, and by * faitours ſtrong,
By power made inſolent, and hard by pride,
Were driven with furious rage, and haſh'd into the tide.

XXIX.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they ſtood,
And, caſting round their oft-reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'ſcape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;

But

* Faitour, doer, from faire, to do, and fait, deed, commonly uſed by Spenſer in a bad ſenſe.

But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Conſtrain'd his ſtrong compunctions to repreſs;
While cloſe behind, aſſuming the diſguiſe
Of nurturing care, and ſmiling tenderneſs,
With ſecret ſcourges arm'd, thoſe griefly faitours preſs.

XXX.

As on the ſteepy margin of a brook,
When the young ſun with flowery Maia rides:
With innocent diſmay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
The ſhepherd-ſwain at firſt exhorting chides
Their * ſeely fear; at length impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender ſides;
And, all regardleſs of their piteous moan,
Into the daſhing wave compels them furious down.

XXXI.

Thus urg'd by maſtering fear and dolorous † teen
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
Right piteous was the ſpectacle, I ween,
Of tender ſtriplings ſtain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
And labouring to attain the diſtant ſhore,
Where holding forth the gown of manhood ſtood
The ſyren Liberty, and ever-more
Solicited their hearts with her inchanting lore.

* Seely, ſimple. † Teen, pain, grief.

XXXII.

Lifsome and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks on which the raving tide
By sudden bursts of angry tempests rex'd
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill abide
With head up-lifted o'er the waves to ride.
Whence many wearied ere they had o'er-past
The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)
Again return'd * astounded and aghast;
Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

XXXIII.

Some, of a rugged, more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued;
And, though with many a bruise and † muchel blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
But in life's practic ‡ lear unskill'd and rude,
Forth to that forked hill they silent pac'd;
Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours they
waste.

XXXIV.

Others of rich and noble lineage bred,
Though with the crowd to pass the flood constrain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides and in all depths sustain'd,
Skimm'd

* Astounded, astonish'd. † Muchel, much.
‡ Lear, learning.

Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unſtain'd,
Save with the ſprinkling of the watery ſpray:
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
Of ignorance and eaſe, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

XXXV.

A few, alas, how few! by heaven's high will
With ſubtle ſpirits endow'd and ſinews ſtrong,
* Albe ſore † mated by the tempeſts ſhrill,
That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along
Cut briſkly through the waves; and, forces new
Gathering from toil, and ardor from the throng
Of rival youths, outſtript the labouring crew,
And to the true ‡ Parnaſſe and heaven-throng'd glory flew.

XXXVI.

Dire was the tumult, and from every ſhore
Diſcordant echoes ſtruck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with ſobs and ‖ ſingults ſore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious ſtripes, and angry threats ſevere,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring ſound
Of all the various ſpeeches that § while-ere
On Shinar's wide-ſpread champain did aſtound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works confound.

XXXVII. Much

* Albe, although.
† Mated, amazed, ſcared.
‡ Parnaſſe, Parnaſſus.
‖ Singults, ſighs.
§ While-ere, formerly.

XXXVII.

Much was the knight empaſſion'd at the ſcene,
But more his blooming ſon, whoſe tender breaſt
Empierced deep with ſympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the ſigns of drad impreſs'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which ſore diſtreſs'd
Up to his ſire he rais'd in mournful wiſe;
Who with ſweet ſmiles paternal ſoon redreſs'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each ſad ſurmiſe;
Then turns his ready ſteed, and on his journey hies.

XXXVIII.

But far he had not march'd ere he was ſtay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united ſound
Of ſhouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
And ſhook the groves, the floods, and ſolid ground:
The diſtant hills rebellow'd all around.
" Arreſt, Sir Knight, it cried, thy fond career,
" Nor with preſumptuous diſobedience wound
" That aweful majeſty which all revere!
" In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of nations
" hear!"

XXXIX.

Quick turn'd the Knight, and ſaw upon the plain
Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait,
And viſage all inflam'd with fierce diſdain,
A monſtrous Giant, on whoſe brow elate

Shone

Shone the bright enſign of imperial ſtate;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft'times over both erect his throne,
While ſenates, prieſts and kings his * ſovran ſceptre own.

XL.

Cuſtom he height; and aye in every land
Uſurp'd dominion with deſpotic ſway
O'er all he holds; and to his high command
Conſtrains even ſtubborn Nature to obey;
Whom diſpoſſeſſing oft, he doth aſſay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So ſoft and gentle doth he win his way,
That ſhe unwares is caught in his embrace,
And though deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul diſgrace.

XLI.

For nurturing, even from their tendereſt age,
The docile ſons of men withouten pain,
By diſciplines and rules to every ſtage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train,
Inſenſibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alſe his behefts or gentle or ſevere,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily perſuades them to revere,
As inſtitutions ſage, and venerable lear.

XLII. Pre-

* Sovran, for ſovereign.

XLII.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of thoſe Sifters Nine,
Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill
Feed the full ſtreams, that through the valley ſhine,
He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
* Like thoſe, which Sparta's hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's ſhrine,
He doth conſtrain his vaſſals to adore
Perforce their ſacred names, and learn their ſacred lore.

XLIII.

And to the fairy Knight now drawing near,
With voice terrific and imperious mien,
(All was he wont leſs dreadful to appear,
When known and practis'd then at diſtance ſeen)
And kingly ſtretching forth his ſceptre ſheen,
Him he commandeth, upon threaten'd pain
Of his diſpleaſure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpoſe to refrain,
And all due honours pay to Learning's reverend train.

XLIV.

So ſaying, and foreſtalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to juſtify
His princely will, long us'd to boundleſs ſway,
Upon

* The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with conſtancy and courage, were accuſtomed to cauſe them to be ſcourged very ſeverely. And I myſelf (ſays Plutarch, in his life of Lycurgus) have ſeen ſeveral of them endure whipping to death, at the foot of the altar of Diana, ſurnamed Orthia.

Upon the Fairy Youth with great diſmay
In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd:
And proudly ſtalking o'er the verdant * lay,
Him to thoſe ſcientific ſtreams convey'd,
With many his young compeers therein to be † embay'd.

XLV.

The Knight his tender ſon's diſtreſsful ‡ ſtour
Perceiving, ſwift to his aſſiſtance flew:
Ne vainly ſtay'd to deprecate that power,
Which from ſubmiſſion aye more haughty grew.
For that proud giant's force he wiſely knew,
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
With raſh preſumption; and with courage true,
Rather than ſtep from Virtue's paths aſide,
Oft had he ſingly ſcorn'd his all-diſmaying pride.

XLVI.

And now, diſdaining parle, his courſer hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful ſpear;
Where-with the giant he ſo rudely ſmot,
That him perforce conſtrain'd to ‖ wend arrear.
Who, much abaſh'd at ſuch rebuke ſevere,
Yet his accuſtom'd pride recovering ſoon,
Forth-with his maſſy ſceptre 'gan up-rear;
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldeſt § fone.

XLVII. With

* Lay, mead. † Embay'd, bathed, dipt.
‡ Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.
‖ Wend arrear, move backwards. § Fone, foes.

XLVII.

With that enormous mace the Fairy Knight
So ſore he * bet, that all his armour † bray'd,
To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
Of ſo tempeſtuous ſtrokes; but he was ſtay'd,
And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
The ſudden changes of the doubtful fray;
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard aſſay:
So lightly from his ſteed he leapt upon the lay.

XLVIII.

Then ſwiftly drawing forth his ‡ trenchant blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceful ſhield;
And warily forecaſting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With reſtleſs ſteps aye traverſing the field.
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
Through rage defenceleſs, mote advantage yield,
With his ſharp ſword ſo oft he did him ‖ gride,
That his gold-ſandal'd feet in crimſon floods were dy'd.

XLIX.

His baſer parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmoſt reach were § pight
The forts of life: ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and aboliſh quite

A powe

* Bet, beat. † Bray'd, reſounded.
‡ Trenchant, cutting. ‖ Gride, cut, hack.
§ Pight, placed.

A power ſo puiſſant by his ſingle might
Did he preſume to hope: himſelf alone
From lawleſs force to free, in bloody fight
He ſtood; content to bow to Cuſtom's throne,
So reaſon mote not bluſh his ſovran rule to own.

L.

So well he warded, and ſo fiercely preſs'd
His foe, that weary vex'd he of the fray;
Yet * nould he algates lower his haughty creſt;
But maſking in contempt his ſore diſmay,
Diſdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly caſting on the warlike † fay
A ſmile of ſcorn and pity, through the air
Gan blow his ſhrilling horn; the blaſt was heard afar.

LI.

Eftſoons aſtoniſh'd at th' alarming ſound,
The ſignal of diſtreſs and hoſtile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of every ſex and order, old and young;
The vaſſals of great Cuſtom's wide domain,
Who, to his lore inur'd by uſage long,
His every ſummons heard with pleaſure fain,
And felt his every wound with ſympathetic pain.

LII. They,

* Nould he algates, would not by any means.
† Fay, fairy.

LII.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
And saw an armed Knight him standing near,
Attended by that Palmer sage and bold;
Whose venturous search of devious truth while-ere
Spread through the realms of learning horrors drear,
Y-seized were at first with terrors great;
And in their boding hearts began to fear,
Dissention factious, controversial hate,
And innovations strange in Custom's peaceful state.

LIII.

But when they saw the Knight his fauchion sheathe,
And climbing to his steed march thence away,
With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
Soon chac'd the gathering clouds of black affray.
Alse their great monarch, cheared with the view
Of myriads, who confess his sovran sway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew;
And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

LIV.

There-at the multitude, that stood around,
Sent up at once a universal roar
Of boisterous joy: the sudden-bursting sound,
Like the explosion of a warlike store
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted * welkin tore.
Then turning towards the Knight, with scoffings lewd,
Heart-piercing insults, and revilings sore,
Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps pursued.

* Welkin, sky.

LV. Alle

LV.

Aſe from that forked hill the boaſted ſeat
Of ſtudious Peace and mild Philoſophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Muſtering their rage; eke baleful Infamy,
Rouz'd from her den of baſe obſcurity
By thoſe ſame Maidens Nine, began to ſound
Her brazen trump of blackening obloquy:
While Satire, with dark clouds encompaſt round,
Sharp, ſecret arrows ſhot, and aim'd his back to wound.

LVI.

But the brave Fairy Knight, no whit diſmay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;
With curious eye obſerving, as he ſtray'd
Through the wide provinces of Cuſtom's reign,
What mote afreſh admoniſh him remain
Faſt by his virtuous purpoſe; all around
So many objects mov'd his juſt diſdain;
Him ſeem'd that nothing ſerious, nothing ſound,
In city, village, bower, or caſtle, mote be found.

LVII.

In village, city, caſtle, bower, and hall,
Each ſex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle ſport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
Ne ſuffer'd ought diſturb their merry glee;
Ne ſenſe of private loſs, ne public woes,
Reſtraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Inteſtine deſolation, foreign foes,
Nor heaven's tempeſtuous threats, nor earth's convulſive throes.

LVIII.

But chiefly they whom Heaven's diſpoſing hand
Had ſeated high on Fortune's upper ſtage;
And plac'd within their call the ſacred band
That waits on Nurture and Inſtruction ſage,
If happy their wiſe * heſts mote them engage
To climb through knowledge to more noble praiſe;
And as they mount, enlighten every age
With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays;
Which from the awful heights of Grandeur brighter blaze.

LIX.

They, O perverſe and baſe ingratitude!
Deſpiſing the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low ſervices of brutal ſenſe
Abus'd the means of pleaſures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
And, fettering on her throne th' immortal mind,
The guidance of her realm to paſſions wild reſign'd.

LX.

Hence thoughtleſs, ſhameleſs, reckleſs, ſpiritleſs,
Nought worthy of their kind did they eſſay;
But or benumb'd with palſied Idleneſs
In meerly living loiter'd life away.

Or,

* Heſts, beheſts, precepts, commands.

Or, by falſe taſte of pleaſure led aſtray,
For-ever wandering in the ſenſual bowers
Of feveriſh Debauch, and luſtful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
And with untimely blaſts diſeas'd their vernal hours.

LXI.

Ev'n they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
Though the foul brothel and the wine-ſtain'd board
Of beaſtly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their ſoft hearts to idle joys reſign'd;
Like painted inſects, through the ſummer-air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
And taſting every flower and bloſſom fair,
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

LXII.

For choice them needed none, who only ſought
With vain amuſements to beguile the day;
And wherefore ſhould they take or care or thought,
Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, ſo taught the leaders of mankind;
Th' unreaſoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by different ways the bliſsful boon to find.

LXIII.

Nor tedious was the ſearch; for every where,
As nigh great Cuſtom's royal towers the Knight
Paſs'd throughs th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of feſtival Delight

Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin-revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, on leafy bowers,
Offering her evening-vows to Pleasure's joyous powers.

LXIV.

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,
To Pleasure's numerous temples, that beside
The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot stood open wide,
And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

LXV.

For there each earth with diverse charms to move,
The sly inchantress summon'd all her train:
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudful gain,
Who, when blind Fortune throws, directs the die,
And Phœbus tuning his soft Lydian strain
To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling shew, and masking revelry.

LXVI.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aspire;
And for the works of Virtue, Faith, and Truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire.

The which avizing well, the cautious ſire
From that ſoft ſyren land of Pleaſaunce vain,
With timely haſte was minded to retire,
* Or ere the ſweet contagion mote attain
His ſon's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious ſtain.

LXVII.

So turning from that beaten road aſide,
Through many a devious path at length he pac'd,
As that experienc'd Paliner did him guide,
Till to a mountain hoare they came at laſt;
Whoſe high-rais'd brows with ſylvan honours grac'd,
Majeſtically frown'd upon the plain,
And over all an awful horrour caſt.
Seem'd as thoſe villas gay it did diſdain,
Which ſpangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

LXVIII.

The hill aſcended ſtrait, ere-while they came
To a tall grove, whoſe thick-embowering ſhade,
Impervious to the ſun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made;
Like to that ſober light, which, diſarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
Along ſome cloiſter'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abſtracting the rapt thought from vain earth-muſing themes.

* Or ere, before.

LXIX.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
Of cluſtering oaks, a ſylvan colonnade,
Aye liſtening to the native melody
Of birds ſweet-echoing through the lonely ſhade,
On to the centre of the grove they ſtray'd;
Which, in a ſpacious circle opening round,
Within its ſheltering arms ſecurely laid,
Diſclos'd to ſudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artleſs ſmiles and tranquil beauties crown'd.

LXX.

There, on the baſis of an ancient pile,
Whoſe croſs-ſurmounted ſpire o'erlook'd the wood,
A venerable Matron they ere-while
Diſcover'd have, beſide a murmuring flood
Reclining in right ſad and penſive mood.
Retir'd within her own abſtracted breaſt,
She ſeem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood;
The which her changing chear by turns expreſt,
Now glowing with diſdain, with grief now * over-keſt.

LXXI.

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
When-as the Knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew;
To weet what bitter bale did her aſtound,
And whence th' occaſion of her anguiſh grew.

For

* Over-keſt, for over-caſt.

For that right noble Matron well he knew;
And many perils huge, and labours ſore,
Had for her ſake endur'd; her vaſſal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honour to reſpect, and reverence her lore.

LXXII.

O deareſt drad! he cried, fair iſland queen!
Mother of heroes! Empreſs of the Main!
What means that ſtormy brow of troublous teen?
* Sith heaven-born Peace, with all her ſmiling train
Of ſciences and arts, adorns thy reign
With wealth and knowledge, ſplendour and renown?
Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every plain!
How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
While Liberty ſecures and heightens every boon!

LXXIII.

Awaken'd from her trance of penſive woe
By theſe fair flattering words, ſhe rais'd her head;
And, bending on the Knight her frowning brow,
Mock'ſt thou my ſorrows, Fairy Son? ſhe ſaid.
Or is thy judgment by thy heart miſled
To deem that certain, which thy hopes ſuggeſt?
To deem them full of life and † luſtihead,
Whoſe cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are dreſt,
And with Joy's careleſs mien, and dimpled ſmiles impreſt?

* Sith, ſince. † Luſtihead, ſtrong health, vigour.

LXXIV.

Thy unſuſpecting heart how nobly good
I know, how ſanguine in thy country's cauſe!
And mark'd thy virtue, ſingly how it ſtood
Th' aſſaults of mighty Cuſtom, which o'erawes
The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
From Reaſon's lore th' ambitious and the vain
By the ſweet lure of popular applauſe,
Againſt their better knowledge, to maintain
The lawleſs throne of Vice, or Folly's childiſh reign.

LXXV.

How vaſt his influence! how wide his ſway!
Thyſelf ere-while by proof didſt underſtand:
And ſaw'ſt, as through his realms thou took'ſt thy way,
How Vice and Folly had o'erſpread the land.
And canſt thou then, O Fairy Son, demand
The reaſon of my woe? or hope to eaſe
The throbbings of my heart with ſpeeches bland,
And words more apt my ſorrows to increaſe,
The once-dear names of Wealth, and Liberty, and Peace?

LXXVI.

Peace, Wealth, and Liberty, that nobleſt boon,
Are bleſſings, only to the wiſe and good.
To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
And thence abus'd but ſerve to furniſh food
For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
With high-ſpic'd luxury; whence Strife, Debate,
Ambition, Envy, Faction's viperous brood,
Contempt of order, manners profligate;
The ſymptoms of a foul, diſeas'd, and bloated ſtate.

LXXVII. Ev'n

LXXVII.

Ev'n Wit and Genius, with their learned train
Of Arts and Muſes, though from Heaven above
Deſcended, when their talents they profane
To varniſh Folly, kindle wanton Love,
And aid excentric ſceptic Pride to rove
Beyond celeſtial Truth's attractive ſphere,
This moral ſyſtem's central ſun, aye prove
To their fond votaries a curſe ſevere,
And only make mankind more obſtinately err.

LXXVIII.

And ſtand my ſons herein from cenſure clear?
Have they conſider'd well, and underſtood,
The uſe and import of thoſe bleſſings dear,
Which the great Lord of Nature hath beſtow'd
As well to prove, as to reward the good?
Whence are theſe torrents then, theſe billowy ſeas
Of vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
And upon ſhipwreck'd Faith and ſinking Virtue preys?

LXXIX.

To you, ye Noble, Opulent and Great!
With friendly voice I call, and honeſt zeal:
Upon your vital influences wait
The health and ſickneſs of the commonweal;
The maladies you cauſe, yourſelves muſt heal.
In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
Will Truth and Reaſon make their juſt appeal;
In vain will ſacred Wiſdom cry aloud;
And Juſtice drench in vain her vengeful ſword in blood.

LXXX. With

LXXX.

With you muſt reformation firſt take place:
You are the head, the intellectual mind
Of this vaſt body politic; whoſe baſe,
And vulgar limbs, to drudgery conſign'd,
All the rich ſtores of Science have reſign'd
To you, that by the craftſman's various toil,
The ſea-worn mariner, and ſweating hind,
In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
You, for yourſelves and them, may dreſs the mental ſoil

LXXXI.

Bethink you then, my children, of the truſt
In you repos'd: ne let your heaven-born mind
Conſume in pleaſure, or unactive ruſt;
But nobly rouſe you to the taſk aſſign'd,
The godlike taſk to teach and mend mankind:
Learn, that ye may inſtruct: to virtue lead
Yourſelves the way: the herd will crowd behind,
And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
"Example is a leſſon, that all men can read."

LXXXII.

But if (to all or moſt I do not ſpeak)
In vain and ſenſual habits now grown old,
The ſtrong Circæan charm you cannot break,
Nor re-aſſume at will your native * mould,
Yet envy not the ſtate you could not hold;
And take compaſſion on the riſing age:
In them redeem your errours manifold;
And, by due diſcipline and nurture ſage,
In Virtue's lore betimes your docile ſons engage.

* Mould, ſhape, form.

LXXXIII. You

LXXXIII.

ou chiefly, who like me in ſecret mourn
ne prevalence of Cuſtom lewd and vain;
nd you, who, though, by the rude torrent borne
unwillingly along, you yield with pain
o his beheſts, and act what you diſdain,
ot nouriſh in your hearts the generous love
piety and truth, no more reſtrain
he manly zeal; but all your ſinews move
preſent to reclaim, the future race improve!

LXXXIV.

Soons by your joint efforts ſhall be quell'd
n haughty Giant, who ſo proudly ſways
ſceptre by repute alone upheld;
ho where he cannot dictate ſtrait obeys.
cuſtom'd to conform his flattering phraſe
numbers and high-plac'd authority,
ur party he will join, your maxims praiſe,
d, drawing after all his menial fry,
teach the general voice your act to ratify.

LXXXV.

for the atchievement of this great emprize
e want of means or counſel may ye dread.
m my Twin-daughters' fruitful wombs ſhall riſe
race of letter'd ſages, deeply read
Learning's various writ: by whom y-led
rough each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
ere antique Wiſdom whilom wont to tread,
th mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
ull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

LXXXVI. Your-

LXXXVI.

Yourselves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
Of what, in ancient days of good or great
Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught;
Join'd with whatever elfe of modern date
Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
Discover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
May by new laws reform the time-worn state
Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
That leads thro' Learning's vale to Wisdom's bright abo

LXXXVII.

By you invited to her secret bowers,
Then shall Pædia reascend her throne
With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers;
While from their forked mount descending down
Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
Y-taught a lesson in their schools unknown,
"To Learning's richest treasures to prefer
"The knowledge of the world, and man's great busin
"there."

LXXXVIII.

On this prime science, as the final end
Of all her discipline and nurturing care,
Her eye Pædia fixing aye shall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare
Her tender pupils for the various war,
Which Vice and Folly shall upon them wage,
As on the perilous march of life they fare
With prudent lore fore-arming every age
'Gainst Pleasure's treacherous joys, and Pain's emb
rage.

LXXXIX

LXXXIX.

Then ſhall my youthful ſons, to Wiſdom led
By fair example and ingenuous praiſe,
With willing feet the paths of Duty tread;
Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
Conducted by Religion's ſacred rays;
Whoſe ſoul-invigorating influence
Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
Of ſordid ſelfiſhneſs and brutal ſenſe,
And ſwell th' ennobled heart with bleſs'd benevolence.

XC.

Then alſo ſhall this emblematic pile,
By magic whilom fram'd to ſympathize
With all the fortunes of this changeful iſle,
Still, as my ſons in fame and virtue riſe,
Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding ſkies
Its radiant croſs uplift; the while, to grace
The multiplying niches, freſh ſupplies
Of worthies ſhall ſucceed, with equal pace
Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious race.

XCI.

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
She roſe majeſtic from her lowly ſtead;
While from her vivid eyes a ſparkling flame,
Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erſpread
That monumental pile; and as her head
To every front ſhe turn'd, diſcover'd round
The venerable forms of heroes dead;
Who, for their various merit erſt renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory ſhrines of honour found.

XCII. Can

XCII.

On theſe that royal dame her raviſh'd eyes
Would often feaſt; and ever as ſhe ſpy'd
Forth from the ground the lengthening ſtructure riſe
With new-plac'd ſtatues deck'd on every ſide,
Her parent-breaſt would ſwell with generous pride.
And now with her in that ſequeſter'd plain,
The Knight awhile conſtraining to abide,
She to the Fairy Youth with pleaſure fain
Thoſe ſculptur'd chiefs did ſhew, and their great lives explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

Written in Lord WESTMORLAND'S Hermitage.

NE gay attire, ne marble-hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board,
Beſtow'd with pyes of perigord;
Ne power, ne ſuch like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis;
Let me ne more myſelf deceive;
Ne more regret the toys I leave;
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and Ambition's train;
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
'Gainſt them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
But ſuch aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always with me dwell;

Then

Then caſt, ſweet Saint, a circle round,
And bleſs from fools this holy ground;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old, and homely youth;
The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
Oh baniſh theſe; and, by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age,
Mine houſe ſhall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath theſe moſs-grown roots, this ruſtic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, ſequeſter'd dwell;
Say you, who dare our hermitage diſdain,
What drawing-room can boaſt ſo fair a train?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

Sweet bird, that ſing'ſt on yonder ſpray,
Purſue unharm'd thy ſylvan lay;
While I beneath this breezy ſhade,
In peace repoſe my careleſs head;
And joining thy enraptur'd ſong,
Inſtruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmleſs breaſt
In ſolitude itſelf is bleſt.

INSCRIPTION on a SUMMER-HOUSE Belonging to Mr. WEST, at WICKHAM, in KENT.

(An Imitation of AUSONIUS, "Ad Villam.")

NOT wr[redacted]don's ſulphurous clouds,
And not far diſtant, ſtands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repoſe brings on the ſpleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleaſures cloy;
Swift as my changing wiſh, I change the ſcene;
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

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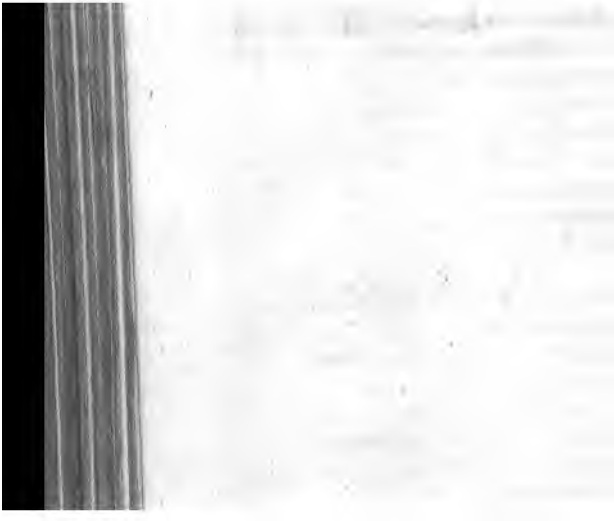
POEMS

POEMS

BY

MR. GRAY.



ODE ON THE SPRING.

LO! where the roſy-boſom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train appear,
Diſcloſe the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Reſponſive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of ſpring:
While, whiſpering pleaſure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue ſky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches ſtretch
A broader browner ſhade;
Where'er the rude and moſs-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade*,
Beſide ſome water's ruſhy brink
With me the Muſe ſhall ſit, and think
(At eaſe reclin'd in ruſtic ſtate)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

* - - - - a bank
O'er-canopied with luſcious woodbine.
SHAKESP. MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM.

Still is the toiling hand of Care:
The panting herd's repoſe:
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The buſy murmur glows!
The inſect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taſte the honied ſpring,
And float amid the liquid noon *:
Some lightly o'er the current ſkim,
Some ſhew their gayly-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the ſun †.

To contemplation's ſober eye ‡
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the Buſy and the Gay
But flutter through life's little day.
In Fortune's varying colours dreſt:
Bruſh'd by the hand of rough Miſchance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in duſt to reſt.

* "Nare per æſtatem liquidam—"
VIRG. GEORG. LIB. IV.

† - - - - - ſporting with quick glance
Shew to the ſun their waved coats drop'd with gold.
MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK VII.

‡ While inſects from the threſhold preach, &c.
M. GREEN, IN THE GROTTO.
DODSLEY'S MISCELLANIES, VOL. V. P. 261.

Methinks

Methinks I hear in accents low
The ſportive kind reply:
Poor Moraliſt! and what art thou?
A ſolitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive haſt thou of hoarded ſweets,
No painted plumage to diſplay:
On haſty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy ſun is ſet, thy ſpring is gone—
We frolick while 'tis May.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHE

'TWAS on a lofty vaſe's ſide,
Where China's gayeſt art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow;
Demureſt of the tabby kind,
The penſive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conſcious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the ſnowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoiſe vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She ſaw; and purr'd applauſe.

Still had ſhe gaz'd; but 'midſt the tide
Two angel forms were ſeen to glide,
The Genii of the ſtream:
Their ſcaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richeſt purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapleſs Nymph with wonder ſaw:
A whiſker firſt, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wiſh,
She ſtretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold deſpiſe?
What Cat 's averſe to fiſh?

Preſumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again ſhe ſtretch'd, again ſhe bent,
Nor knew the gulph between.
(Malignant Fate ſate by, and ſmil'd)
The ſlippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery god,
Some ſpeedy aid to ſend.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid ſtirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Suſan heard,
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one falſe ſtep is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedleſs hearts, is lawful prize;
Not all that gliſters, gold

ODE

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος· ἱκανὴ προφασις εἰς τὸ δυσ-

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towe
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her Henry's * holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of Windſor's heights th' expanſe bel
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flow
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His ſilver winding way.

I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, * redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race
Diſporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleaſure trace,
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chace the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

* And bees their honey redolent of ſpring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. Syſtem.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing, when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom health, of roſy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively chear of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.
Yet ſee how all around them wait
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey, the murtherous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſculks behind;
Or pining Love, ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs * laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grieſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſufferings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.

* — Madneſs laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

HYMN
TO
ADVERSITY.

— Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs Power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge, and torturing hour,
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When firſt thy ſire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe; thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.

Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom, in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend:
Warm Charity, the general Friend,
With Juſtice, to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity, dropping ſoft the ſadly-pleaſing tear.

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſtening hand!
Not in thy gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddeſs wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The generous ſpark extinct revive.
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THE Curfew tolls * the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch as, wandering near her ſecret bower,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.

The breezy call of incenſe-breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twittering from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouze them from their lowly bed.

* — "ſquilla di lontano
"Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che ſi muore."
DANTE. PURGAT. lib. 8.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where through the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault
The peeling anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flattery ſoothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the ſpoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reſt,
Some Cromwell guiltleſs of his country's blood.

Th' applauſe of liſtening ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſtory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around the strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
* Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
"Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

* "Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
"Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
"Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."
PETRARCH. SON. 164.

There

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
" That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
" His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
" And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
" Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
" Now drooping woeful wan, like one forlorn,
" Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

" One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
" Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
" Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
" Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in ſad array
" Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
" Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
" Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heaven did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Miſery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(* There they alike in trembling hope repoſe,)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

* — preventoſa ſpeme. PETRARCH. SON. 114.

THE

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν. ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει. PINDAR. OLYMP. II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some few explanatory Notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.

I. 1.

*AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:

* Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.
DAVID'S PSALMS.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompanyments, Αἰολὶς μολπὴ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν. Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich ſtream of muſic winds along,
Deep, majeſtic, ſmooth, and ſtrong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the ſteep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, ſee it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

* Oh! Sovereign of the willing ſoul,
Parent of ſweet and ſolemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting ſhell! the ſullen Cares,
And frantic Paſſions, hear thy ſoft control,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirſty lance at thy command.
† Perching on the ſcepter'd hand

The ſubject and ſimile, as uſual with Pindar, are united. The various ſources of poetry, which gives life and luſtre to all it touches, are here deſcribed; its quiet majeſtic progreſs enriching every ſubject (otherwiſe dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irreſiſtible courſe, when ſwoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous paſſions.

* Power of harmony to calm the turbulent ſallies of the ſoul. The thoughts are borrowed from the firſt Pythian of Pindar.

† This is a faint imitation of ſome incomparable lines in the ſame Ode.

Of

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of ſlumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

* Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The roſy-crowned Loves are ſeen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic ſports, and blue-ey'd pleaſures,
Friſking light in frolic meaſures;
Now purſuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To briſk notes in cadence beating
† Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting ſtrains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er ſhe turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms ſublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding ſtate ſhe wins her eaſy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and riſing boſom, move
‡ The bloom of young Deſire, and purple light of Love.

* Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

† Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
HOMER. Od. Θ.

‡ Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφυρέῃσι
Παρείῃσι φῶς ἔρωτος. PHRYNICHUS, apud Athenæum.

II. 1.

* Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Diſeaſe, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, ſad refuge from the ſtorms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my ſong, diſprove,
And juſtify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muſe?
Night, and all her ſickly dews,
Her ſpectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary ſky:
† Till down the eaſtern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they ſpy, and glittering ſhafts of war.

II. 2.

‡ In climes beyond the ſolar ‖ road,
Where ſhaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muſe has broke the twilight-gloom
To chear the ſhivering native's dull abode.

* To compenſate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muſe was given to mankind by the ſame Providence that ſends the day, by its chearful preſence, to diſpel the gloom and terrors of the night.

† Or ſeen the morning's well-appointed ſtar
Come marching up the eaſtern hills afar. COWLEY.

‡ Extenſive influence of poetic genius over the remoteſt and moſt uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erſe, Norwegian, and Welſh Fragments, the Lapland and American ſongs.]

‖ "Extra anni ſoliſque vias—" VIRGIL.
"Tutta lontana dal camin del ſole." Petrarch, Canzon 2.

And

And oft, beneath the odorous ſhade
Of Chili's boundleſs foreſts laid,
She deigns to hear the ſavage youth repeat
In looſe numbers wildly ſweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and duſky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddeſs roves,
Glory purſue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's ſteep,
Iſles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Iliſſus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languiſh
Mute, but to the voice of Anguiſh?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inſpiration breath'd around:
Every ſhade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a ſolemn ſound:

* Progreſs of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taſte there; Spenſer imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this ſchool expired ſoon after the Reſtoration, and a new one aroſe on the French model, which has ſubſiſted ever ſince.

Till

When Latium had her lofty ſpirit
They ſought, oh Albion! next thy

III. 1.

Far from the ſun and ſummer-g
In thy green lap was Nature's * c
What time, where lucid Avon ſtr
To him the mighty mother did un
Her awful face: The dauntleſs c
Stretch'd forth his little arms, an
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too theſe golden keys, imm
This can unlock the gates of Joy
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fe
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympa

III. 2.

Nor ſecond he †, that rode ſub
Upon the ſeraph-wings of Extaſy
The ſecrets of th' abyſs to ſpy

* The living throne, the ſapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
† Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.
Behold, where Dryden's leſs preſumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
‡ Two courſers of ethereal race,
§ With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-reſounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
‖ Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.
** But ah! 'tis heard no more—

* For the ſpirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeneſs of a throne, as the appearance of a ſapphire-ſtone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

† Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δόδε δ' ἠδίαν ἀοιδήν. HOM. OD.

‡ Meant to expreſs the ſtately march and ſounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

§ Haſt thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Job.

‖ Words, that weep, and tears, that ſpeak. Cowley.

** We have had, in our language, no other odes of the ſublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's-day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgement, ſtyle, and harmony, for ſuch a taſk. That of Pope is not worthy of ſo great a man. Mr. Maſon, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a maſterly hand, in ſome of his Choruſes—above all, in the laſt of Caractacus,

Hark! heard ye not yon footſtep dread? &c.

Oh!

Oh! lyre divine, what daring ſpirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
* That the Theban eagle bear
Sailing with ſupreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muſe's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the ſun:
Yet ſhall he mount, and keep his diſtant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the gr

* Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar c
pares himſelf to that bird, and his enemies to ra
that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pu
its flight, regardleſs of their noiſe.

T

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the Firſt, when he compleated the conqueſt of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I. 1.

"RUIN ſeize thee, ruthleſs king!
"Confuſion on thy banners wait,
"Though, fann'd by Conqueſt's crimſon wing,
"They mock the air with idle ſtate.
"Helm, nor † hauberk's twiſted mail,
"Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, ſhall avail
"To ſave thy ſecret ſoul from nightly fears,
"From Cambria's curſe, from Cambria's tears!'

* Mocking the air with colours idly ſpread.
Shakeſpeare's King John.

† The hauberk was a texture of ſteel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that ſat cloſe to the body, and adapted itſelf to every motion

Such were the ſounds, that o'er the * creſted p
Of the firſt Edward ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of † Snowdon's ſhaggy ſid
He wound with toilſome march his long array.
Stout ‡ Glo'ſter ſtood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs tran
To arms! cried § Mortimer, and couch'd his q
lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the ſable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet ſtood;
(‖ Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
** Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled ai

* — The creſted adder's pride. Dryden's India

† Snowdon was a name given by the Saxor mountainous tract, which the Welſh themſe Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands c narvonſhire and Merionethſhire, as far eaſt as Conway. R. Hygden, ſpeaking of the caſtle way, built by King Edward the firſt, ſay: "ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis and Matthew of Weſtminſter, (ad ann. 1283,) "Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ f "caſtrum forte."

‡ Gilbert de Clare, ſurnamed the Red, Earl ceſter and Hertford, ſon-in-law to King Edw

§ Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmor They both were Lords-Marchers, whoſe on the borders of Wales, and probably acc the king in this expedition.

‖ The image was taken from a well-know of Raphaël, repreſenting the Supreme Bein viſion of Ezekiel: there are two of theſe paintir believed original,) one at Florence, the othe

** Shone, like a meteor, ſtreaming to th

Milton's P

And with a maſter's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's aweful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
'Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, ſince Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or ſoft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That huſh'd the ſtormy main:
'Brave Urien ſleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whoſe magic ſong
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'* On dreary Arvon's ſhore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghaſtly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens ſail;
'The famiſh'd † eagle ſcreams, and paſſes by.

* The ſhores of Caernarvonſhire oppoſite to the iſle of Angleſey.

† Camden and others obſerve, that eagles uſed annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as ſome think) were named by the Welſh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the higheſt point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Neſt*. That bird is certainly no ſtranger to this iſland, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Weſtmoreland, &c. can teſtify: it even has built its neſt in the Peak of Derbyſhire. [See Willoughby's Ornithol. publiſhed by Ray.]

'Dear loſt companions of my tuneful art,
'* Dear, as the light that viſits theſe ſad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidſt your dying country's cries,—
'No more I weep. They do not ſleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grieſly band,
'I ſee them ſit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And † weave with bloody hands the tiſſue of thy line.'

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-ſheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"‡ When Severn ſhall re-echo with affright
"The ſhrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring;
"Shrieks of an agonizing King!
"‖ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

* As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That viſit my ſad heart — SHAKESP. Jul. Cæſar.
† See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.
‡ Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-caſtle.
‖ Iſabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

That

" That tears the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
" * From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
" The ſcourge of Heaven. What terrors round him
" wait!
" Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" † Low on his funeral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obſequies.
" Is the ſable ‡ Warrior fled?
" Thy ſon is gone. He reſts among the Dead.
" The Swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing Morn.
" Fair ‖ laughs the Morn, and ſoft the Zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
" Regardleſs of the ſweeping Whirlwind's ſway,
" That, hush'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey.

* Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

† Death of that King, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his laſt moments by his courtiers and his miſtreſs.

‡ Edward the Black Prince, dead ſome time before his father.

‖ Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froiſſard, and other contemporary writers.

II. 3.

" * Fill high the ſparkling bowl,
" The rich repaſt prepare:
" Reft of a crown, he yet may ſhare the feaſt:
" Cloſe by the regal chair
" Fell Thirſt and Famine ſcowl
" A baleful ſmile upon their baffled gueſt.
" Heard ye the din of † battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horſe to horſe!
" Long years of havock urge their deſtin'd courſe,
" And through the kindred ſquadrons mow their way.
" Ye towers of Julius ‡, London's laſting ſhame,
" With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
" Revere his ‖ Conſort's faith, his Father's § fame,
" And ſpare the meek ¶ Uſurper's holy head.

* Richard the Second (as we are told by archbiſhop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifeſto, by Thomas of Walſingham, and all the older writers) was ſtarved to death. The ſtory of his aſſaſſination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

† Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaſter.

‡ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered ſecretly in the Tower of London. The oldeſt part of that ſtructure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæſar.

‖ Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic ſpirit, who ſtruggled hard to ſave her huſband and her crown.

§ Henry the Fifth.

¶ Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaſter had no right of inheritance to the crown.

" Above

" Above, below, the * roſe of ſnow,
" Twin'd with her bluſhing foe we ſpread:
" The briſtled † boar in infant-gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny ſhade.
" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accurſed loom,
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to ſudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is ſpun).
" ‡ Half of thy heart we conſecrate.
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
' Leave me unbleſs'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the weſtern ſkies,
' They melt, they vaniſh from my eyes.
' But oh! what ſolemn ſcenes on Snowdon's height
' Deſcending ſlow their glittering ſkirts unroll?
' Viſions of glory, ſpare my aching ſight,
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my ſoul!

* The white and red roſes, devices of York and Lancaſter.

† The ſilver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was uſually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

‖ Eleanor of Caſtile died a few years after the conqueſt of Wales. The heroic proof ſhe gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and ſorrow for the loſs of her, are ſtill to be ſeen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

'No more our long-loſt * Arthur we bewail.
'All-hail, † ye genuine Kings; Britannia's iſſue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a Baron bold
'Sublime their ſtarry fronts they rear;
'And gorgeous Dames and Stateſmen old,
'In bearded majeſty, appear.
'In the midſt a Form divine!
'Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
'Her lion-port ‡, her awe-commanding face,
'Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
'What ſtrings ſymphonious tremble in the air,
'What ſtrains of vocal tranſport round her play;
'Hear from the grave, great Talieſſin ||, hear;
'They breathe a ſoul to animate thy clay,

* It was the common belief of the Welſh nation, that King Arthur was ſtill alive in Fairy-land, and ſhould return again to reign over Britain.

† Both Merlin and Talieſſin had propheſied, that the Welſh ſhould regain their ſovereignty over this iſland; which ſeemed to be accompliſhed in the Houſe of Tudor.

‡ Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizaboth to Paul Dzialinſki, ambaſſador of Poland, ſays, 'And thus ſhe, lion-like riſing, daunted the malapert 'orator no leſs with her ſtately port and majeſtical de-'porture, than with the tartneſſe of her princelie chekes.

|| Talieſſin, Chief of the Bards, flouriſhed in the ſixth century. His works are ſtill preſerved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

'Bright

"Bright rapture calls, and ſoaring, as ſhe ſings,
"Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verſe adorn again
"Fierce War, and faithful Love,
"And Truth ſevere, by fairy Fiction dreſt.
"In † buſkin'd meaſures move
"Pale Grief, and pleaſing Pain,
"With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breaſt.
"A ‡ Voice, as of the Cherub-choir,
"Gales from blooming Eden bear,
"‖ And diſtant warblings leſſen on my ear,
"That loſt in long futurity expire.
"Fond impious Man, think'ſt thou, yon ſanguine cloud,
"Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
"To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
"And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
"Enough for me: With joy I ſee
"The different doom our Fates aſſign.
"Be thine Deſpair, and ſcepter'd Care;
"To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He ſpoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endleſs night.

*Fierce wars and faithful loves ſhall moralize my ſong.
SPENSER's *Proëme to the Fairy Queen.*
† Shakeſpeare. ‡ Milton.
‖ The ſucceſſion of poets after Milton's time.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE *.

(FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN THE

ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFÆUS HAFNIÆ, 1697, Folio; and alſo in BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

* The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving "The Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry:" In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced ſome ſpecimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or thoſe who had ſubdued the greater part of this iſland, and were our progenitors; the following three imitations made a part of them. He has long ſince dropped his deſign, eſpecially after he had heard that it was already in the hands of a perſon well qualified to do it juſtice, both by his taſte, and his reſearches into antiquity.

PREFACE.

IN the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-iſlands, went with a fleet of ſhips and a conſiderable body of troops into Ireland, to the aſſiſtance of Sictryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law Brian, King of Dublin: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces; and Sictryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loſs, by the death of Brian, their king, who fell in the action. On Chriſtmas-day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithneſs, in Scotland, ſaw at a diſtance, a number of perſons on horſeback, riding full ſpeed towards a hill, and ſeeming to enter into it. Curioſity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he ſaw twelve gigantic figures, reſembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they ſung the following dreadful ſong; which, when they had finiſhed, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped ſix to the north, and as many to the ſouth.

THE

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

NOW the ſtorm begin's to lour,
(Haſte, the loom of hell prepare,)
* Iron-fleet of arrowy ſhower
† Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glittering lances are the loom,
Where the duſky warp we ſtrain,
Weaving many a ſoldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grieſly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gaſping warrior's head.

Note—The Valkyriur were female divinities, ſervants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. Their name ſignifies chuſers of the ſlain. They were mounted on ſwift horſes, with drawn ſwords in their hands; and in the throng of battle ſelected ſuch as were deſtined to ſlaughter, and conducted them to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or paradiſe of the brave; where they attended the banquet, and ſerved the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them ſhot
Sharp ſleet of arrowy ſhower— Milton's Par. Reg.

† The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air.
Shakeſpeare's Jul. Cæſar.

Shafts

Shafts for ſhuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tiſſue cloſe and ſtrong.

Miſta black, terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda ſee,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy ſun be ſet,
Pikes muſt ſhiver, javelins ſing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk craſh, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimſon web of war)
Let us go, and let us ſly,
Where our friends the conflict ſhare,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' enſanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, ſpread
O'er the youthful king your ſhield.

We the reins to ſlaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to ſpare:
Spite of danger he ſhall live.
(Weave the crimſon web of war.)

They, whom once the deſert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample ſway ſhall ſtretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntleſs Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King ſhall bite the ground.

Long his loſs ſhall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeneſs ſee;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the ſun:
Siſters, weave the web of death;
Siſters, ceaſe, the work is done.

Hail the taſk, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph ſing!
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Siſters, hence, with ſpurs of ſpeed:
Each her thundering faulchion wield;
Each beſtride her ſable ſteed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

In BARTHOLINUS, de cauſis contemnendæ mortis; HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUIR, &c.

UPROSE the King of Men with ſpeed,
And ſaddled ſtrait his coal-black ſteed;
Down the yawning ſteep he rode,
That leads to * Hela's drear abode,
Him the Dog of Darkneſs ſpied,
His ſhaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore diſtill'd:
Hoarſe he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long purſues, with fruitleſs yell,
The Father of the powerful ſpell.

* Niflheimr, the hell of the Gothic nations, conſiſted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all ſuch as died of ſickneſs, old-age, or by any other means than in battle: Over it preſided Hela, the Goddeſs of Death.

Onward

Onward ſtill his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him ſhakes,)
Till full before his fearleſs eyes
The portals nine of hell ariſe.
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
By the moſs-grown pile he ſate;
Where long of yore to ſleep was laid
The duſt of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verſe that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a ſullen ſound,
PR. What call unknown, what charms preſum
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled ſprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on theſe mouldering bones have beat
The winter's ſnow, the ſummer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me ſleep again.
Who is he with voice unbleſt,
That calls me from the bed of reſt?
O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's ſon.
Thou the deeds of light ſhalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is ſpread,
Dreſt for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mard

PR. Mantling in the goblet, ſee
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the ſhield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the ſons of heaven!
Unwilling I my lips uncloſe;
Leave me, leave me to repoſe.
O. Once again my call obey.
Propheteſs, ariſe, and ſay,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?
PR. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother ſends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me, to repoſe.
O. Propheteſs, my ſpell obey.
Once again ariſe, and ſay,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom ſhall Hoder's blood be ſpilt.
PR. In the caverns of the weſt,
By Odin's fierce embrace compreſt,
A wondrous boy ſhall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er ſhall comb his raven-hair,
Nor waſh his viſage in the ſtream,
Nor ſee the ſun's departing beam;
Till he on Hoder's corſe ſhall ſmile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I cloſe:
Leave me, leave me, to repoſe.

O. Ye

O. Yet a while my call obey.
Propheteſs, awake, and ſay,
What virgins theſe, in ſpeechleſs woe,
That bend to earth their ſolemn brow,
That their flaxen treſſes tear,
And ſnowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their ſorrows roſe:
Then I leave thee to repoſe.

PR. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightieſt of a mighty line—

O. No boding maid of ſkill divine
Art thou, nor propheteſs of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!

PR. Hie thee hence, and boaſt at home,
That never ſhall enquirer come
To break my iron-ſleep again;
Till * Lok has burſt his tenfold chain.
Never, till ſubſtantial night
Has reaſſum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

* Lok is the Evil Being, who continues in c till the twilight of the gods approaches, when he break his bonds; the human race, the ſtars, and ſhall diſappear; the earth ſink in the ſeas, an conſume the ſkies: even Odin himſelf and his ki deities ſhall periſh. For a farther explanation of mythology, ſee Mallet's Introduction to the Hiſt Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN*.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welſh Poetry. London, 1764, Quarto.

OWEN'S praiſe demands my ſong,
Owen ſwift, and Owen ſtrong;
Faireſt flower of Roderic's ſtem,
† Gwyneth's ſhield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded ſtores,
Nor all profuſely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hoſts of mighty name,
Squadrons three againſt him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by ſide as proudly riding,
On her ſhadow long and gay
‡ Lochlin plows the watery way;

* Owen ſucceeded his father Griffin in the principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

† North-Wales. ‡ Denmark.

There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sands
The Dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glittering arms and glory dreſt,
High he rears his ruby creſt.
There the thundering ſtrokes begin,
There the preſs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky ſhore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thouſand banners round him burn.
Where he points his purple ſpear,
Haſty, haſty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to ſtop, and to ſhame fly.
There Confuſion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Deſpair and honourable Death.

* * * * * * * *

* The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his deſcendants bore on their banners.

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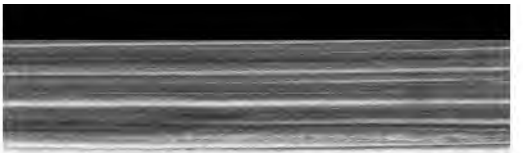

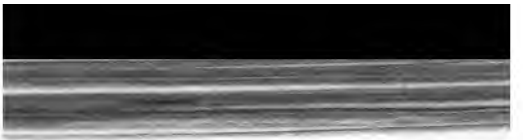

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